
* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
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* Issue 41 -- May 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

February 2, 1922
Henry E. Dougherty
LOS ANGELES EXPRESS

Close-Up Sketch of William D. Taylor

William D. Taylor was a man of extreme courtesy; he talked little, and, apparently, he never forgot an acquaintance.

I have seen him at work and at play, and he was always the same unostentatious, unassuming, quiet individual.

When he did talk it was in a mild, melodious voice. No matter what the provocation on a set where he was directing a picture, he rarely if ever lost his temper. He addressed those under him with the same courtesy with which he conversed with those who wrote his contracts and paid his salary.

...It was always noticeable that he was extremely courteous to women working on his set, but he was never familiar. He would laugh and tell jokes and all that sort of thing, but he would not stand for any "rough stuff" in any scenes he directed...

The Casting Couch and Sexual Harassment in Early Hollywood

Even in the early days of the silent film industry, there were reports of what later came to be known as the "casting couch"--where actresses were subjected to sexual demands as conditions of employment. Reliable accounts agree that William Desmond Taylor never engaged in such practices; but they were a part of the silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Below are some published reports and allegations concerning the "casting couch" practice and sexual harassment during the years when Taylor was employed in the silent film industry.

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February 21, 1913
VARIETY

Picture Stock Scandal May Carry Its Lesson

A scandal occurring last week in the stock company of a picture concern with headquarters in New York City is now the subject of general conversation in all of the studios hereabouts. The affair was kept from the daily

newspapers and the police only by the herculean work of those concerned who were friendly to the director of the stock company involved, they realizing what exposure might mean to the trade and the general public who are patrons of the screen.

There are two versions concerning the scandal itself. The correct one seems to be that the director of the company made advances to a young girl, known as a "jobber" (a picture actor or actress who works by the day when called upon, usually receiving \$5 for the day's service, although this lately has been reduced as low as \$1.50). The director promised the young woman the following week she would become the leading woman of the stock company. Lured by his promises, the little actress was betrayed. She was picked up on the street by an officer, who sent her to a hospital, finding her stupefied with liquor. By the time the effects of the drink wore off friends of the director who had heard of the affair located her and dispatched the girl to the asylum for complete recovery.

The father and brother of the little actress also heard of the outrage. They started for the studio of the stock company loaded with firearms, but the director had been taken out of town by the same friends. The scandal has not quieted down yet. It is said there is an indefinite leave of absence granted the director, who is not certain when he may return to New York. His present whereabouts are kept a perfect secret. The young woman has been pronounced temporarily insane. She will leave the asylum in a week or so.

The story has created the most talk in picture circles among the actresses engaged in that line. A couple informed a VARIETY representative that similar conditions would not be hard to unearth among three-quarters of the picture stock companies. It has grown to be looked upon, they said, as a prerogative of the picture stock director. The "jobbers" are nearly always the victims. In some cases where girls are ordered by the director for a day's work, and the task of calling them either by phone or postal card falls to the lot of an office man, very often this person encroaches upon the precincts of the company's director by informing the "jobbers" that unless they listen to him he will forget their phone number or house address.

The picture stock scandal is expected to have a lasting lesson among the companies. It was a very narrow escape for the director in question. The actresses of the profession believe that hereafter directors will be more discreet, at least, if not strictly attending to their business only.

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March 13, 1914

VARIETY

Attention and Punishment for Flirtatious Directors

A recent flagrant instance of the common practice among certain directors in certain screen studios of "loving up" attractive feminine applicants for positions, promises to bring about drastic measures through the Screen Club for the cessation of the insults and the severe punishment of the offenders.

Everyone familiar with the inner workings of the film stages knows to what shameless reaches certain directors in some studios have been going since filmdom got popular with the hundreds of girls ambitious for screen fame and its other emoluments. But, as in the protected precincts of certain regular theatres along show alley in days happily now almost gone, those of filmdom who have "seen things" have kept their conclusions to themselves.

Even reputable directors who have observed liberties to which petticoat applicants have been subjected have been forced to hold their tongues, if not shut their eyes, to the lecherous advances lest their own jobs be the price of protest.

Film men jealous of the good name of their vocation and conscious of the evil practices referred to, have watched its inroads with increasing alarm. But though practically everyone knew what was going on, no one interposed.

And then came the instance that promises reform. A certain director's daughter came home from a visit to a studio not a hundred miles from Broadway and 42nd Street, last Wednesday with a tale that made her mother weep and

started her father sputtering about the "unwritten law." Friends of the family got to the father before he could get at the unwelcome philanderer, and nothing lawless happened.

But the friends and the father, all members of the Screen Club, got together and wrote the flirtatious director a note, specifying more than a score of women whom he had recently insulted when they had applied to him for studio employment. Further, the self-appointed committee interviewed a half dozen or more of the protesting women and girls specified in the unofficial indictment, and got their consent to appear as witnesses against the transgressor if called upon to do so.

Report doesn't say what effect the denunciatory missive has thus far had upon the morals or manners of the director involved, but it does aver that the particular offense nettled so many people affiliated with the Screen Club that talk of an ejection clause to the federation's by-laws for offenses of the kind is predicted at the next executive meeting.

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December 1914

Irene Wallace

GREEN BOOK

The Woman on the Screen

...I am a motion picture actress, a leading woman, one of the scores who are pouring out every atom of energy, ability and experience they possess, to succeed. Therefore it is a rather difficult confession that I must set down here, this indisputable, ever-present fact that it is only because of mere good fortune that I am permitted to earn an honest living in the films. [The most prominent film in which Irene Wallace appeared was "Traffic in Souls."]

I chanced to be engaged by a strict business management. When I went to market, I found a place where work was bought. I did not have to take myself to the auction block.

I went on the stage when I was a child. I worked hard and long to learn. I spent years drilling myself in stage technique. Others now on the screen did the same. For what? Perhaps to get a position in a motion picture studio, to find themselves face to face with the alternative of being "a friend of the director," or a "protegee of the manager," or a "favorite of the leading man,"--or of quitting their hard-earned positions.

I believe the films breed more immorality than the stage ever did. Ability and work count on the stage. They might bleed their hearts out for a trial in some motion picture studios.

The public cannot comprehend how many women are selling their ability and labor and brains at so many dollars a week, with their souls thrown in--are forced to sell them or "go look for another job." This is not true everywhere; it is not true in the majority of studios; but it is so frequently true as to be sickening.

I love my work, and I love many people of it. I feel their frowns. They may say I am digging up filth; but I am only uncovering it in the hope that it may be washed away. I want to help those who are good, to continue to be good and to warn many unsuspecting creatures of their danger.

I am writing, too, for a little girl's sake. She has just left my room. To retain her position in another company, she would have been forced to give up all that a woman considers sacred. She refused; she was discharged. She is only seventeen.

She put her head down on my dressing-table and sobbed out her story. Her mother is an invalid. She has a little sister too young to work and help.

"Sometimes I wonder," she said, "if I shouldn't have done it for their sake. But isn't there some other way?"

I told her there was some other way. And there is; but it is a long one --sometimes too long when there is no money to pay for the waiting.

And the man? Oh, he has forgotten long ago. Probably he never thought enough about it to forget. He is going his comfortable, self-satisfied way, drawing a large salary, discharging more girls, or-- He will continue doing

so; but who cares? No one but the girls--and there are so many of them in the world; why bother about a few, more or less? If you ask him, he probably will say, "Oh, it would have been some other man, anyway." That is his defense.

It was the old story.

Her father was dead. She was almost a baby when she went to work in a department store. She got five dollars a week. She kept her soul: the store didn't need that--it wasn't a particularly salable article.

When her mother fell ill, their savings melted. She was pretty, and some one in the store told her--that eternal mischief-maker--that she was a "type," that the film companies wanted just such girls. And the wages! Beginners got three times as much as she was receiving.

She submitted her application, with her only photograph. She told the director of her lack of experience, and of her circumstances. He did not sympathize. He merely looked her over, boldly. There was something in his eyes that alarmed her.

"You're a good-looking kid," he decided finally. "I'll give you a trial."

She was to get three dollars a day--when she worked. The director believed he could use her most of the time. To the girl it seemed a lot of money. She rushed home to her mother, and they had a little party that night, a celebration.

Her part the next day was in a street crowd. Day after day she was given something to do. There were other girls there--it seemed as if there must have been a hundred of them--and some of them said they hadn't worked for weeks. She discovered that it was within the power of the director pretty definitely to establish wages. Being a woman, and considering the salary, she was nice to him.

A few days later the director called her to him.

"You're too nifty a kid for small parts," he told her. "I am going to try to get something better for you. I believe I can make a star of you."

She couldn't get home fast enough, to tell her mother. She even gave

some of the girls at the studio a hint of her good fortune. They didn't even congratulate her; they only looked at her curiously. She and her mother made glorious plans--for the time when she should become a star.

Then, the next day, the director called her to him again. "There are some things I want to talk over with you," he said. "Come to dinner with me tonight."

She went. The things he wanted to talk over were not about her work. She didn't see any harm in letting him kiss her. She had been kissed before; and he was the man who was to make a star out of her--the man who had recognized her ability and had picked her out of the mob.

She got better parts. The attitude of the other girls in the studio seemed strange. She could not understand their treatment of her. They seemed friendly enough, but they avoided her. She got to believe that they resented her success, and that they were envious. "They are cats," she said to herself.

Another invitation to dinner. (My fingers fairly itch to write the director's name.) She was afraid to refuse. Her woman's instinct told her that it was the test--of her and of the man. She won and she lost. She fled home to her mother. At the studio next day she found a note. She was discharged. Her services were "no longer needed."

I have said that it is the old story. It comes from the most unexpected sources, and about the least suspected people. You hear that this girl or that girl has left a certain studio: sometimes she has been dismissed for being good, sometimes for being bad, and being bad too long. It seems that in some studios she must always go sooner or later.

If I were to name the stars who have been made by men, I would guarantee you the surprise of your life. Fortunately, ability is counting more every day; competition in the motion picture business is making this true.

Here they come, the extra girls, hordes and hordes of them flocking to the studios. Each one believes she is the chosen. I pity them all.

One extra girl's mother made it a custom to go to the studio with her daughter and to remain with her throughout the day. One day the mother found

her girl in the arms of an actor. The mother laid the case before the studio manager. He listened patiently, then said: "I can't do anything for you. That actor is worth ten extra girls. I've got to keep him, and I don't have to keep your daughter. We can always get girls whose mothers are not so particular. It is probably the girl's fault, anyway."

So the mother and daughter sought another studio. One of the managers took a liking to the "chicken," as he called the girl. Her mother was in his way. She got notice that she must stay away from the studio, or her daughter would be discharged.

"We have found it necessary," so the notice ran, "to keep outside the studio all persons not employed by us."

Girls of three classes go to the studios:

(1) Foolish chits who have seen the actors on the screen, have glorified them, or believe they have fallen in love with them.

(2) Vain, movie-struck girls who want to see themselves on the screen, and who believe that by being filmed they make heroines of themselves to the picture audiences.

(3) A few girls--and a very few--with a serious purpose and an earnest desire to get into the work for the remuneration and possible success they may reach--girls who are willing to work.

Naturally, the first two classes suffer most severely. Perhaps they are of the kind who would suffer in whatever walk of life they went. Most of them are shallow, without balance or serious interest, their main purpose in life being to be admired and flattered.

...Ask almost any little extra girl at a film studio why she is there, and, if she tells the truth, she will probably give you one of these two answers: "Oh, I just thought Mr. ----- was grand, and I wanted to meet him, so I came out and got a job in his company," or "Everybody said I was just an ideal type for the movies, and that they just knew I would be a success. Of course I am still undiscovered, but they will put me forward some day."

One is foolish, and the other is vain. What more could an unscrupulous man ask?

Then in the studios there are all those idle, mischief-filled hours. Ordinary conventions are not much observed. You see one another in all stages of dress and undress, and in all sorts of scenes. There is no arguing against the fact that a certain intimacy arises. The ordinary things that make up the great barrier between the sexes are gradually pulled away through seeming necessity. It requires little to topple over whatever remains.

And there is the "friend" evil. You have heard, no doubt, the expression "Oh, she is a friend of the manager's," or some like comment. This does not always mean that the woman is bad. But in a great many cases the "friend" of the manager is a greater evil than the manager himself, or the director, or the leading man, or whoever she represents. Her place is insecure, and no one knows it any better than she does herself.

I know of case after case where girls have been discharged simply because they were too good looking or too attractive to suit the "friend" of the manager. The favorite, you know, does not believe in taking chances.

One girl--I had known her on the stage--joined a certain film company. She caught the liking of the advertising manager. She quite calmly stated the proposition to me. I will give the meat of it.

"Here we are, a man and a woman," she said. "He likes me and I like him. We are not in love and probably never will be. He is alone in the world and so am I. He is a nice chap, rather more like a pal. We don't want to get married because we don't know how long this liking for each other will continue.

"Without his help, or the help of some other man of importance at the studio, I'll never get anywhere. We have two directors. One of them is boosting his wife--he won't give anyone else a chance; and the other is boosting a 'friend.' I have no chance unless some one boosts me. Billy (the advertising man) can make me a star if he tries hard enough, and I believe he will.

"On one side I have a good chance for success. On the other side, I will have to keep on working for thirty-five dollars a week from now until doomsday, unless I get married. If I got married I would never be satisfied

to become a mere dish-washing wife. Now what would you do?"

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December 29, 1915

VARIETY

Startling Immorality Charges

Los Angeles--The movies may be probed by a grand jury. Accusations of a startling nature were filed against film studios in general here this week and city officials have decided to make a sweeping investigation.

It is charged that the moving picture camps are seething with immorality. Several cases, it is alleged, have come to light in which young girls have, under sworn statement, charged that liberties had been taken with them by managers and directors and that it was absolutely impossible for a pure girl to remain so if she elected to adopt that career.

In a scathing announcement Rev. Selecman of Trinity Church, this city, fearlessly charged that conditions in and about this city were appalling. He has demanded a thorough inquiry and has tendered his service to the inquisitors to aid them in unearthing the alleged wrongdoing...

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Acclaimed writer Theodore Dreiser spent considerable time in Los Angeles where he had many opportunities to observe the practices of the Hollywood studios. His observations were recorded in a series of published articles.

November 1921

Theodore Dreiser

SHADOWLAND

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

Part One: The Struggle on the Threshold of Motion Pictures

[After describing some of the problems and intense competition faced by a newcomer who attempts to get a job acting in movies--]

...At this moment, then, literally hundreds of girls and women, for that matter, of the rarest beauty, to say nothing of emotional and dramatic sense, in many cases, business judgment, force, energy, tact and determination, are concentrating with a single-mindedness that would do credit to a Rockefeller or a Schwab, on the above problems. Deprivation, for the moment, is nothing. The tang and sting of the game makes up to them for that. Insults and annoyances are nothing. There are those, no doubt, who even like them. Compromise, if need be, is nothing. They will do anything, all to win, and then smile condescendingly upon those still in the melee, or who retire beaten, having scarcely the time or the spirit to assist any, even if they had the inclination. And if the truth were known, they would not, in many cases, spiritually wipe their feet upon the many who from time to time, in the course of their upward struggle, have compelled them to yield their favors for a price. It is a part of the cost in nearly all cases but not to be looked back upon in many cases with much pleasure. They took it into consideration at the opening of the contest.

Here and there, unquestionably, is a producer, a casting director, a director, etc., who would not, as a rule, disturb anyone, and who seeks only the merit that is necessary for the adequate representation of a given film. But for everyone such there are at least five who have no such ethical or commercial standards. They combine business with pleasure as much as they dare, and in not a few cases one might safely add, no pleasure, no business, at least for the more attractive beginner. It may seem a coarse and vulgar thing to report, but so it is. And happy the girl or woman who, a bargain being struck, is so fortunate as to find someone who will honestly endeavor to further her interests.

Now nothing could be further from the purpose of these articles than to set up a sentimental defense of the assumed reserve and virtue of many who

take up pictures as a profession. Neither is there any puritanic desire to condemn. By far the greater number of girls and women who essay this work know very well beforehand via hearsay or exact information the character of the conditions to be met. And if they do not know it beforehand, they could not be about the work a month before they would be aware of the general assumption of those connected with the work, the males in particular, of course, that all women connected with the work are potentially, if not actually, of easy virtue. Therefore, if they resent this and still linger about the scene, ambition or not, the responsibility is at least in part theirs. And a very large number linger, not only quite willingly, even though they may possess ample means to go elsewhere if they choose, but they rather relish, I think, the very lively war that is here persistently on between the sexes. They are by no means innocents or lambs being led to the slaughter. And not a few relish the personal and emotional freedom which life in this realm provides. For most of those who eventually undertake the struggle are already mentally liberated from most of the binding taboos which govern in the social realms from which they emanate. And many of them have already long resented them. Anyone familiar with this realm could spin a long tale as to this. Nevertheless it is not to be doubted that here and there among the many who essay the work are a few who have not previously scented correctly the nature of the conditions. And others who, knowing of them, have either not been willing to believe or they have concluded that whatever the conditions they themselves are bomb proof and can make their way despite these conditions.

But they find it difficult, just them same--very--, and never doubt it. I have in mind, for instance, certain comedy producing masters and owners of studios who, apart from establishing character interpreters of a humorous turn who can make their way anywhere, of course, will give no opportunity to the novice of the female persuasion who is beautiful unless she is not married, or is most careful to conceal the fact. And what is more, even emotionally engaged applicants need not apply. Not that the work itself is of such a nature as to preclude its proper interpretation by one who chances

to be so engaged but because these lords of these very pretty domains are, Solomon-wise, determined to attach to their already extended harems (potentially, if not actually at the time) all those of sufficient charm who hope to prosper by their favor in any way. This may sound crude and exaggerated to a degree but I am here to assure you that it is not. They want these beauties at their beck and call at all times, apparently, and for no other reason than that they prefer them socially even more than they do as screen workers and they cannot endure the thought of another who may, by any chance, have a prior claim. No immediate and willing response at any time, night or day, seemingly, to their demands and there will be no more work for them in that studio. Crude? Exactly. But efficient. And I might add that any and all of those high-salaried and comfortable vice-snoopers, who are even now so busily engaged hailing before the courts of the land respectable publishers, to say nothing of serious authors whose only crime is that they seek via admirable letters to set forth pictures of the social state of the time, might better be engaged in bringing to light the truth of this, if only such truth were sensibly and honestly dealt with. But they are cautious and self-preserving as well as self-advantaging company, these same who have the morals of the country in charge. You will find them taking no note of what is here set forth, for the good and sufficient reason that it is far more dangerous to attack any of these barons of the movie realm than it is the average hard-pressed publisher and author of distinction. For the former have the means and the courage to make trouble for these snoopers. And would. Hence the wide berth given them by these same salary-hunting purists who will devote months and years even hounding to earth the less "well-heeled" but serious worker and publisher who can make no expensive and hence very damaging defense. If you are not prepared to believe this, I commend your attention to the undisturbed social conditions in the moving picture and theatrical worlds generally. Not that I desire to stir up trouble for these very worthy and thirst satisfying industries which are unquestionably meeting a wide public demand. But rather that the burden of enduring all of the petty and self-advantaging industry of the snoopers may, in part at least, be

lifted from the shoulders of the hard-working author and his publisher.

But the above is mere fact. There is the commonplace director of the smaller comedy and other film companies who, invariably and almost as a matter of course, makes overtures to every attractive worker who enters upon a set that he chances to be directing. Not that he thereby, and by reason of his position, is able to force himself into the good graces of those who chance to fall within the range of his authority as that, in many instances, he makes it all but a condition of further employment under him that something be done by the worker of physical charm to assuage his very emotional and yearning temperament. It seems a little petty to say the least, especially where the worker in question has secured the brief employment in question by the most arduous and persistent industry and where the salary connected with the work, and especially for the brief time that work is to be had anywhere on any set, is entirely incommensurate with the ability and service required. Yet so it is. And you may hear some of the very comfortable employers of labor in this sense laughing over or boasting their several conquests of the while at other moments, yet in the same connection, they may be heard denouncing such and such a worker thus used in the past as a this or a that. It might be a little amusing if it were not quite so drastic.

Then there are the casting directors of some of these institutions--not all of them, by any means, I must hasten to add--who are not above selling opportunities to the needy, or at least the fame-hungry among those who apply to them and who chance to take their fancy, for a return of a pleasurable nature to them, of course. Not that all of them have so very much in the way of an opportunity to offer to anyone. Or, that those for whom that bid do not, in many cases, know that. Or, that they succeed so very often. I do not think they do--certainly not in the cases of the more exceptional of their applicants--at least, not often. Yet notwithstanding, there is this type of overture about. And there is the type of aspirant who is not above advantaging herself in this rather shabby fashion. Around the meaner type of studio I have good reason to know that they are very common. The illusion or

vain hope is that it will do them good "artistically." The thing takes on a disgusting look at times. But so do aspects of certain other professions--nearly all of them. Yet there is no one in the profession today who does not know that sex in one form and another is the principal and hence the determining factor in the rise of most of those of beauty among the women who hope to go far. And that there have been and will yet be many compromises of a decidedly sordid character in order that screen success may be attained. The most irritating features of the whole thing though, really, are these constantly and decidedly brazen overtures on the part of so many who are among the humblest of the attaches--the general assumption on the part of so many call-boys, cameramen, assistant directors, and who not else, that all of those who work in this realm are of easy virtue and that their favors are among the rightful perquisites of those who work about the studios or in the profession, even. Also, that unless they submit they should be made to pay the penalty of ostracism. It sounds a little wild to the outsider of more conventional views, but so it is, just the same.

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December 1921

Theodore Dreiser

SHADOWLAND

Hollywood: Its Morals and Manners

Part Two: The Commonplace Tale with a Thousand Endings

I have in mind a certain director, one of the staff of directors of one of the larger studios, who is, to say the least, a rather ridiculous illustration of what I mean. At one time he was a butcher's helper and made a humble wage at cutting steaks and chops. At present he is a fairly capable "shooter" of five-reelers and is not at all disliked by those who employ him. Yet mentally he is not much above a certain type of director in filmdom,

which is not saying very much, you may be sure. Although a bachelor via the divorce court, he has his "home," his butler, his car, his this, his that, with a little home-brew thrown in for good measure. About the studios and among the flappers he poses as being a--well a member of a certain rather popular faith. Among directors and film-workers generally, those who know of him at all, he is known as a "chaser" of sorts, one of those who are more than inclined to annoy the novices of beauty who chance to come in contact with him on his sets. Well, there you have the stage set, as it were.

Now we will say it is nine o'clock of a certain Los Angeles morning, and Cerise, aged nineteen or thereabouts and but newly engaged to play the part of a charming niece in a comedy which our director is about to direct, has come upon the set for the first time and is looking joyfully and gratefully about. She is pink and vigorous, with golden or black hair, as you will, and eyes with that haunting freshness that is among the requisites of beauty in youth. Also there is a smile that is truly winsome, because devoid of make-believe and because it is suggestive of pleased wonder.

At sight of Cerise, who has been "handed him" by the casting director, and who, as he latterly phrases it, has proved to be a "pippin for once," he is all eyes, and yet distant. For so difficult has "the game" become of late, so watchful the money-power, so tricky and ungrateful the various vamps and succubi of the profession who, to say the truth, have not used him any too well, that at last he is developing a little caution. Yet so great is the lure of youth in this instance, as in that of so many others, that he can scarcely keep his mind on his work. He begins, forthwith, to talk more loudly, to give more directions than are absolutely necessary, to direct "with a vengeance" as some unhappy thespian of his set now makes bold to comment to another, "and all on account of that young skirt over there." 'Tis the way of a portion of the directors of moviedom, at least.

And within the hour of her arrival, if you will believe it, and after the direction of many, many pictures, he is her slave, yet still at a respectful distance. The sight of the "heavy" of this set setting down beside her and beginning an enticing conversation is sufficient to cause him

to all but suffocate with envy, fear and rage. "What! That waster! Is he about to attempt an additional conquest here?" Forthwith he proceeds to give said actor instructions in regard to something in order to divert his mind or his mood or both. "Just stay over here near me, Williams. I want you to see what is going on here so you can get into the spirit of this thing for once." Note the "for once." A little later it may be an extra who has intruded upon the newcomer with kind words and a smile. At once he is aflame with secret rage and envy. "Off the set! Off the set! That means you, Fisher. I don't want any but principals and the members of the cast around here now." Exit the abashed and angry Fisher, silent because he needs, very much, to court the favor of all in these trying days. By nightfall, after sidling near at many points of the day and work with pleasant if inane references to the character of the work in hand, his plans for it, the impossibility, almost, of finding ideal types for the several roles, he is ready for his coup or play. "But you certainly have beauty. Just the person I have been looking for. If I had known of you when I was casting my last picture, I certainly could have made a place for you."

Now Cerise, like so many others of her years and sex, is all aflame with what it means to be a star or within the ranks of those who may reasonably aspire to stellar honors. Fortunately or unfortunately, as you will, she has a mother who, to further her picture ambitions, has left her native state with her and journeyed to far Los Angeles in order to open a millinery establishment or to herself work in a store. The apartment, that between them they can afford, is the humblest. In addition, it is with the greatest difficulty and care that Cerise has achieved the few attractive garments which she now possesses and by the aid of which she hopes to forward herself as much as possible. More would be welcome, of course. Hence the thrill at the thought of making so marked an impression and of being made to feel that additional work may be in store for her here. At the end of the day, then, when Sir Director lingers and offers the service of his car, she is appropriately elated, of course. He is taken with her as a screen possibility. He will be glad to forward her career because of her innate

fitness for the work.

Now the conclusion of this particular incident may be as your fancy dictates. But depend upon it, however you, personally, may decide to end it, it will have had, at some time or other, a counterpart in real life. It depends on the temperament and hence the practical judgment, or lack of it, of the one thus enthusiastically approached or often her mother or friends, or the character of her bad friend in some other way. By far the largest number of those who decide to test this world are sophisticated beyond their years, whatever their years may be. They are, in the main, practical to this extent, that they are here to realize on their ability and charm as swiftly as possible. Ushered into the very much benicked car of a personage in this realm and offered a dinner or at least a little chocolate en route and told very plainly and earnestly as to what the prospects of advancement are--well--the matter would certainly be taken into consideration and thought upon at length, if not decided upon immediately. Such a seemingly real impression is not made every day. If the situation of the aspirant is very complicated and her need for aid pressing--well. Yet, as a rule, they know enough that no situation is likely to be injured by a little waiting. Also, that one should look most carefully over the cliff before they leap. Beyond this, and a little time taken, the thing may end most any way. And does. It might well be called "The Commonplace Tale with a Thousand Endings."

Yet in this case, as in all others of the same type, unless the situation is handled by the aspirant with the utmost tact, the director failing will see to it that no more favors of any kind are extended her by him. He may even become very disagreeable in connection with the work in hand, so much so that she might well find it impossible to complete the work then and there doing. The theory is that if he is not good enough for her, and she things so very well of herself, let her get someone else to do favors for her. Depend upon it, he will not. And more than one director has had to be released from one and another studio before he would cease his annoying tactics. Not all beginners will endure such assaults without complaint. Yet in the main they do. And it is thus that one opportunity after another, with

one director after another, has been lost, and advancement all but closed because the aspirant chanced to be of exceptional charm and was desirous of making her way without compromise except where her affections were honestly engaged.

Indeed, the more one wanders about and wins to wisdom in this matter of picture production, the more one comes to note the shabby and pinchbeck point of view that holds, not only in most of the counting offices of all these great concerns where the petty and often pretty beginner is concerned, but also in the minds of directors, casting-directors, assistant-directors, cameramen, the heavies and even leads of the male persuasion who have anything to do with or can, by any hook or crook, contrive any possible claim upon the time or attention or services of those of the feminine persuasion--the younger and prettier and less experienced, of course--who are seeking to make an ill-paid way in this, in the main, grueling realm. The shabby and even shameful impositions! The sharp exactations in the matter of time and money! (Hours, for instance, that stretch from eight to six and even longer, on the set and in costume, for a wage which, when measured by the number of employed days one will come by in the course of a year, is ridiculously and even pitifully inadequate.)

The general assumption on the part of many directors, assistant-directors and even stage carpenters and electricians is that, somehow, because these hundreds and even thousands of girls are compelled to or, at any rate, are desirous of making their living or their way in this field, and have all too little, financially, wherewith to do that, therefore they are, and of right ought to be, the sexual prey of these men. Also that any opposition on their part to being so used or pursued can only be based upon a disagreeable and even reprehensible vanity--or "better than thou" spirit, which should never, for a moment even, be tolerated by one in so lofty a position as any of the above. The often undesired and in many cases resented overtures and insults which, nevertheless, because of the nature of the work and the driving character of the ambition of those insulted, may never be properly rebuked! And, where one such chances to be usually winsome and

earnest, and eager to make progress without compromise, the rebuffs, impositions and preventing or delaying oppositions, even though all the necessary talent for the situation may be properly presented, may endure for a period of years, in some instances quite until hope is exhausted.

In writing this I have in mind not one but something like twenty-five aspirants of exceptional beauty and ability and admitted screen charm who, nevertheless, and because of a lack of means combined with an unfortunate determination to fight their way upwards without compromise on the emotional side are still, after several years of unremitted struggle or intelligent application, as you will, about where they began at first. And that in the face of others of no more ability who have risen much more rapidly. It is true that during that time, and by reason of some little money with which they came, plus the employment they have had, they have managed to live and take their part in the movie social world about them. Also that they have acquired much of the necessary screen technique which, coupled at this time with an opportunity of some kind, might easily lead to recognition of a very grateful character. They are among those who, whenever some exceptional minor part that takes ability but not much time is to be "cast," are sent for. And in such things they appear quite regularly. Their faces, for brief intervals, are to be seen in many pictures. But will they succeed eventually? That certainly depends to a degree upon the presence of others of equal attractions who are not so frugal with their favors. During the time they have been upon the scene not one of them but has had, over and over, advances made to them by one and another of force and distinction in the realm in which they seek to shine. But in each and every case, for reasons best known to themselves, these opportunities have been allowed to slip by. Speaking of one of them, a scenarist of no little popularity once observed to me: "For the life of me I can't see why Mary hangs on out here. She has ability--tons of it. And if she were only backed by someone she would make a strike, all right. A few of the right sort of posters, a good vehicle, and a press-agent, and she would get over with a bang. But here she is, drifting along, and here she will be five years from now, trailing others

who haven't a fourth of her genuine charm, unless she quits. What's the answer? She isn't coarse-fibred enough, that's all. She can't bring herself to do the things that most of them do. If she would..." He said no more than the truth...

* * * * *

After the Arbuckle scandal broke, Henry Ford's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT ran a series of articles on "Baring the Heart of Hollywood." The following, slightly edited, was from the final article in the series.

December 10, 1921

DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

...That the great body of our motion picture players should have become what they are is a great pity and it is a condition for which they cannot be held altogether to blame. The environment of an aspirant for fame in the pictures is such that only one of exceptionally strong moral fiber could be expected to emerge unspotted. This applies to either sex, for the temptations are just as strong and appealing to the boys as to the girls.

Many of our motion picture players have been recruited from good American homes, the same kind of home that furnishes the bulk of our skilled labor, our office workers and our salesmen and saleswomen. These boys and girls, good looking, healthy and with some degree of personality or talent, come to the studios as clean morally as the average American youth, but how long do they stay that way? How long CAN they stay that way?

The working conditions in a few of the larger studios have changed for the better during the past two years. This was not in the interest of morality but of efficiency. The producers found that love making around the studios during working hours was a costly proposition for them and they took steps to eradicate it. But in other studios conditions are much the same as they were. A well-known producer mentioned two of the largest studios in telling the writer that he would rather see a daughter of his in her grave

than working in either of them.

The comedies are particularly bad. A college girl who had done some newspaper work before coming to Hollywood and going into the movies, told the writer about a certain well-known comedy company where the brother of the producer and star hired the girls used in the pictures. Before a girl was given employment she took a walk with this man and on her acceptance or rejection of his advances depended her engagement.

This same system of employment was followed by many other studios until it was seen that such methods were costing them a lot of money. Jealousies between directors' favorites often delayed pictures and caused friction among the players that destroyed discipline and ran up production expenses.

The director was a petty czar on the lot or on location, and he could ruin the chances of advancement of any girl who might reject his overtures. A girl with ambition to be a star, therefore, either had to accept the director's advances or quit the pictures, unless, as was sometimes the case, she was the sweetheart of the producer.

A producer brought out a young woman who showed promise as an actress. After she had been working in her first picture for a few days the producer noticed that she was worried about something. After some difficulty he succeeded in getting the story from her. The director, she said, had made overtures to her from the first day she had appeared on the lot. When she refused his attentions he had threatened to get her job. One day he had torn off nearly all her clothing before she could get away from him.

This director had a two-year contract with the producer. The latter said nothing to him at the time, but put a private detective on his trail. After he had obtained sufficient evidence the producer called the director into his office and informed him that he was through. The director threatened to sue for fulfillment of his contract, but after being shown the evidence against him thought better of it. He immediately went to work, however, for another large studio where he is still directing.

It was such abuse of their positions by directors that led to the installation, by some studios, of casting directors. Under this system the

applicant registers with the casting director, is photographed in several poses and these photographs, known as stills, are filed away with the name, address, telephone number and description. Sometimes a few feet of film are also taken. After it is decided to film a certain script these files are gone over and the players selected from them. Thus the director does not see his players until they walk on the lot the first day. Being shorn of his power to hire, his power to fire is also limited. In the studios where the casting director system is used a girl has an even chance of preserving her honor, provided she escapes the notice of the producers themselves, and has sufficiently strong character to resist the blandishments of the male stars and directors.

It takes a girl of exceptionally strong character to emerge unscathed from the temptations presented at the studios, and all honor should be given to those who do. The free and easy life, with its escape from the conventionalities, tends gradually to weaken the sternest moral fiber. Things that horrify at first become a matter of course when seen daily. The ambitious girl sees others availing themselves of their charms to push themselves forward into stardom and its attendant financial reward. It is only a girl of the most exceptional talent and energy who can hope to succeed without the aid of a pull. Small wonder that so few of them hold out. The blame does not rest on them, but on the whole rotten system, a system that will endure until the public has convinced the producers that there are some things more precious than the dollar...

* * * * *

For another reported incident of sexual harassment, see "The Girl Who Wanted Work" in TAYLOROLOGY 30.

Leslie Henry's Suicide Plan

Charlotte Shelby, the mother of actress Mary Miles Minter, was one of the major suspects in the 1922 Taylor murder. Her broker, Leslie Henry, was later charged with stealing money from her account (see TAYLOROLOGY 35). In 1932, Leslie Henry planned to commit suicide in such a manner as to repay his debt to Charlotte Shelby, and he wrote her a suicide letter.

* * * * *

The "Suicide Letter" from Leslie Henry to Charlotte Shelby

December 23, 1932

LOS ANGELES TIMES

...It was learned, however, that the missive was received in a special delivery envelope by Mrs. Shelby at her Beverly Hills home November 14, last [1932]. Two other letters relating to the suicide plot were also written and one received by Miss Eve Baber, Henry's secretary. Upon the receipt of the missive the secretary hurried to Mrs. Shelby's home and that evening, convinced that Henry would kill himself, they listened to police and news radio broadcasts.

Nothing, of course, happened...

Excerpts from the letter received by Mrs. Shelby on November 14 follow:

"Yesterday your attitude put the seal on a death verdict for me that has hung over me for four years. Tomorrow, when you read this, I hope that the death I am courting tomorrow will not have proved as vain in your service as my life has been. Whether this effort is successful or not will depend almost entirely on your complete co-operation in the events which follow, your patience, your sympathy and understanding.

"The cash due you and Margaret is nonexistent.

"The securities in syndicate have long since been sold.

"Securities held by you or due you are in default to an amount of

approximately \$5000 per year, excluding the Sutter Basin, Key System and Shenandoah preferred stock...

"At no time since the above situation began to develop has my combined life and accident insurance been less than the amount necessary to discharge these obligations. These policies are paid to date, and are all past the contestable period of two years. The present state of the market is such that the funds collected from these policies will pay the cash due, purchase the sound securities due you and replace the defaulted securities held by or due you.

"Except as you may show this to Margaret, which you must do for your joint guidance and which I did not doubt you will do when I wrote the word 'may,' there are only you, my wife and Miss Baber who know the contents of this letter. I am leaving copies of it for them. Even the attorney who will probate my miserable estate will know nothing. Naturally the firm knows nothing, but any untoward act on your part would make it quickly suspicious. That would result immediately in the calling in of representatives of the surety company, quick betrayal of the nature of my death and its purpose to the insurance companies in the effect of the surety firm and the company to obtain the few thousand dollars to be had in cash values to be applied against what loss you eventually might have assessed against them.

"The profits which were paid you and Margaret from time to time in the program of deceit which I had to follow will remain with you, as will the excess amounts credited you on Wilshire bonds, which were sold under par in the market, as none of this issue has ever been called."

The letter here recited that the irregularities commenced in 1924 due to a business deal he became involved in, and then continued:

"From that day to his, hell and madness have been mine. I speculated with money from other of your securities in an effort to replace the missing bonds. Interest had to be paid on these taken. Each speculation that proved momentarily a losing one was sold out before it had a chance to join the general trend of prices that was to climax in the 1929 market...The frantic fear of losing yet more of your funds made sane speculation impossible, and

the greatest rising market in the history of the world saw me casting aside stocks because of momentary declines which if held would have done all I had to do to preserve your funds and yet live.

"When I left Pasadena for Los Angeles Miss Baber had the opportunity to uncover a part of what had transpired. I told her everything. She dissuaded me from the hellish thing ahead of me tomorrow. She might have left the firm at that point without saying anything to anyone and have been free of this affair. Although she has never been the beneficiary of so much as a dime of the money that has passed the way I have described, has suffered the various cuts in wages imposed by the depression when other houses and banks have offered her increased figures to join them, has watched herself age under uncertainty and care such as only a situation as this could impose, she has stood by.

"Ignoring the meanness of every form of deceit I was compelled to practice to pursue the course I could not leave except through death, she looked to but two essentials: my lack of capacity for detail meant my discovery within a month or two at the month, followed by my death or imprisonment, an insupportable loss for you, and the disgrace of the innocent ones of my family. She does not know tonight how close is the final defeat of her hope that somewhere out of this would come a break that would restore everything and leave her free to leave for other scenes and other occupations. I recommend her to you and to Margaret. She can be depended on to finish for you the work she will be committed to in this letter. She is honest in everything that honor measures in either a man or a woman. She is the most capable worker I have ever known.

"Whatever of feeling Margaret has had against her because of the incident of the delayed letters should be resolved into gratefulness that she will be available and willing to counsel with you and work for you toward the recovery of that which I endangered. I do not know what it can be worth to her, but it is all I have to give for the undeserved loyalty she has given me --the respect from one who is a bankrupt in everything and who would not have had even the losing chance that has been mine.

"While Miss Baber has had the knowledge of what might and probably would eventuate for you, my family and myself, it is a cruel blow that I have had to strike you who have been in ignorance and apprehension. You must realize, Mrs. Shelby, that it could not be otherwise. To have told either of you in your home or the wife now waiting for me in mine the facts of this situation would have been to challenge that in each of you which took possession of Miss Baber--preservation of a life at any price. You would have taken your chances on financial loss and, for all of your indignation and sorrow, have even hated the thought of prison for me. Knowing that death was in my mind, you or my wife would have risked everything to uncover me before I would act.

"What I do tomorrow is not done out of fear of facing anybody or of seeing and hearing myself held up to the world in derision by the empty-headed, condemnation by the thinking, and shame generally by everybody. It is not done out of fear of prison. It is done because any other course would mean a frightful loss to you and yours, penniless misery for my own dear ones and shame and derision of some kind on all of us alike. That my effort might fail is my only fear. If only I could assure myself of the end in its every respect, I would gladly undergo every physical torture that can precede it as a partial atonement for the sorrow I have caused.

"My wife was not the beneficiary of anything of yours, knowingly. Her monthly allowance was meager under the very necessities of this situation, always within my earnings at their lowest ebb. That she was at the beach each summer of the past three years was over her own protest. I imposed it on her for her own health and that of the children as something my life might have to pay for at any moment. What little she had had from me these miserable few years has been pressed upon her in guilty acknowledgment of the heartbreak the course of my life was leading her to. She would not touch a tainted dollar of anyone's giving, and would starve with her children in the gutter before she would flourish at your expense. The only property that is hers are within the four walls of the home, and rightfully hers. That house is mortgaged to its limit.

"I can write nothing more, Mrs. Shelby, out of the numb weariness that

is on me. Have Miss Baber come to your house in the evening and go over the situation with her pending the return from the insurance company, and withhold from any contact with the office that will start wheels to turning which you can never stop from grinding out you and yours and mine in misery and loss until there remains but shells financially, physically and mentally. Guard your conversation and the tone of your voice over the telephone in making the appointment I have recommended.

"For me in all my wrongdoing there is no hell beyond.

"Leslie B. Henry."

Henry then adds a postscript in his handwriting as follows:

"When this reaches you I will be out of reach of anyone, so don't, I pray you, trespass the advice in these lines. My going is in an accident you are powerless to stop. What time elapses now until its discovery--only a matter of hours--It is my hope that it will be all over when you are reading this. The cruelty of suspense I have practiced on you was due these past two weeks to one vain, final effort to solve this situation. Forgive me for having lived so much longer at your expense.

"This letter is a sacred contract in your hands when all is done. Preserve it to yourself in your own interest and that of my loved ones and destroy it in the presence of my wife when the bill is paid.

"Good bye.

"Leslie B. Henry."

* * * * *

Testimony of Eva Adeline Baber

July 20, 1933

...I think the letter [was] dated November the 14th, to Mrs. Shelby, in which he told her he was going to commit suicide, among other things. When I came back to my office after lunch on that particular date, I found a copy of this letter, and I was naturally extremely worried, not knowing what she was going

to do, and at 5:00 o'clock I had not heard anything from her that afternoon, and I felt sure that she had received the letter during the afternoon, so I called her up and asked her if she wanted to see me, and she said, yes, that she would send Mrs. Fillmore down to get me. Mrs. Fillmore came down and met me downtown in her car, and took me out to the house. She conducted me upstairs to the door, and she said, "Oh, is it true?" I was crying at the time, and I said, "Yes, I am afraid it is true," so we went in and sat down and talked. She and Margaret were both very kind to me that afternoon and expressed their sympathy for the terrific strain I had been under, and Mrs. Shelby brought me some aspirin. I had had such a headache, and she said for me to take that and to brace up, and we would talk this thing out together, or work it out together, so I did, and then she said that we ought to have some dinner, and she told me to go into the bathroom and wash my face, so the maid would not know that I had been crying. She said, "We have to keep up appearances, and while I don't think the maid will talk, I would rather she did not know that you had been out here," so we went down to dinner, and she cautioned Margaret to address me as Mrs. Brown, in case anything came out in the newspapers; she did not want anyone to know...We went down to dinner, and afterwards we came back upstairs and began talking over ways and means of collecting this insurance. She asked me at the time if I thought Mr. Henry had already killed himself, and I said "No, I don't think so, because I haven't heard anything this afternoon, and he is probably going to wait until dark," and then she asked how he was going to do it, and I said, "I don't know, he never told me that, but I would not be surprised if he connects with a freight train somewhere," and then when we began discussing the ways and means of paying back this money out of the insurance policies, she said--I told her that Mr. Henry was going to instruct his wife to give me a power of attorney, so I could act for her, because she wasn't experienced in handling business matters, and that as soon as the money was available I would buy back for her the bonds due her, and she said, "No, I won't have bonds; I want cash." She said, "No more bonds for me; I insist on having cash." Then we discussed ways and means, and she wanted to know how long it would take

before cash would be available, and I said, "I don't know, but I think it ought not to take longer than a month," and she said, "Mary must not know of this," and she said, "There is a payment due Mary the first of the month, \$700.00, and I don't think I have enough money to pay it," and they talked about that, how they would keep the news of this disaster from Mary, and then I felt so badly, it was then, I guess, about a little after 8:00 o'clock, and we had talked and talked and talked, until I was so tired I wanted to go home, and she said, "Wait until the 9:00 o'clock broadcast, and see if there is any news of an accident reported." She had a radio in her bedroom, and I sat there with her until after 9:00 o'clock, and she seemed to be a little disappointed and sort of wondered why there was no report had come over the radio. I presume she expected to hear, as I did to, that there had been an accident, and then after that, Margaret drove me down to the Pacific Electric station, and I caught the car and went home, and the next morning, before I had finished my breakfast, just after I had gotten out of bed, the telephone rang, and it was Mrs. Shelby on the phone; and she said, "Have you heard anything yet?" and I said, "No," and then she hung up the receiver, and there was no more conversation, and immediately I called Mr. Henry's house to see if he was at home, and Mrs. Henry said, yes he was at home, and then I went on to the office, and about noon, I guess, Mr. Henry came in...Mr. Henry told me he had talked to her, and she wanted those insurance policies brought out to her, and he wanted me--she had asked that I bring them out, and I said, "I don't want to go, I don't want to talk to her again," and he said that she insisted that she would not let him bring them out, so I took them out to her, and her attitude that day was entirely different. She was very hostile and she was just cool really, and she told me that she wasn't a bit surprised when Mr. Henry called her up that morning. She said she knew he wasn't going to do it. She said--Margaret said, "I had a lot of respect for him when I thought he was going to make good these losses by killing himself, but," she said, "I have no more respect left for him now, and I think it is strictly up to him to go through with what he promised to do," and Mrs. Shelby said to me--I believe it was Margaret said to me, "You know, Miss

Baber, this would ruin you if it ever came out in court," and Mrs. Shelby said, "I want to tell you, I am going to fight, and I will spare no one. When I get through with you, nobody will ever employ you again." Then she sat down to go over these insurance policies together, and I handed them to her, and she would read the amounts off and Margaret would take them down, the face amount of the policy, and the date, and whether or not it was carrying a double indemnity clause, and while we were sitting there checking them up, she said, "These policies aren't any good to me, because they don't have the last receipt for the premium, to show the premiums were paid," and she said, "I must have that." I said, "Well, I think that Mr. Henry must have them; I know the policies are in full force and effect, and I will go back to the office if you want me to and see if I can find them. I think she first suggested that I call Mr. Henry and see if he had them, and I called the office and he wasn't in, and then I told her I would go back to the office and see if I could locate them, and she said to bring them out to her, and I said, "Couldn't I send them out by a messenger?" and she said, "No, I don't want any messenger to bring them tonight." I went back and I couldn't find any receipts. Mr. Henry apparently had destroyed all of his papers, and when I told Mr. Henry I had left the policies out there, he was very much upset about it, and said that I shouldn't have done that, but she did not let me take them, and I couldn't very well snatch them up and take them back, and as a matter of fact, it did not occur to me that it was important to do so. I called her up and told her I could not find any of the receipts, and she said, "Never mind, it isn't necessary." When Mr. Henry found I had left them, he asked me to call and ask if I could come and get the policies, and I did, and she said, no, that she did not want me to come out. That was in the afternoon, and later on the evening I went out to the Pacific Electric Station. She told me not to come to the house, and I called her again and asked if I couldn't come up and either get the policies or get a receipt for them. I said, "I will be held responsible for them," and she said, "Miss Baber, you must not come near the house; I have guest here, and you must not be seen around here," and I said, "Do you know, Mrs. Shelby, the first thing,

if there is an accident, the first thing the insurance company will want to know is where the policies are, and if they are in your hands, they might raise some question about whether or not there was a genuine accident, or something might come up that would reveal that," and she said, "If anything happens, I will take them straight on to Mrs. Henry," and that was all.

(Q. Now, you started to say that Mrs. Shelby told you that she talked to Mr. Henry on the telephone that morning; did you give all of that conversation?)

When I went out there in the afternoon, she said, "I knew he wasn't going through with it." She said, "He hasn't got the nerve." She said, "I wasn't a bit surprised when he called me up this afternoon, and I told him that I would just give him until 2:00 o'clock tomorrow afternoon to go through with that letter, or I will walk into the office and call Mr. Babcock and Mr. Cadwalader and lay my cards all on the table."...

[Special thanks to Dave Downey for providing above transcript.]

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

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or at <http://www.silent-movies.com/search.html>. For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 42 -- June 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

"Mabel Normand's Own Life Story!"

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

The following 1924 series was undoubtedly written to improve Mabel Normand's popularity, which had been severely damaged by the Taylor case and the Dines incident. So she makes no mention of her personal relationship with Sennett or her screen work with Arbuckle. Despite a few minor errors, this is probably the most substantial account of Mabel's life published prior to her death in 1930, and it provides additional insight into her friendship with William Desmond Taylor.

* * * * *

February 17, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand's Own Life Story! -- Chapter 1

Filmland's Greatest Comedienne Writes of Her Striking Career

Writing the story of one's life is a perfectly awful thing.

I don't like that way of phrasing it, anyhow. It sounds like I was Methuselah's daughter or some one who had been around this little old world so long that I was about to give the universe the benefit of my vast span of years.

And I've just begun to live.

So let's call it "a few chapters from my life," and if it will be of interest, I shall be glad. Doubtless there are lessons and morals to be drawn from the lives of all of us. If there is one in mine, I hope it will be of service, not only to you but to me. But I guess we all find it a whole lot easier to point a moral from the errors of some one else, than to profit by our own mistakes.

The Examiner has asked me, before I begin my own story to answer two questions. And they are:

1--Would I advise a young girl to seek a career in motion pictures?

2--And to one who is seeking a career, what is the best road to success?

There it is again, the advice from grandma! Like most professional persons who have passed 18 years (actual), I am a perfect clam about my age. If you have any idea that I am going to step right out here, in print, with a chatty discussion about the year I was born, you may as well turn the page. I prefer to leave such uninteresting details to my girl friends.

But I'm going to try to answer the questions. And to the first one, my

answer is "Yes." I respectfully decline to make the stereotyped reply that this question often elicits from actors and actresses. "No, no, my dear, you mustn't think of such a thing. The hardships we professional people have to undergo, the tremendous amount of talent necessary for success, you've no idea." And all this with unutterable lifting of the eyebrows and an air of boredom and disillusionment with all things theatrical.

I think it's a wonderful life. It's hard work, of course, just as it requires hard work to succeed in any other career we may choose. And perhaps it's overcrowded, as they say. But there's always room at the top, according to a good old axiom of the stage.

And if you have confidence in yourself, if you think you have talent for motion picture work, then I certainly would not be one to discourage you. You must be prepared for many disappointments and for progress that seems tremendously slow. Perhaps you won't succeed at all. In fact, you probably won't. But you'll have tried. And that's something. I'd rather have a try at what I feel I can do and what I want to do, even if I fail, than to drudge along at something that doesn't interest me, simply because I'm doubtful if I have the courage to stand adversity.

If you think you have talent for the work, go to it, my child (grandma speaking again). You'll find a lot of people to give you a helping hand over the rough spots. Some of the very finest men and women I've ever met are motion picture actors and actresses. I'd like to stack up their lives, with the good deeds I happen to know they have done, against the lives of some others who are inclined, perhaps, to gaze down upon them from a self-erected eminence.

And to the second question, "What is the road to success?" there is only one answer--work. Work and study, until you have learned the technique of the screen. Contrary to popular opinion, it can't be acquired in a day. And it can't be acquired by running for the dressing room the minute your "bit" is finished. Those whom I have seen climb from mediocrity to stardom have made it a practice to watch their fellow workers, to pick up a mannerism here and a little trick there, to think about them at home and to figure out what

made them impressive. That's the way to learn. And to learn is to be successful.

There is no other way in my opinion. You have heard a great deal of talk doubtless, about favoritism and luck being big factors in screen success. Miss Soandso, they tell you, is a star because she happened to be in a picture that was an unexpected hit or because the producer favors her more than other actresses. Don't you believe it. It's the public that makes the stars, in motion pictures. And if the dear old public doesn't like them, they don't become stars, permanently. There may be an element of luck, or of favoritism, in getting a chance to show what one can do. But you must be ready for your chance. You must be prepared, by hard work, to accept the opportunity and ride it to success. Luck or favoritism may be able to make a star, but they can't keep her one. It's the public that does that.

I hope I have answered the questions. I've done the best I know how. And, after all, answers to questions like those are matters of personal opinion. So, with those few words, I will plunge into my own story, the telling of which will be much easier than trying to hand forth a lot of "highbrow" advice.

Up to the time I left school there was nothing eventful or particularly interesting in my life. My mother lived on Staten Island and I attended school, the last few years, at North Westport, Mass., near Martha's Vineyard. Once a month I went home, in charge of a stewardess on the Fall River Line, but I stayed at school, during the summer, studying hard and trying to skip a class and get ahead faster. I was tremendously ambitious in those days. We had very little money and even my occasional trips home were a great expense.

I wanted to finish as soon as I could, so I could learn more about the things that particularly interested me. I was crazy about music and drawing. I wanted to be a big musician. And I've never really lost that desire. Even up to last year I used to practice six or seven hours a day at the piano, when I could possibly get the time to do so.

But I didn't get ahead as fast as either my mother or myself hoped I would. Lack of money for proper instruction handicapped me, and when a

friend of ours, who was also a friend of Hamilton King, the artist, suggested that I could earn money posing for him, mother finally agreed. I stopped school at Martha's Vineyard, came home to Staten Island and went to work for Mr. King, continuing my studies in drawing and music at night. This was when I was 14 years old.

I became a member of the Art Students' League, where it is possible to get competent instruction at night at a nominal cost, and I spent all day posing, at first for Mr. King and then for other artists and illustrators. Most of the work I did was to pose for heads for magazine covers. And I didn't like it. I hated to stand still. I hated to be simply a means by which someone else was creating something. I wanted to do it myself, but I couldn't I had only the longing, without the ability.

I received \$1.50 in the morning and the same amount in the afternoon for posing. Thirty cents of that went for carfare and ferry fare and I had to spend a little money for lunch. Sometimes, however, I didn't get any lunch. I used my lunch hour instead to pose for a commercial photographer. Wearing a hat or a dress that he wanted to photograph, we models would stand around in front of the camera during the noon hour and he would sell the pictures to trade journals.

It was there that I met Alice Joyce and Anna Q. Nilsson, who were taking the same means of earning a little extra money. Neither of them, at that time, had been in motion pictures. And so I kept on with the artists and they said I was a good model, easy to draw and adaptable to the costumes in which they portrayed their magazine-cover heroines. Among the artists and illustrators for whom I posed during the next few months, in addition to Mr. King, were James Montgomery Flagg, Charles Dana Gibson, C. Coles Phillips, Henry Hutt, Orson Lowell, J. C. and F. X. Lydendecker, Alonzo Kimball, Haskell Coffin and Penrhyn Stanlaws.

Gradually I acquired a vogue among artists as being a type that lent itself readily to diversified costuming. I found myself more in demand and finally was engaged, permanently, by two of the most prominent, Gibson and Flagg. I posed for Mr. Gibson every morning at his studio in Carnegie Hall

and for Mr. Flagg in the afternoon at his Sixty-seventh street studio. The arrangement was more satisfactory because I knew exactly what I had to do every day, but it didn't increase my wages. I was still getting \$3.00 per day, \$1.50 from each artist.

I thought it was a lot, however. And it helped. I was able to pay more for my music lessons and thus get better teachers. And I was happy in the opportunities that were afforded me to watch these masters as they worked. When I became tired they permitted me, sometimes, to stand behind them and watch their brush as they retouched and filled in face and figure. It was something I couldn't have bought and I realized its value.

There were periods of unhappiness, however. As I look back at them now I believe they came from the ambitions that always were tormenting me. Mr. Gibson had a number of evening gowns that he used as costumes for his models. They had been given to him by society women of his acquaintance for that purpose and every time I put on one of them it took the place, for me, of Aladdin's lamp. They were very smart, these gowns, made in Paris, most of them, and I used to imagine myself the original owner, trailing these wonderful creations through gorgeous reception rooms and across the floors of littering ballrooms.

I wondered what it would be like to have a wardrobe that would permit giving away clothes like those I was wearing and I used to visualize the parties at which they had been worn, giving myself all the airs and graces that I felt I would have put on and smiling condescendingly at multitudes of suitors in evening clothes with ribbons across their shirt fronts. Very distinguished were all the men of my dream parties, with iron gray hair and manners that included bowing from the waist and much courtly kissing of the hand.

Those days and those dreams left an ineffaceable impression on me. Of late years, since fortune has been more kind, I have been able, occasionally, to give away a dress or a hat. And every time I do it, I get a thrill. The image of me as I was at 14 pops up before my eyes and I realize that no Paris gown, no wonderful hat can ever mean as much to me as did those cast-off

things in which I used to flaunt myself before the mirror at Mr. Gibson's studio. Some day someone is going to portray, on paper or on the stage or screen, the nebulous dreams and longings that come to an adolescent girl, poised with diffident foot on the threshold of a broader life. If it is ever done truly it will be a wonderful masterpiece. But it will require, in the doing, a very great artist.

All this happened before I ever thought of motion pictures. I used to go to see them, with mother, and I was an ardent "fan," even then. I had my favorites on the screen and D. W. Griffith was my favorite director. In the next installment of this story I want to tell about my first venture in pictures as an extra girl, with the Kalem Company, and of how I first met Mr. Griffith, whose pupil I became and for whose ability and artistry I shall always hold a very great reverence.

* * * * *

February 24, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand's Own Life Story -- Chapter 2

"Thrice I Turned my Back on Film Career," Says Star

You never know your luck!

This isn't a very original statement. Something seems to tell me it has been said before, but it illustrates, almost exactly, how I tried to turn my back on what was waiting for me. Three times I tried my foolish best to walk away from motion pictures, and all three times chance intervened and set my feet back on the path illuminated by the Klieg lights. It happened like this:

Last week I wrote of the days when I was posing at the studios of Mr. Gibson and Mr. Flagg, and augmenting my slender wages by parading during the noon hour before a fashion camera. It was there that I met Alice Joyce, and it was to her that I owed my first chance in motion pictures.

I met her on the street one day, and mentioned that she had not been at the commercial photographer's for some time.

"No, I'm in moving pictures now," she said. "I'm leading lady for the Kalem Company. We're working tonight. Why don't you come up and see how motion pictures are made? It's very interesting."

I was on my way to Mr. Flagg's studio, but I went with Alice to a drug store and phoned my mother, telling her of Alice's invitation. Mother always has adored Alice Joyce, and she told me to go ahead. So after I finished posing I went to the address Alice had given me, and the first surprise I got was to find that the studio was in an office building. I've forgotten exactly where the Kalem Company was located then, but I think it was either Thirty-third or Forty-second street, and I remember it was in a great, big office building.

They were taking a scene when I went in. I asked for Miss Joyce, but she was acting before the camera. George Melford, who is now with Lasky, was directing, and I was intensely interested in all I saw as I stood there waiting for Alice to finish. I didn't stay very long because I wanted to get to the Staten Island ferry before it got too late, but while I was talking to Alice the assistant director was issuing a call for "extras" to work the next day on location. Seeing me talking to Miss Joyce he came over and asked me if I would like to work. It happened that I was to have a few days' vacation from posing, and I told him I would like to try it. I was directed to be there at 8 o'clock the next morning to start for Fort Lee, New Jersey. I worked three days in that picture, and I never shall forget it. It was a Puritan picture, and was taken in the dead of winter. They gave us little thin gray dresses to wear and I almost froze to death. The Puritans must have had a terrible time. I gathered that their entire existence was spent in running away from Indians. We ran downhill, and then they would turn us

around and have us run uphill. And all the time with a gang of large, whooping Indians in close pursuit.

"Run," yelled the director, and we ran. "Stop," and we stopped.

At first it was all very interesting, and I was filled with shivering enthusiasm. But after a while all the enthusiasm froze up and I concluded that motion pictures would be a wonderful career for an Eskimo lady, but wasn't quite suited for me. I stuck it out for three days, but finally had to admit defeat at the hands of the thermometer. I was supposed to go back to work, anyhow, at that time with Mr. Gibson and Mr. Flagg, so I dropped the motion pictures and I didn't care if I never saw an Indian again. Every time I passed a cigar store I shivered.

And there it might have ended; my "cuh-ree-hr," as the press agents call it. I might have come to naught, alackaday, but for chance or Fate, or whatever it is that intervenes and shapes our destinies. While I was scuffling around in the snow and trying to keep one jump ahead of Mr. Pontiac and all his relatives I had met Frank Lanning, a very famous actor of Indian characters. We had stood around between pursuits and talked of motion pictures and posing, and how different they were, to which I agreed with chattering teeth. And the next time I met Mr. Lanning it was at what might be called a psychological moment.

I had gone back to posing. I hadn't seen Alice Joyce for four months, and I had no idea of ever again attempting to work in motion pictures. But one morning Mr. Gibson told me he would be busy for some time in litigation that had arisen over a contract. He said he would pay me during the time I was loafing, but suggested that I try to get work with some other artist while I was waiting for him to be free to draw again.

It was just after this conversation and while I was debating what artist to ask for work that I met Frank Lanning on the street. He said he had noticed several things Mr. Gibson had drawn and had recognized me as the model. There was one head in particular that he seemed to admire and he told me that when he saw it on a magazine cover he had made up his mind to hunt me up some time and advise me to make another try at motion pictures.

"I am working for D. W. Griffith," he said, "and I'm on my way there now. Why don't you come along and let me introduce you to the casting director?"

If Mr. Gibson had not suspended work that day, I probably would have told Mr. Lanning that it was very nice of him to suggest it, but that I thought I'd better stick to posing. You see, I still had ambition to become an artist some day. But I went. He took me to the old Biograph studio, on Fourteenth street--the studio that made screen history. When we entered they were taking a scene and Mr. Lanning found he had only a few minutes to make up. So he hurried away, leaving me standing there.

The first thing I noticed was how green every one looked. In complexion, I mean. They must have had different lights at the Kalem company because I hadn't noticed it when I watched Alice, that night. I didn't think of the lights. I guess I thought it was part make-up and part natural complexion. And the next thing that caught my eye was a gorgeous creature who was working before the camera. It was Florence Lawrence. She had on a wonderful gown and her golden hair was almost sweeping the floor. With the peculiar tint cast on her face by the lights she was very beautiful. I didn't know anything about wigs, then, and I thought it was her own hair. I stood there watching her, and I shrank back in a corner, with an awed, "Gosh."

She looked like all seven of the Sutherland sisters, and I said to myself, as I watched her: "You don't belong here, Mabel. You haven't hair like that. Your eyes are only about half as big as hers are and your lips aren't as full and red as hers. You won't have a chance of making good alongside anyone like that. You'd better stick to posing."

So I began to edge toward the door. I watched Miss Lawrence and Henry Walthall for a few minutes longer. I saw a man directing then whom I presumed to be Mr. Griffith. I noticed that Mr. Lanning was busy. And I "ducked." For the second time I was running away from fame and fortune, as the story books call it.

But I didn't get far. I was half-way down the stairs when a voice

hailed me from the top. "Just a minute, please," it said. And the owner of the voice descended. It was Wilfred Lucas, famous Broadway star, who was Mr. Griffith's right hand man. I had heard of him, but I had never seen him before.

"Would you mind waiting a moment," he said. "Mr. Griffith noticed you standing there and he would like to speak to you. Can you come back for a minute?"

So I climbed the stairs again, Mr. Lucas leading the way. And I have thought of those stairs often as epitomizing my life. I was going to D. W. Griffith. I was climbing. And I've tried, ever since, to keep on climbing. But the unkind knocks that Fate has dealt me have so depressed me mentally, at times, that I feel again as if I were, in spirit, descending those stairs, going away from Griffith, going away from everything that I prize in life, and waiting for the helping hand, the friendly encouragement that would buoy me up, turn me around and start me climbing again.

When we reached the studio Mr. Griffith was still busy, so we stood there and I told Mr. Lucas why I had become discouraged and started away. I pointed out Miss Lawrence's hair and eyes and told him I was afraid I didn't have the right complexion. "My hair doesn't come down to my feet," I said, and he chuckled. But he didn't undeceive me. He left me to find out all those things for myself. I knew I had pulled a faux pas of some kind, however, and I was extremely uncomfortable. Mr. Lucas had the carriage of the successful actor. It awed me and while he was very kind he couldn't put me at my ease. Many time since then we have laughed at our first meeting. Whenever we see each other nowadays I call him "The Great Lucas," and he grins reminiscently.

For twenty-five minutes we stood there until Mr. Griffith finished and went to his desk in a corner of the studio. Then Mr. Lucas led me over. I shall never forget Mr. Griffith. Already he was one of the most important men in motion pictures, but he was as kind and simple in his talk with me as a man could possibly be. His voice charmed me, particularly. It had a timbre and a gentleness that encouraged me.

He asked me my name and if I had had any experience in motion picture work.

"No, sir," I answered.

"Then how did you happen to come here today?" he said.

So I told him that I had been posing for Mr. Gibson and Mr. Flagg, that I had met Alice Joyce and had fled from great gobs of Indians during three days with the Kalem company. That was where I had met Mr. Lanning, I told him, and that was how I happened to come to the Biograph studio.

He asked me if I would like to work with his company. I had noticed as I watched them all before the camera, how like a happy family they seemed. Every one was friendly with every one else, they all seemed to admire and respect Mr. Griffith, and I thought it would be nice to be with them. And, besides, Mr. Griffith could make any one ambitious. He was so kind-hearted that I believe if he were talking with someone who was absolutely impossible as an actress, he would make her feel that if she worked real hard, she would make good.

So I told him I would like to try it. I don't believe they took "tests" in those days. Or maybe they didn't want to waste any film on an "extra." Anyhow they didn't turn the camera on me but just told me to go downstairs and get dressed and made-up. This was early in the afternoon and I phoned Mr. Flagg that I couldn't come to pose for him that day and I started right in to work under Mr. Griffith.

And the first thing I discovered was that my dress would consist of doublet and tights. It was a costume picture and I was to be one of six pages, in a court scene. Mrs. Ada Ebling, the wardrobe woman, helped me into the costume. It was the first time I had ever worn tights and I was scared stiff and embarrassed almost to the point of tears. I guess she took pity on me because she gave me a long cloak, before she sent me upstairs. She told me to keep the cloak around me until it came time for me to go before the camera.

But I'm afraid this installment is getting to long. I guess this is a good place to stop. Next week I'll tell you how I got through my first real

picture and how for the third time I abandoned the work, went back to posing and tried to run away from what life was holding out to me.

* * * * *

March 2, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand's Own Life Story -- Chapter 3

Film Star Tells How She Started as Tragedienne!

"Please stand out there and stop hiding."

This was the first individual direction I received in motion pictures. It was hurled at me by an assistant director for D. W. Griffith and it was the final touch necessary to complete one of the most thorough cases of camera fright in my experience.

As I told you last week, I had been engaged by Mr. Griffith as an extra in a costume picture. I was supposed to be a page and the costume consisted of doublet and tights. Wrapped in a cloak that had been lent me by the kind-hearted wardrobe woman, I had waited for some time the call for the pages to take their places. Then I dropped the cloak and stepped out to spend a very miserable hour.

There were six of us pages. We were to make a frame for the entrance of the leading actors, and then follow them out. I was supposed to stand near a post. But I stood behind it. Anything to get behind something. I thought everyone was looking at me. As a matter of fact, no one was paying the slightest attention to me, but I felt certain I was the focus of all eyes. Instead of feeling like one page, I felt like a whole book, with every leaf fluttering.

And it was because I persisted in trying to slip behind this post and in standing on one foot like a bashful pelican that the exasperated assistant director felt constrained to utter harsh words.

But I got used to it after a while and when we were told that we were to work that night and receive a "double check" I was glad. It meant \$10 instead of the usual five-dollar bill. I didn't think about my mother worrying.

But when I got home to Staten Island at 2 o'clock in the morning I thought about it, with emphasis. I got a scolding that made me realize how I had worried her. And it put an end to motion picture work, for me, for a considerable time. Without bothering to telephone the Biograph studio that I was not coming back, I just quit, and went back to posing for Mr. Flagg, Mr. Gibson and several other artists.

I never expected to face a movie camera again. But Fate must have decided otherwise. It was three months later that I met, in the Forty-second street subway station, Henry Walthall, Mack Sennett and Del Henderson. They had been working for Mr. Griffith the day I had page-fright, and I had been introduced to them.

All three of them, when they encountered me in the subway station, put their hands on their hips and just stood still and looked at me.

Finally Mr. Sennett said:

"Where in the world do you live, young lady? We telephoned all over Brooklyn and Staten Island trying to locate you. Didn't you know that those pages were supposed to be in three or four scenes, that they came close to the camera and that because you didn't come back we had to re-take all that day's work that showed you in the page's costume?"

"I hope Mr. Griffith wasn't annoyed," I said.

"I fear he was annoyed, just a trifle annoyed," said Mr. Sennett, grinning at the others. "But why didn't you come back?"

And so I told them about how late I got home and how mother didn't like the hours and concluded I had better stick to posing. We stood there quite a while talking. And they bought me a malted milk shake, with an egg in it.

I remember that because I had been contemplating such a purchase myself, but I couldn't afford the egg. Anyhow, the upshot of the conversation was that they enthused me all over again with motion picture work. They said they would explain it to Mr. Griffith and told me to ask my mother if I couldn't come back to the studio.

I did and she consented finally. I went back to see Mr. Griffith and he didn't even mention the late unpleasantness, but gave me a job working as an extra girl at \$25 per week. Mother had made up her mind, I guess, that I was slated for motion picture work. This was the third time I had tried to turn away from it and each time I had been brought back through an accident. So she gave in and accepted the inevitable.

And thus began my happiest days in pictures. Those old Biograph days! Will they ever be equaled, I wonder, for their effect on the industry and for the atmosphere that surrounded that little group? I doubt it.

Every once in a while, nowadays, I meet a member of the old company. And we talk about something that happened then. And we sigh.

"The old days," we say, in unison. "What wonderful times we had. What a lot we learned and how happy we were while we were learning. If those days could only come back!"

To one who was not a member of that company, it is difficult to portray just what made it great and just what gave those days their thrill. In a sense, we were pioneers and for that reason perhaps many of the unpleasant things one meets in studios nowadays were lacking. We were all friends and equals. There was no "up-stage" demeanor. No one ever thought of himself as out-ranking someone else in the company. We didn't realize we were making movie history and that we were destined to be the stars of today. Yet almost every member of that Biograph Company, the "White Company" of the industry, has a name with which to conjure today.

And the reason, I believe, lies in the invaluable training we received at the hands of Mr. Griffith. With the exception of Mary Pickford, we were shifted around, from lead to extra, and back again to lead, so that we became capable of meeting any situation, playing any part. Mary was the star. At

that time she was called the "Biograph Blonde." Perhaps you remember that title. And she was wonderful to all of us. I have never seen in any studio a person so universally beloved as was Mary.

But she was the only star. All the rest of us girls, and most of the men, climbed the heights one week and played a leading part, only to be cast for a very tenuous bit of atmosphere, the next week. It was wonderful training. It prevented us from getting "swelled heads." And Griffith, in his wisdom, played upon it, in the kindest way. The projection room was on the top floor and when a picture was being run in which one of us had played a leading role, Griffith would come to the head of the stairs and shout, "Come up and look at a great artist." And up we would troop.

Perhaps it was I that was the artist. Perhaps it was Blanche Sweet or Priscilla Dean or Florence LaBadie or Jeanie MacPherson. But we'd all go up anyway, and watch the picture. And Mr. Griffith would comment on it, showing where it was good and where the technique of the "great artist" was a bit faulty. And if we were inclined to get a bit chesty, someone would say, "Watch the old cranium and don't let it enlarge, my dear. Remember I was a great artist two weeks ago."

It was that training that has enabled that little company to hold its own, ever since, with the stars that have risen and set in the movie firmament. Great artists of the spoken stage have come in, new personalities have been discovered, but no one ever has been able to down the old Biograph company. They wouldn't stay down. They knew too much about the technique of motion picture acting. They knew what to do with their hands and feet, how to stand and sit and walk. They were, and they are, actors, trained in a school that began with the A, B, Cs, and extended into the higher reaches of technique, with frequent trips back to the primer class.

Consider for a moment the people that worked with Mr. Griffith during the two years I was his pupil. I believe I can remember most of them. Some of them are no longer living but the majority, if not retired, are still among the vivid personalities of the screen.

Among the women were Mary Pickford; Dorothy and Lillian Gish; Jeanie

MacPherson, who is a famous scenarist; the late Florence LaBadie, a beautiful and talented actress who would have gone far but for the unfortunate accident that cut short her career; Blanche Sweet; Lottie Pickford; Bess Meredyth, another famous scenarist; Florence Lawrence; Claire MacDowell, Linda Griffith and Grace Henderson.

Among the men is an even greater percentage of famous names, such as: Bobbie Harron, Wilfred Lucas, Edwin August, Henry Walthall, Mack Sennett, Edward and Jack Dillon, Del Henderson, Pathe Lehrman, the late Joseph Grabell, James Kirkwood, Owen Moore, Frank Evans, Alfred Paget, Charles West, Frank Powell, Harry Hyde, Jack Pickford, Harry Carey, Christy Cabanne, Charles Mayo and George Nichols. John Waldron, who is now studio manager for Mack Sennett, was studio business manager for Griffith and the payroll, in "them stirring days" was somewhat different from now. Imagine what it would cost to maintain a company, nowadays, composed of the people I have just mentioned!

My first parts were all in tragedies. Mr. Griffith never could see me as a comedienne. I was always playing dying mothers or something. I certainly did get sick of dying and my fondest wish was that I might play a role in which I went on to the end of the picture without becoming a casualty. During most of my first two years I never had a chance at comedy. But it was great training and I learned, from the heavier parts, many things that have been of inestimable value in comedy roles.

And so we continued, one day up and the next down again to extra, with no one but Mary Pickford sure of having a good part. It taught us never to lose our heads, to be kind to those less fortunate than ourselves. And our association with Mr. Griffith showed us what loyalty meant. When the big money began to be apparent in pictures and the influx of stage stars began, Griffith stuck with us. We were his pupils, his children, his "gang," and he always believed in us and in our destinies.

I remember one picture in which I played shortly after I joined the company. The name of it has vanished from my recollection, but it was heavy, oh, very heavy, and I played a vampire part, with Bobby Harron and Grace

Henderson. They dressed me all up for a "vamp" and they gave me a huge black velvet hat. Oh, how I loved that hat. It was a great, big one. It seemed to me it was yards wide. I never expected to have one like it, of my own, and I used to almost cry when I had to take that lovely hat off at night.

My chance in comedy really came as an accident. There was nothing for me to do, one week, and Mr. Griffith sent me down to Huntington, L. I., where the Biograph comedy unit was making a funny picture. Frank Powell was directing it. But when I got there I found there was nothing much for me to do in the comedy, either, so I went swimming, off the pier. In those days, you know, comedies were born, not made. By that I mean that there was no script. They made them up as they went along.

And as I was diving and swimming around, it occurred to Mr. Powell that it would make a good scene for the comedy if one of the characters watched me through a pair of binoculars. So they "shot" him as he peered through the glasses and then they came down to the pier and turned the camera on me for a dive or two. And that, I believe, was the origin of the bathing girl idea in comedies. It happened to be my one and only appearance as a bathing girl but it was the genesis of many miles of film, born of the idea that occurred to Mr. Powell that afternoon. Doubtless it would have come eventually, anyhow, but that picture was the forerunner of them all, as nearly as I can remember.

I had been told to do a few comedy stunts while the camera was focused on me and they appeared to like me in the role. So they asked Mr. Griffith, in the next picture, if they could borrow me again. At first he demurred. In his opinion, I was a total loss as a comedienne, and besides, he had a part for me in another picture. I've forgotten what it was now, but I suppose I would have been completely extinct, as usual, before the end of the last reel. I wasn't so crazy about comedy, either. I had an ambition to become a g-r-r-reat tragedienne. I suppose I thought I was destined to become a second Duse. But Griffith finally yielded. I was loaned to the comedy company for a second picture and I've been an alleged comedienne ever since.

What I didn't know about comedy then would have filled the Congressional

Library. Tears had been my role. I could cry like a 40,000 barrel gusher, and at a minute's notice. But I couldn't smile. I had been a patient and beautiful corpse too often. So when they told me to smile I would grin, momentarily, and then let my face slip back into my very best funereal expression. It was awful. They told me to hold the smile and I would assume a "smile or bust" expression that had about as much mirth in it as Lucrezia Borgia's company manners. My idea of smiling was to let the smile freeze, with the result that I resembled a Cheshire cat during many hundred feet of film.

I was furious. I thought it was terrible of Mr. Griffith to farm me out to the comedy company. Gone were all my dreams of tragedy, of stalking across the set, with the spectators sighing and shuddering at my art. But again I didn't know my luck. Opportunity was knocking and I was totally deaf to her insistence.

Next week I want to tell you how I became a determined and unrepentant comedienne, how I left the Biograph and went to work for another company at a salary that I thought was affluence itself. The break-up of the Biograph had commenced, and we were scattered, gradually, all over filmdom, leaving the home nest with much regret and taking with us memories that never have been effaced.

* * * * *

March 9, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand's Own Life Story -- Chapter 4

First Salary as Star was \$125 a Week!

I suppose every woman can remember the times in her life when she was speechless. It happens so seldom. And if that temporary paralysis meant as much to any one as it did to me, on one occasion, it is certain she would never forget it. It was there and then that I learned the value of a closed mouth and a quiet smile and although I haven't always profited by the lesson, it made an ineffaceable impression.

It began at Luchow's, a famous little place where the members of the Biograph Company used to go for luncheon. I was still with the Biograph, getting \$35 per week. But several members of the company had received offers from the New York Motion Picture Company, which was just starting.

Mr. Sennett was going to direct comedies for them and he told me, at Luchow's that he thought I might be able to get a position with them. He thought they might give me as much as \$50 per week and he suggested that I go with him to their offices and find out what they would offer. So I went. The company had elaborate offices in a big building at Union Square and after we waited a few minutes Mr. Sennett introduced me to Mr. Bauman and Mr. Kessel, the heads of the enterprise. They were very nice, said they had seen me on the screen and liked my work and asked me if I would sign with them providing they gave me feature parts and capitalized my name.

At that time, as you will remember, the names of motion picture players were virtually unknown. It was the company that was featured. Mary Pickford was known as the "Biograph Blonde"--can you imagine it? If any one ever spoke of me it was as "the dark-haired girl of the Biograph" or something like that. The company considered it bad policy to play up the names of the actors. But Bauman and Kessel were going to depart from that policy. And they offered me \$60 per week!

Right there is where the silence occurred. I thought it was wonderful, but I didn't say anything for a minute and Mr. Bauman raised the offer to \$75 per week. And while I sat there trying to find words to thank them and exercising my fingers so they would be ready to grab a pen, they excused themselves and went into the next room for a conference. "Oh, oh," I said to myself, "they're going to have an argument. He offered me too much and the

rest of them won't pay it." And I sat there ready to weep at having this chance to make real money snatched away from me. But when they came back, before I could tell them that I would take \$60, Mr. Bauman announced that they had decided to offer me \$100 provided I would sign a contract before I left the office.

This time I got my mouth open, all right, but nothing came out of it. Absolutely nothing. Not even a gurgle. I thought if I could make \$100 a week for one year I would have all the money I would need for the rest of my life. I just couldn't talk, so I finally closed my lips to wait until my tongue felt less than a foot thick. And the next thing I heard was Mr. Bauman saying:

"I don't think Miss Normand is satisfied. I guess we had better make it \$125 per week."

This time I managed to make motions for them to bring on the contract. I was afraid the building would burn down before I could sign it. Or they might have offered me \$150 and then they would have had to phone for an ambulance. Anyhow I signed for it, somehow. And I started to work.

The company had no studio. All our pictures were exteriors and were made at Fort Lee, N. J. They consisted almost entirely of "chases." Of course, there were a few other scenes but the pictures, invariably, were built around some one getting pursued by everyone else in the company. Ford Sterling was playing with me. Sometimes I would chase him and sometimes he would chase me. And then just to vary it a bit we would join forces and all the rest of the gang would chase us.

The lack of equipment and of a studio worried us a great deal and most of the members of the company were very discouraged over the first few pictures. But they proved a great hit and made a considerable amount of money, for those days. That summer was terribly hot and we had been working so hard that the company decided to send us all to California for the winter and let us make pictures out there. So we started in at a studio in Edendale, on the site of the present Sennett studio. At that time it consisted of a small house, one stage and a row of four or five dressing

rooms. It was at this time that Mr. Sennett originated the idea of the "comedy cops" and the Keystone Comedies, as the pictures were called, became famous for these policemen and their decrepit patrol wagon.

A good bit of our stuff we used to "steal." Thomas H. Ince, for instance, was making war pictures at that time. I think he was filming "Civilization" and several others that called for a lot of gunpowder and dynamite. And we used it all, never fear.

Whenever we heard there was to be an explosion of some sort at "Inceville," down we would go, cops and all, and we would be somewhere around, out of range of Mr. Ince's cameras when the "shot" went off. We were plenty close, too. Rocks and cinders dropped all around us, but Ford Sterling and I kept right on working. We really didn't feel natural if we weren't dodging boulders or running down a hill with the top of the hill slipping after us. And the cops became so agile I believe they could have dodged all the raindrops in a cloudburst.

But we enjoyed it. It was great fun. "Stealing" our stuff was lots more exciting than just "shooting" it on our own. Mr. Sterling and I became quite adept at it. I remember a baby show that was held on the roof of a big department store. We wanted to work this into a picture, but some other company had bought the rights to have their cameras on the roof. So we just butted in, as usual. We were escorted off that roof thirteen separate and distinct times, but we weren't a bit discouraged. Being thrown out didn't mean a thing. Back we would come and the camera man would get a lot of people around him to conceal the camera until the right minute, then they would step aside and I would leap off the platform where the babies were being judged and rush madly toward the camera with Ford in close pursuit. The other company would make a fuss and some real "cops" would lead us gently but firmly to the stairway.

We had more fun than a circus that afternoon. We substituted a child of slightly darker hue for one that a fond mother had left in a perambulator and the baby show almost broke up in a riot when she came back a little too soon.

Meanwhile Mr. Sennett was looking for an additional comedian and the New

York office of Keystone wired him that they had seen an English comedian at the old Hammerstein Theater with whom they were very much impressed. They thought it might be a good idea for Sennett to talk to him and find out how he would photograph. His name, they said, was Chaplin, first name Charles.

But reaching Chaplin proved difficult. He was on tour and Sennett wired him at several different places with no result. Charlie didn't realize what was being shaken in his face and it wasn't until he came to the old Pantages Theater in Los Angeles that Sennett managed to talk with him.

I remember the night we all went down to see Chaplin. We liked his performance and Mr. Sennett went back-stage to talk with him. He brought him out and my first meeting with Charlie was on the sidewalk in front of Pantages. I can see him now. He had on a checked suit, a black bow tie and a derby hat, and, at that time, he had a very pronounced English accent. At first he didn't seem to care much about talking business with Mr. Sennett. He had an idea of going back to England and he didn't want to leave his act until he was ready to depart. But after a visit to the studio he finally agreed to take the job as soon as he could arrange to have some one fill his place in his act. He signed for a year with Keystone at a salary of \$100 per week.

For a while Charlie and I played together but he soon became so popular that he was featured in separate pictures. We worked hard and fast in those days. We used to make a picture and have it ready to send to New York in two weeks. And when Charlie's year was up he was perfectly willing to sign with Keystone again, at an advance in salary. He wanted \$200 a week, if I remember rightly, and Mr. Sennett wanted to give him \$175. They negotiated for some time over this difference. We were all at San Francisco, I remember, attending Mayor Rolph's ball and Chaplin came up there to talk with Sennett. While they were still disputing over terms (Mr. Sennett had to count the pennies because he was allowed a very small sum to make his pictures), Charlie met Broncho Billy Anderson, who was making pictures for Essanay at Niles, Calif. Mr. Anderson realized Chaplin's tremendous talent and offered him \$500 per week to sign with Essanay.

Charlie told me about it at the time and we were both thrilled. But he didn't want to go to Chicago, where the head office of Essanay was located, and he didn't give Mr. Anderson a definite answer. The next day I met Charlie on the street and he told me that Essanay had offered him \$1000 per week.

Well! Neither of us said a word. We just put our hands on our hips and stood and looked at each other. Again I was speechless. And so was Charlie.

"Do you think they mean it?" he asked me. "Do you really believe they can be serious? Is there that much money?"

It was so amazing that he should jump, overnight, from \$100 to \$1000 per week that we couldn't believe it. We thought Essanay were just talking for exercise. But it was all true and Charlie signed the contract and went to Chicago at the first really big salary in the history of motion pictures.

It was shortly after this that Mr. Griffith, Mr. Ince and Mr. Sennett united in forming the Triangle Motion Picture Company and that was where I got my first real chance. I was still making two-reelers almost exclusively but it was decided to let me graduate. I had made, I believe, only two five-reelers up to that time. One was "Tillie's Punctured Romance," with Chaplin and Marie Dressler, and the other was a picture with Owen Moore.

So they built a studio on Sunset boulevard, called it the Mabel Normand studio and began to make "Mickey." F. Richard Jones was the director and the picture proved to be the first real big comedy hit of the industry. By virtue of having been the star of that picture I became a very valuable young lady and I too began to get \$1000 per week.

It was at about this time that I received a long distance phone call from Samuel Goldwyn, in New York. He had told me, previously, that if ever I expected to make a change to let him know and when he telephoned me it was to say that he was leaving the Famous Players-Lasky Company, organizing Goldwyn pictures, and would like to have me work for him at an increase in salary. After a considerable amount of negotiations I accepted his offer and went to New York to appear in Goldwyn pictures. My first release was called "Three Million Dollars" and was directed by the late George Loane Tucker who

directed "The Miracle Man." I remained with Goldwyn all through the war and had several directors who since have become national figures in the industry.

Next week I will tell you of my return to the Sennett company and of my more recent days in pictures.

* * * * *

March 16, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand's Own Life Story -- Chapter 5

Comedienne Says Taylor Slayer will be Captured

Lack of punctuality is said to be an indication of poor breeding. If that is true, I must be the most ill-bred person in the world. I'm always late, somehow or other, no matter how hard I try to be on time. And when I was working for the Goldwyn Company I used to get a daily scolding either from Mr. Goldwyn or from Abraham Lehr, his associated, for this very bad fault. But I escaped once, thanks to a happy thought. I was reminded of it yesterday by glancing over Mr. Goldwyn's book on the screen in which he relates the incident.

I was supposed to be on the set, made up, at 9 o'clock. But I wasn't there, and as I was hurriedly donning the make-up in my dressing room I cudgeled my brain for some excuse which would let me out of the scolding I knew I deserved. I had just had some new photographs taken which were very good, so I seized one of them, autographed it to Mr. Lehr and dashed out on the set.

"Here's what made me late," I declared to Mr. Lehr, who was standing there with a face like a thundercloud. "It took me a terribly long time to

make up my mind what to write on your picture."

Mr. Lehr took the photograph and read:

Roses are read

And violets blue.

When I'm late

I think of you.

That saved my life. The storm clouds lifted, and I went to work, thankful for the inspiration.

But my pictures with the Goldwyn Company were not particularly good, in my opinion. The stories were more suitable, in some instances, for the stage than the screen, which made it very difficult for the director and the star to turn out creditable work. I felt I was standing still, and I wanted to progress. Three years I worked for Goldwyn, two of them at Fort Lee, N. J., and the last year at Culver City. And it was when I came to California that John Waldron, general manager for Mack Sennett, brought me a story to read. It was "Molly-O." He told me Mr. Sennett had suggested if I liked it and thought I would like to do it, I might come back to the Sennett fold. I did like it and talked the matter over with Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Lehr, both of whom I found most fair, as they had always been. While we were discussing the matter I did "Head Over Heels" for the Goldwyn Company and after that they released me from my contract and I signed with Mr. Sennett to do "Molly-O."

This was followed by "Suzanna," and it was during the filming of that picture that the death of William Taylor occurred. Mentioning this matter is very unpleasant. I don't like it. Who would? Who would like to discuss, publicly, the tragic death of a friend? Not only is it personally painful, but, to my mind, it smacks of bad taste. However, Mr. Taylor's death and the tremendous public interest it aroused brought all of us who knew him well so much into the limelight that it seems silly to write my life story without mentioning it.

I had known Bill Taylor casually for years. I believe I first met him when he was directing Carlyle Blackwell across the street from the Sennett

studio, but I saw him very seldom, and it was not until about a year before his death that I began to know him at all well. We were at a dinner party one night and sat beside each other. The party wasn't particularly interesting and we began to talk about various things, the screen, books, life in general. I found him extremely well informed and I liked his viewpoint of things. He was a brilliant man, a man of remarkable intelligence. We got into an animated discussion on several books we had read and the evening passed so pleasantly that we both remarked on it when the party broke up.

I did not see him again for about two weeks, when he called me on the phone and asked me to go to the opening of a picture at a downtown theater. After that I saw him rather frequently until he went abroad. And when he came back it happened that I was starting East on a vacation and our trains passed each other. When I returned in October and started to make "Suzanna" our friendship was revived. He had brought me some beautiful books from Europe, and we went to concerts and to see pictures together. He would tell me about new books he had read and would send them to me to see if my opinion was the same as his. It wasn't, always, and we had many a friendly argument about them.

During November I saw him seldom, as I was working very hard. We were trying to finish "Suzanna" on time and I was too tired at night to go out. I remember the studio gave me a birthday party on the tenth of November. It was at Mr. Sennett's home and nearly every one connected with "Suzanna" was there. I invited Mr. Taylor to go and I don't remember seeing him very much after that until the middle of December. He passed my house in the morning on the way to the studio and sometimes he would stop. Usually I was getting ready to go to the studio and if I had not finished making up I would wave to him from the window and he would go on. If I was ready he would come in for a minute, leave a book and talk about what he was doing or discuss my progress on "Suzanna."

On Christmas Day he called on me and gave me a beautiful set of Browning for a Christmas gift. Please don't think I'm trying to picture myself as a

high-brow. I realize that a movie actress who reads Browning sounds like an anomaly, but I've read him, just the same. I'm not prepared to say, however, that I'm absolutely crazy about him.

Mr. Taylor asked me where I was dining Christmas night. When I told him he said he had been invited there, too, but would come late. We had a long talk that night and during the holidays I saw him more frequently. New Year's Eve I dined with him and some of his friends at the Alexandria Hotel. During January I saw him several times a week, if I remember rightly. He would stop by my house and several times, on my way back from downtown I would stop at his home to return a book, to borrow one or to talk over scenes in "Suzanna" with him. I had great respect for his judgment and asked his advice frequently.

On the afternoon of the night he was killed, I went downtown very late, to have some silverware monogrammed. Some of it had been given me for Christmas and some of it I had given other people and asked them to let me have it monogrammed for them. I went to two different jewelry stores and had difficulty getting in as it was the closing hour. But I finished my business, finally, went to a safe deposit box and left some things there and then telephoned to my house. I told my maid I thought I would stay downtown for dinner and see a picture. But she said Mr. Taylor had phoned several times and said he had a book for me that I had been trying to get. It had been a cloudy day and no one was working on location or on "outside sets."

I think the book was something by Ethel M. Dell. My maid also told me I had a call from the studio to report for work at 8 o'clock.

"Why don't you come home for dinner?" she said. "Stop at Mr. Taylor's and get the book and come home and go to bed. You will need the rest if you have to get up early."

So I said I would not stay down and I told my driver to go to Mr. Taylor's. His butler answered my ring and said Mr. Taylor was talking over the phone. I went in and I could hear him talking. But his answers consisted of "yes" and "no," and in thinking of it afterward I got no clue to the person on the other end of the wire.

"Oh, I know what you've come for," he said when he hung up the receiver. "Mamie (my maid) told you I had that book for you."

He was having dinner and I sat at the table with him for a few minutes and then told him I was going home as I had to rise early. He said he would go to the car with me, and as we were walking he said he had a lot of work to do, but might call me about 9 o'clock to see how I liked the book. But he never called. The last I saw of Bill Taylor was when he waved "good-by" to me as my car pulled away from the curb. I turned and waved to him through the glass in the back. But I didn't think it was going to be such a long good-by.

In the morning, while I was making up to go on location for "Suzanna," my telephone rang. It was a friend who lived in the same court with Taylor. She told me that his butler was running up and down the court shrieking that Bill was dead. "He died of heart failure," she said. I implored her to find out if it was true and to call me back immediately. In a few minutes she called again.

"Yes, it's true," she said.

It was a terrible shock. I liked and admired him so much. And I had talked with him only twelve hours before. I phoned the studio that I could not work that day and took off that remnant of my make-up that had not already been ruined by tears. As a matter of fact it was three weeks before I returned to work. Those of you who followed the Taylor case, in all its intensity, undoubtedly realize what I went through. I was the last person known to have seen him alive. I was interviewed, questioned, had statements taken by stenographers and was harassed by newspapermen until I was forced to move into the country and was on the verge of nervous prostration. Detectives and district attorneys swarmed around me and my name was flaunted on the front page of every newspaper in the country for weeks. It was a terrible experience. As I look back on it now, I don't blame them, so much. They wanted to find out who had perpetrated this atrocious murder. And they were leaving no stone unturned that might hide a clue. But at the time I did blame them. I thought it was terribly unfair. I was doing everything I

could to help the authorities, but no one seemed to give me any credit for it whatever.

And that is why I want to say right here that there is no person in the world who will be as glad as Mabel Normand when the murderers of Bill Taylor are brought to justice. Not only because he was my friend, but because I have a peculiarly feminine desire to have a lot of people feel sorry for the way they treated me during those hectic days. I believe implicitly that Taylor's death will be solved. It is impossible for me to believe that the person or persons who did that thing will escape forever from paying for their crime. If I have my own convictions on the matter, I have not an iota of proof and my own experience would make me the last person to point a finger of suspicion unjustly.

There, that's done. If you knew how I've been dreading this part of my story, how I hated to discuss this most poignant episode of my life, you would realize how glad I am that its finished. But there's still a fly in the ointment. Next week, in the last installment of my story, I suppose I've got to discuss the Dines matter. It, too, aroused a lot of public comment and I'm not going to dodge it. But it was very different from the Taylor case. It was so unnecessary, so foolish, almost a burlesque tragedy, but it came near being more serious, to me, than the death of Mr. Taylor.

I have brought my story now up to the point of "The Extra Girl," my most recent picture. Next week I will finish and say "Good-by," or at least "Au revoir."

* * * * *

March 23, 1924

Mabel Normand

as told to Chandler Sprague

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Tragic Dines Affair

There is one locality in which I have no desire to travel. It is the interior of Africa. For the reason that I am not particularly crazy about lions. I came to that decision during the filming of my most recent picture, "The Extra Girl." During several scenes in that picture I was on conversational terms with a lion, sitting almost between his paws and trying to look playful and unconcerned. Despite the assurance of his trainer that he was a really nice lion, as lions go, I doubt if my heart action was quite normal.

I got through without mishap, despite the fact that I felt most of the time like a jungle cafeteria. But ever since I have had a great respect for Daniel.

It was after "The Extra Girl" was finished that Courtland Dines was shot by my chauffeur, Horace Greer. And once again my name was headlined throughout the country. What a futile, unnecessary mess it all was! It makes me fairly writhe, even now, in impotent anger, to think about it or to discuss it. It was so recent and the circumstances were blazoned so completely all over the United States that I suppose it is useless to tell the story over again.

And as a matter of fact, I am unable, anyhow, to tell you just what occasioned the shooting. For I didn't see it. I supposed I was making a New Year's call, which I had intended to be brief. But I would have been better off if I had gone to the beach and spent a nice, quiet day in a shooting gallery.

I had remained at home all that afternoon answering Christmas and New Year cards, and it was after 5 o'clock when I stopped at Mr. Dines' house after leaving word at home to call me and remind me of a fictitious engagement, so that I would have an excuse for leaving early.

And when my driver came back for me, and Mr. Dines admitted him, I stepped to the door of another room to talk for a minute with Edna Purviance,

who was standing before the mirror there.

It was then that the shooting occurred, and just what occasioned it I still am at a loss to understand. Greer, who is a well-meaning boy, declares Dines attempted to hit him, and claims he shot in self-defense. Perhaps that is true. I don't know.

But whether it is nor not, this fact remains, after the smoke has cleared away: Greer may have aimed at Dines, but he hit me, figuratively speaking. Dines was dangerously wounded, and Miss Purviance and I were escorted to the police station, where they took our statements while an enthusiastic crowd of newspaper men wrote furiously. Out over the country went the story and the censors began to sit up and sharpen their official shears.

No waiting for an official inquiry. No calm sifting of the facts. I had been mentioned in headlines in a sensational story. And it was my second offense, since I had been "featured" also in the Taylor case. So off must go my head. And for a time it looked like the head, filmically speaking, would roll on the stones of the courtyard. One censor in a Southern State wrote my studio and said, "As far as we are concerned, Miss Normand is guilty until she proves herself innocent." Twentieth century America!

But before the movement to ban my films gained any real headway the common sense of the country began to assert itself. Anyone who doubts that our nation still has many a champion of fair play should have read my mail during the next few weeks. I used to sit and read those letters with tears of gratitude in my eyes. Most of them were from women.

Anyone who ever tries to make me believe, after this, the old aphorism about woman's unfairness to other women will have an impossible task. I shall never forget the sense of justice that American women manifested toward me. In those thousands of letters the sentiment was almost identical.

"We are not going to sit by and watch this happen. We women have something to say about things, nowadays, and we're going to see that you get a square deal."

It was this storm of protest from fair-minded persons that slowed-up the censors and saved me from being thrown to the lions. As I write Greer's preliminary hearing has been held and he is bound over to the Superior Court to answer the charge of shooting Dines. It may be months before a decision is reached, and meanwhile newspaper stories will appear from time to time dealing with the "Normand Case," as some of them call it. Such are the penalties of earning one's living by appearing before the public.

My pictures have been clean and wholesome always. I suppose even my most bitter critic will admit that. And to carry out the analogy of the censors if a prominent manufacturer of soups should be mentioned in a sensational newspaper story, would it not be consistent to advise every one immediately to refrain from partaking of his soup?

But I don't want to seem to argue the matter. The facts in the case have been printed, voluminously. The public must judge for itself. After all, they are the final arbiters.

But I've made a couple of resolutions. One is to always engage a chauffeur after this who has no "chivalry complex" and who is so scared of all kinds of "shooting-irons" that he will run a mile if any one shows him one. The other is to depart quickly wherever I hear a loud noise.

Will Rogers says that if any one is shot in Los Angeles hereafter, and I am known to be in the city, I am certain to be arrested on suspicion. And from my one experience with police stations, I can think of a lot of places in which I would rather be.

And now I have finished. This story has been brief, necessarily. Newspapers have not the space to print a really detailed life story. Only the high spots can be touched. But I've enjoyed telling it. And if it has been of interest, I'm glad. If it has bored you, in spots, I'm sorry. And I wonder, really, whether or not you have enjoyed it.

Nothing is so interesting, so worthy of study as the complex mind of the public. Especially is it interesting to an actress. Not only because it means dollars and cents to her, if the public happens to like her, but because it is so variable, so dependent upon trifles and unconsidered

details. It's a marvelous thing, the public mind. Politicians and showmen have been trying to anticipate it for a good many years. Most of them guess wrong. But it's a lot of fun guessing, anyhow.

So now I make my exit from The Examiner columns. Or, perhaps it would be better to say my exit as far as my autobiography is concerned. It would be rather too much to expect a permanent vacation. Reportorial friends tell me I have become what they call "good copy." Whatever that it, I don't like it. But that doesn't seem to matter much. They make you like it.

So here's hoping the next time I occupy the front page it will be something nice, something wholesome.

In conclusion, may I say a word, a serious word, not only for myself, but for any other person in screen or stage circles who may by virtue of unkind circumstances, attain a measure of unpleasant notoriety. Be fair to them. Remember that since they are semi-public persons, an importance will be lent to their every action that may be entirely out of proportion to its true value.

"Judge not" is a good maxim for all of us. To criticize is easy. But to view the errors of our fellow-beings with human tolerance and a kindly heart is more difficult--and much more wonderful.

Au 'voir,

MABEL.

(The End)

* * * * *

Published with the above series of articles were some interesting photographs of Mabel Normand as a child, young girl, model, and film actress, plus a drawing of her by Charles Dana Gibson and two paintings.

The co-author, Chandler Sprague, would later be nominated for an Academy Award for the story "A Guy Named Joe."

If Mabel Normand's first film was indeed a Puritan and Indian film made for Kalem, then perhaps the film was "Puritans and Indians" a Kalem film

released on January 28, 1911.

Mabel Normand's first Goldwyn release was "Dodging a Million," not "Three Million Dollars."

Frank Lanning, the actor who led Mabel to Biograph, later appeared in some films directed by William Desmond Taylor: "North of Fifty-Three" (1917), "Huck and Tom" (1918), and "Huckleberry Finn" (1920). In "Huck and Tom" Lanning played the role of Injun Joe; in "Huckleberry Finn" he played Huck's father.

The best source for contemporary information about Mabel Normand is "Mabel Normand: A Source Book to Her Life and Films" by William T. Sherman.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

<http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/>

<http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/>

Full text searches of back issues can be done at <http://www.etext.org/Zines/>

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
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* Issue 43 -- July 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Harry Carr, an associate editor on the LOS ANGELES TIMES, also worked for several different studios during the silent film era. In 1929 he wrote a special series of articles for SMART SET magazine, filled with legend, name-dropping, gossip, and personal recollections. Unfortunately, this interesting (though not totally accurate) series has been ignored by most silent film historians, who seem to have been unaware of its existence. It is reprinted below in its entirety, to provide additional background into the silent film era. A few endnotes have been added for clarification.

The series does contain a few ethnic remarks which are offensive by

today's standards, but they are reprinted as originally published, for historical reasons.

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December 1929/February 1930

Harry Carr

SMART SET

Untold Tales of Hollywood

Part 1

In the movies, I date back to the days when we called motion picture studios "camps." Strictly in confidence I go even further back than that.

I go back to the time when old man Talley ran a little peek-for-a-nickel show in a booth under the old Ramona Hotel, on the corner of Spring and Third streets, Los Angeles.

One day he rushed out in great excitement and stopped me as I was ambling along the sidewalk. "Come in here," he said. "I've got the darndest thing--they call it a moving picture."

I went in with him and saw my first movie--Mr. James J. Corbett, the champion of the world, punching the nose of one Courtney--on a screen that leaped and flickered and jumped.

Since then I have seen stars in the act of being discovered. I have seen many of them sink back into the gory sea of oblivion. Incidentally I saw Talley become one of the great figures of the "Fourth Greatest Industry"--and drop out again.

The first movie actress I ever saw was Miss Louise Glaum. She was the first great vamp of the screen. A young reporter on the newspaper I helped edit came in one day with a sensational suggestion. "I'll bet there's some news that people would like to read about out in these movie camps," he said. We didn't believe it, but we let him try. He came back towing Louise Glaum. She is not really so small, but the way she was dressed she looked like a

porcelain doll. It was the day when girls wore very high boots. I remember that she had a pair that came to the tops of a very entertaining pair of calves. Our interest in news from the motion picture camps rose.

Inasmuch as there are now more than two hundred writers in Hollywood who make their living out of news from the motion picture camps, it would seem that the boy reporter had a bright idea.

Not long after that I was invited to come to the Universal camp for a literary conference. The Universal held forth at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower, the present site of the Fox studio.

I arrived at a time of stress and storm. Mr. Isador Bernstein, the general manager, had just received a bill for hay.

"Who eats all this hay?" he cried. "The actors?"

"The elephant," was the subdued reply.

"The elephant!" he thundered. "I don't see any stories about elephants."

"That's because we can't think of one," was the meek reply.

Mr. Bernstein turned to me with an intense look. "Say, can't you write a story about an elephant?"

To my intense mortification, I was unable to conjure up a drama in which the grand climax was a pachyderm eating forty-eight dollars worth of hay. And so my debut in the movies was a comparative failure.

However I redeemed myself to some extent by writing a story about a little princess who had never had a good time. An old dragoon--at the risk of forfeiting his life--permitted her to go out and play in the gutter with the neighbor's children. It was called "The Princess Suzette and the Sentry." It was accepted and I went to the office dazzled by so much wealth. I received twenty-five dollars.

At that time, the stars at Universal were Cleo Madison, Ann Little and Herbert Rawlinson. Among the directors was Miss Lois Weber, the first and, at that time, the only woman director in pictures. They gave my story to her.

I didn't hear any more about it until I was invited to the first

performance. I went with Miss Weber and her husband and co-star, Mr. Phillips Smalley. I gallantly bought the tickets myself--which cost me fifteen cents--reducing my net profit to \$24.85.

Mr. Smalley was a valuable husband--especially at a first performance. Every time any one in the house made a noise or whispered, Mr. Smalley leaped out into the aisle and found the offender, glowered at him (or her) and hissed, "Sh-h-h-shsush!" in a most terrifying manner.

When the picture came on, I was horrified to discover that my little royal princess had become a debutante in an old Southern mansion. The dragoon had become an old butler who looked like Uncle Tom.

"My public," explained Miss Weber with cold dignity, "demands that I star in the pictures I direct and I could not very well star in the part of a five-year-old child."

So I learned about pictures from her.

Having written a prize fight story called, "Kid Reagan's Hands," for Mr. Rawlinson and a newspaper story called, "The Sob Sister," for Miss Little, I was offered a guarantee to write for the company at a salary of one hundred dollars per month. My Scotch ancestry warned me that such huge sums of money couldn't be respectable. I knew that there must be a catch in it. So I turned it down. Afterward, I learned that some enterprising soul drew the salary in my name for more than a year.

And I learned about pictures from him.

About this time I remember meeting two little girls names Gish and a little girl named Mary Pickford who had a brother named Jack. I can't honestly say I was much impressed. Pictures didn't mean anything to us at that time--just some little folks who appeared in five-cent shows whose directors changed royal princesses into debutantes in a Southern mansion.

The Biograph company was then riding on the top of the wave and Griffith had brought a company to California to escape the winters in New York. They were whirling off pictures at a dizzy rate. Mary made "Ramona" in one reel. They were more highbrow pictures than there have ever been since. They made "The Sands of Dee," Browning's "Pippa Passes" and many other great works of

literature.

Jack Pickford used to tell me ruefully that picture acting would be all right if you didn't have to do so much freight carrying. He and Bobby Harron were the two youngest actors, so they had to ride to location on bicycles and carry the props for the other actors. In the mornings, they would be wild Indians marauding around on their war ponies. In the afternoon, Griffith would have them change clothes and they would chase themselves over the hills as United States cavalymen on Uncle Sam's sturdy troop horses, which had been wild Indian broncos in the morning.

The girls of the company were required to be no less versatile. Dorothy Gish told me her troubles--which I thought were valid and reasonable as complaints against "the newest great art." In the morning, she had to be an innocent country girl flying from the demon Sioux. In the afternoon, she was a vicious gun man with a long beard--which tickled her neck.

Griffith has since told me that Jack Pickford had the makings of the greatest actor who had ever come into his studio. He could have been a Mansfield on the screen, but he threw his life away because he could never make himself care.

It was on one of these Western trips of Biograph that Mary Pickford left Griffith. He refused to pay the scandalous and outrageous salary she demanded. I believe it was two hundred dollars a week. After a somewhat heated discussion, he thought better of it, followed her to the train and meekly offered to meet her figure. But by that time Mary's dander was up and she sallied forth to make her own fortune.

I met Mary not very long after that. She had come back to Hollywood with another company and was working in an old house near the present site of the Christie studios. Her salary had risen by that time to some astounding and prodigal sum--three or four hundred dollars a week. As a newspaper stunt I suggested that she change a week's salary into silver dollars and let me take a photograph of her trying to lift it.

"Well I should say not," she gasped.

"Oh, you are working for art alone," I replied sarcastically.

"No. I am working for money, but it is just as well to let the public think I am working for art," said shrewd little Mary.

I am not trying to write a consecutive history--these are personal impressions--so I am going to jump a little period of time and come to an event that might promote discussion in the Douglas Fairbanks family--were it not such a happy family.

Doug was used as the instrument whereby the fair and businesslike Miss Pickford was to be set down in her place. After she left the company, Mr. Griffith decided to go out and find another little girl and make her into a Mary Pickford and then--by gum--Mary would be sorry!

The Triangle company had been formed to efface the earth and all other picture companies. Griffith had imported De Wolf Hopper, Sir Beerbohm Tree, the great Shakespearean actor and a young fellow who did sprightly parts on the stage. His name was Douglas Fairbanks.

What Doug needed was a Mary Pickford to play the lead in his pictures. Griffith saw a little brown-eyed extra girl. She was sweet and wistful.

He took a puff at his cigarette and looked at her out of the corner of his eyes--the way he does.

"What's your name little girl?"

"Juanita Horton, sir," she said, trembling with fright.

"That's a no good name for pictures."

"I--I'm awfully sorry."

"Don't worry. Something can be done about it. Your name from now on is Bessie Love."

With Bessie came a beautiful, willowy, dark-eyed girl. She and Bessie had gone to the high school together. Her name was Carmel Myers and she was the daughter of a Jewish rabbi whom I knew and admired. I met her as she came out of the room where Griffith had been making a test. She was crying hysterically as the door closed behind her.

"Good heavens," I cried. "What happened has happened to you?"

"Mr. Griffith--he--he--told me all about the persecution of the Jewish race. He told me I was Hagar--or somebody--and it was so sad that I got to

crying--and now--I--I can't stop.

It was queer how things turned out for that company. The illustrious Beerbohm Tree made a picture that still stands as the worst flop in the history of the industry. De Wolf Hopper was a wash-out. But the little girls from high school and the actor who bounced around panned out.

I remember meeting Griffith one day in a hotel. "Say," he said. "Want to do me a favor? Kill a man for me."

"Sure," I said. "Any particular man--or just generally speaking a male human."

"For choice--Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the world's most distinguished actor. On top of the worst flop I ever saw, I have to make two more pictures with him. Just bring me his scalp and no questions asked."

"Why don't you let him walk across the floor and call that one picture; let him walk back again and call that the third picture?"

"You have bright ideas," said Griffith gloomily, "but they come too late. You should have thought of that before we made a contract which gives him the right to pick out the stories."

It must have been about this time that I received an invitation to go on location to see the big thrill in the first really big picture ever made. It was the first time I had ever seen a picture taken--much less a dynamite thrill.

The picture was "The Spoilers." It made motion picture history.

The studio scenes were made in a little studio on Glendale Boulevard where the Selig company held forth. It still stands there, having passed in and out of many hands since then. The picture was directed by Colin Campbell. The lead was taken by William Farnum; the heavy was Tom Santschi; the girl was Bessie Eyton; the bad lady who loved and lost was Kathlyn Williams.

It was one of the finest pictures ever made. A few years ago I was invited by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to see a remake of the old one. They showed me the old one with great scorn: then the new one made by modern methods. I was impressed with the fact that the old one was in every way

superior.

Colin Campbell never benefited by his work to the extent of recognition as one of the big ones. Bessie Eyton faded from the screen. Farnum became one of the highest salaried of movie actors, but a few years ago he too faded from the screen.

Kathlyn Williams came the nearest to making hay out of it. It won her the long serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," in which she was chased around jungles by lions and tigers. I think she was the first actress ever to work in animal pictures to any great extent. Of all the women on the screen, she has changed the least since I first saw her that day when we went out in an automobile together to see the movie mine explosion.

About this time I met in a very casual way, two people who were--as the young ladies say in novels--to have a great part in my life.

Out in a canyon near town stood a little shanty on a vacant lot. Every time I passed the place, I wondered what was going on in that shanty. I found out. Quite a lot was going on.

Mack Sennett had come to Los Angeles with Fred Mace and Mabel Normand and they were struggling with poverty and a contract to make a series of motion picture comedies. When I met them they had made two or three and sent them east--only to be told they were rotten and "don't do it again."

Sennett was a young Irishman as strong as a horse but he was bashful, ill at ease and didn't know what to say. All he could do was work; and all he had to contribute to pictures was the finest sense of bubbling humor and the finest sense of discrimination and the best knowledge of drama that has ever come to the screen.

He and Mabel worked--and quarreled--all day on the pictures. They shot wherever they could borrow a front lawn and persuade the lady of the house to move her best parlor furniture out in the sunshine. In the evenings, Sennett cut the film they had shot and prepared the sets they just had to have of their own making. They changed kitchens into royal palaces by putting on some more wall paper. In this, he often had the valiant assistance of Mabel. She held the paper while Mack swabbed.

There was no secret in those days that their screen careers were bound together by a love affair. It has since ended tragically; but it will always remain as one of the great romances of Hollywood.

I think there never have been two more brilliant motion picture minds. Mabel was adroit, beautiful, brilliant and as vital as an electric spark. No one will ever know what she contributed to Sennett's great screen career. Looking back, I think that these were the happiest days that either of them ever knew--days of poverty and scrimping and high adventure.

Some years later, I went to work in the Sennett studio--my first studio job. I stayed there for more than five years. Most of my picture life was lived with Mack and Mabel. When I was there was the time that the Sennett lot was the incubator of stars. I saw most of the present names--in-electric lights in the process of coming out of the egg as it were. In a later chapter I will tell all about these days.

One day I was at a baseball game with Charles E. Van Loan, who was on his way to becoming a great literary star. Van told me that he had an idea there might be good fiction material in some of these motion picture camps. Anyhow he intended to go out and have a look. A week or so later I met him. He told me he had found a cowboy out there who was great stuff for fiction stories. The fellow's name was Tom Mix.

Mix was just a rough cow puncher then--green as grass and crude as an unplanned board. I remember that they had a cowboy rodeo in Los Angeles not long after that. The movie cowboys took part. Mix came whirling by the grand stand and lassoed Van Loan out of a box--dragging him along by the heels through the dirt--a joke which failed to make a hit with Mr. Van Loan.

I mention this because, so far as I know, these Van Loan stories were the very first of the innumerable works of fiction whose scenes have been laid in Hollywood. Movie fiction began with a Van Loan story about a cowboy (Tom Mix) who proudly invited his best girl to the theater to see him on the screen, then found that he had been cut out of the picture.

With the advent of the movie cowboys, the "yes men" at the studios inaugurated the custom of sending cavalcades of punchers down to the depots

to welcome incoming and outgoing magnates. No magnate in good standing could go the beach and back without a regiment of whooping vaqueros to send him off and bring him back.

A story is told about the first time that delightfully quaint old "Uncle Carl" Laemmle, the magnate of Universal, was greeted by such a Wild West demonstration. His jaw dropped with amazement.

"This is a fine party," he said. "But may I ask who is paying for the time of all these cowboy gentlemen?"

"Why--um--er--why you are, Mr. Laemmle."

"Take me back. I can go without all those cowboys."

It began to dawn upon me there really might be something in this motion picture business on a certain day when Bill Keefe came into my office. I had known him as a newspaper man. He disclosed that he was now a press agent and had come in to announce to me that the name of the "Clansman" had been changed to "Birth of a Nation." All I knew about the "Clansman" was that a very crude novel had been written under that title by a preacher named Dixon.

The conversation ended by his asking me to go out on location and see Griffith make a scene from "Birth of a Nation."

The field has long since become a populous real estate tract with near-Spanish Hollywood houses. I can't even remember where it was. But at any rate, Griffith was standing up on a high platform with a megaphone. All around were troops, wagon trains, galloping cavalry.

I remember an old man with one arm who had been hired as a dynamite expert. He was also expert in exploding everything at the wrong time. Everything would be proceeding with high dramatic tension when Wham! The landscape for a hundred feet around would go up with a crash. And the old man would come out with a pleased air of satisfaction.

In spite of the disadvantage of being three hundred yards away from him, Griffith would light into him; his words were also dynamite.

I suddenly became fascinated with the movies and went out another day to see Griffith work. He was making that day what was to become one of the classic scenes of the screen. Many capable critics have stated that the

finest single scene ever made on the screen was the one in which the Little Colonel (Henry Walthall) comes back after the war to find his old home wrecked. I think that no one on the set (least of all Walthall) realized that movie history was being made.

We were, at the time, very much more interested in another event that took place. Looking down from his perch on the platform, Griffith saw a girl in the crowd of extras. His eye wavered from the Little Colonel. "Who is that pretty girl? Have her step out to the front." Every eye turned to the girl. I never shall forget the mingled looks of astonishment, hatred, and jealousy that were turned upon her. The King had elevated another commoner to the nobility. Every one realized what it meant. As I remember it the girl was Seena Owen.

It was the first of many many stars I have seen tapped by the magic wand in the Griffith studios. Afterward I worked with him on the sets for four years as a production adviser and often I saw that incident repeated--Dick Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, Ramon Novarro, Douglas MacLean, Carol Dempster, Clarine Seymour!

There is a little family secret about the "Birth of a Nation" that I believe has never been told. Griffith's money gave out during the making. He twisted and turned every way he could think of, but it was no use. Bill Keefe came down into my office and asked me if I couldn't help him find somebody who could let Mr. Griffith have eight thousand dollars. He would give a fourth interest in the picture for that amount. There were no takers.

That eight thousand dollars would have made the investor several times a millionaire. Finally Griffith sold some state rights to Sol Lesser, who was willing to take a chance and got enough to finish the picture--almost. Not quite!

Griffith found himself out one day on location with enough money to pay off the cowboys until noon; not another cent. These punchers were not in it for art's sake. "Pay or no ride," was their motto. The end had come and the famous ride to the rescue had not been staged. Some assistant director got a heavenly inspiration. He moved the "chuck wagon" straight down the road--and

blew the dinner horn! No one has ever known that the most famous mad ride in the history of the screen was really some hungry cowboys hurrying toward grub.

That picture made many reputations. When Griffith needed some one to play the part of the honest young blacksmith, they found for him a young extra man with muscles like a prize wrestler and appealing young face. That was Wally Reid.

Some time before that Griffith had had a player in his company called "Lovey Marsh." One day she brought her little sister on location with her. Griffith looked at the sister out of the corner of his eye.

"Sit down on that stump," he said abruptly. "Your beau is coming and you don't want him to know you care whether he is coming or not. That's it! Now get up and run around the stump and fling out your arms. You are glad he is coming--no matter whether he knows it or not. That's fine! You stay here this afternoon. Lovey, you can go home but your sister stays."

That is how Mae Marsh happened.

To the astonishment of every one, he gave her the lead part in this picture which was to make or break his fortune. Not only that, but he took the singular dramatic liberty of killing off his heroine in the middle of the picture.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish were both in that picture, but they were very small pumpkins at that time. All Lillian had to do was sit at a spinning wheel in some sort of symbolic costume. And I can't even remember what Dorothy did. I was in the studio later when Lillian and Dorothy both did the single scenes that made them world famous. [1]

Meanwhile, there were other studios in Hollywood that were making history. It was around this time that Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille started a studio in a barn out in the middle of a lemon grove in Hollywood. Ince had been going for a long time in a canyon north of Santa Monica.

I didn't know either of them very well but I used to go down to Ince's to see the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians who lived in teepees on the studio grounds. Very casually I got to know two or three boys on the lot; one was a

lanky serious young fellow named Charles Ray. The other interested me because he always seemed to try so pathetically hard to make good; his name was Jack Gilbert.

Psychologically these big leaguers who were building up this great industry were an interesting contrast.

De Mille always made me think of a fashionable jeweler; he laid out glittering things on a tray and only he knew which were genuine and which were bunk.

Griffith was always half actor and half evangelist.

Sennett was a street corner policeman who walked along swinging his club and liked to listen to the quarrels of Mrs. Mahoney and Mrs. Clancy as they hung the clothes out on the line; he had an avid instinct for life.

Ince was a patent medicine man who kept his eyes on the faces of the crowds. The minute they looked away he changed the act. Like a medicine doctor he was always packed up to go. He dealt frankly in hokum; and if they didn't like that kind of hokum, he was prepared to switch it at any moment.

Bill Hart, who had come to the studios from the stage, several newspaper men and a few actors used to have dinner at a German restaurant. Sometimes it was so crowded that you had to eat in your lap. There was a little family there--a mother and three daughters--who interested me very much. There were making such a brave struggle to get on in the world. The mother especially was a brilliant, witty woman with a downright common sense that made her the most quoted woman in town. She was the mother-confessor for a great many girls other than her own daughters. It was Mrs. Peg Talmadge; and the daughters were Natalie, Constance and Norma.

It is an open secret in Hollywood that "Peg" and her original remarks formed the basis for Anita Loos' "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." The other girl in that book was taken from Mildred Harris. [2]

Anita herself had appeared on the scene by this time. I think I helped to discover her. It is very difficult for a newspaper to find good country correspondents. We discovered a jewel of the first water in A. Loos who sent in reports from Coronado Beach. Sharp, keen, scooped the town regularly and

often. The first time I was called down that way, I went over on the ferry to visit this paragon of journalism. A little child of twelve years came out.

"I want to see A. Loos," I said brusquely.

"That's me," she said in a little, choked, scared voice.

Anita, at that time, was also writing sketches of life of the Lower East Side of New York and selling them. The fact that she had never been in New York was incidental.

At fourteen, Griffith sent for her and gave her the highest price ever paid to a scenario writer at that time. Trust Anita to get the prices. [3]

In the next installment of this series I go to work in the movies on the old Sennett lot--in the days of Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Fatty Arbuckle and the bathing girls who became the great stars.

Part 2

There are various ways to break into the movies. I broke in by reporting a war for a newspaper.

Before America took a hand in the World War, I spent one summer at the front with the German and Austrian armies. It happened that D. W. Griffith and the Gish girls had also gone to the front to make the first motion picture of the war, "Hearts of the World."

We came back to Hollywood at about the same time. It formed a new bond between us that has lasted until now.

The day he started rehearsal on that picture, Griffith asked me to come to the studio and bring my photographs--taken on the Russian-German front. As I was proudly turning over the leaves of the album under the admiring eyes of the Gish girls, an extra man edged into the group.

"Excuse me," he said. "Those officers you photographed were in my regiment in Austria." He pulled out a worn photograph of himself in the same cavalry uniform. It made the desired impression. It got him a good part in the picture. The extra man was Erich von Stroheim.

Little did either of us realize, at that moment, that Von and I would one day be working together on a great picture which he was to direct and I to supervise.

Mack Sennett sent for me and asked me to be his publicity man. He too had been reading the war news. I did not see, at the moment, just why a war correspondent was needed for the job. I found out.

The Sennett studio, at that time, was a little motion picture empire; and Mabel Normand was the uncrowned empress. Sennett had twenty-two comedy companies going at once. The battery of cars that drew up at the curb every morning looked like an army being mobilized. I adored Mabel; and most of the time I wanted to shoot her. She never kept an appointment. The only thing about her that you could absolutely depend upon was that she was sure to be somewhere else whenever you expected her to be--somewhere else. She was the sweetest, most generous-hearted girl I have ever known in any studio; and I have worked in a great many studios. Also she was the most maddening.

William Desmond Taylor, the murdered director to whom she was at one time reported to be engaged, said that the measure of Mabel was that she carried an Atlantic Monthly under one arm, the Police Gazette under the other, and ate peanuts in a palatial limousine.

Mabel talked like a rough-neck waitress in a depot eating station, and read heavy German philosophy. She almost wrecked herself financially giving away money to every rag tag in Hollywood, and almost broke her sympathetic heart over the troubles of the extra girls. She was sweet and patient with old Minnie, the Indian squaw who worked around in small parts, and openly insulted the actor to whom every one else was kowtowing.

He was one person for whom Mabel had a frank dislike. He always got her Irish up. He was an English comedian whom Sennett found working in a vaudeville show. His name was Charlie Chaplin.

I would like to say that all of us on the old Sennett lot recognized the genius of Charlie from the first. But we didn't. He didn't even recognize it himself. Sennett had offered him sixty dollars a week. Charlie told me that he knew no such salary could last, but he might as well take it as long

as he could.

Sennett had a peculiar--and perhaps shrewd way--of hiring an actor, then ignoring him until the actor's ego was reduced so in size it could be thrust through the eye of a needle without hitting on either side going through.

For weeks, Chaplin wandered around the studio like a lost soul. When they did not ignore him, they insulted him. It was during this period of sulking around in the shadows that he wandered into the studio prop room and found the little hat, the big pair of shoes and the cane that were to become world-famous.

When they finally let him play a part in a picture, his real troubles began. At that time, the big star of comedies was Ford Sterling. His methods were radically different from Chaplin's.

Let us say--for instance--that Ford Sterling and Charlie Chaplin each had to take a drink of water in a scene. Sterling would have rushed in, snatched up the glass, spilled the water down his shirt front, gulped the remainder and fled from the room. Charlie would have circled around it a couple of times, nudged it, giggled, smelled it, gargled it, sipped, and finally would have edged away without drinking it.

According to their standpoint, he was all wrong. But they couldn't make him do it their way. He had a dumb, quiet obstinacy. Mabel used to call him names. Sometimes they were funny, sometimes insulting. She came of a race that had no surplus fondness for Englishmen anyhow.

Finally the director in despair gave up trying to get motion picture technique through this Britisher's head, and appealed to Sennett. "He won't do anything I tell him," said the irate director. Sennett chewed his cigar thoughtfully and considered the British mutiny.

"Say you," he said, at last. "Get out there in front of the camera and let me see you do it in your own way--just the way you think it ought to be done."

In about seventeen seconds from that time, the technique of the motion picture actor's trade had changed forever.

There was another actor on the lot of whom Sennett thought pretty well.

He and Mabel had been making a series of comedies together. He had been a song and dance spieler in a cheap honkeytonk in Bisbee, Arizona, and had found his way to a cheap theater in Los Angeles--a ten-twenty-thirty girl show on Main Street. His name was Roscoe Arbuckle.

After chewing up about a box and half of cigars, Sennett made a revolutionary decision--to make a comedy as long as a full length drama--something that never had been done. The result was "Tillie's Punctured Romance." It was one of the biggest box office hits ever filmed and made Charlie, Mabel and Roscoe stars in their own right. [4]

At that time, the Sennett lot was an incubator of motion picture stars, and I saw most of them coming out of the egg.

One of these girls was Gloria Swanson. Gloria was rebellious, defiant and always had a chip on her shoulder. Any other girl would have been fired the first day. But Sennett recognized in her, from the first, the makings of a great star. The first time he ever saw her, he was in a scenario conference in his office. This little girl came up the walk with some other extra girls. He hurried out and stopped her.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Why--G--Gloria," she stammered.

"Well, whatever your other name is, you are going to be one of the greatest stars this business has ever known," he replied.

There must have been something about her that glowed. Cecil B. De Mille saw a comedy in which she just walked through a door--and made her the star of "Male and Female."

To tell the truth, there were two who didn't believe it--Gloria and myself. I couldn't see that she was any different from any other little extra girl, except that she was sometimes very sweet and sometimes very catty.

At the time, there was a beefy comedian on the lot. He had started his professional career as an elephant trainer and had risen (or fallen) to parts in musical comedy--Wallace Beery. When I arrived on the lot, he and Gloria had just been married. [5] They had the first "art" automobile seen in

Hollywood--an amazing vehicle. In their naive state of bliss, they had the names "Wally and Glory" lovingly entwined in bright paint on all the doors.

Afterward they quarreled, and Gloria used to regale us with the sad tale --usually in the studio restaurant. I remember that the first rift occurred because Gloria threw all Wally's guns, rifles, fishing rods and other paraphernalia of the chase out of the house into the family garage.

I remember one day when Gloria wanted to go shopping downtown. Sennett told her to ask the superintendent of the lot; the superintendent of the lot told her to ask her director. Thereupon Gloria went around the studio asking trained dogs, doorkeepers, blacksmiths, prop boys and finally an alarmed chewing gum vendor--if any of them had any objections to her going downtown to do some shopping.

All the other girls were jealous of Gloria. My office was the official crying station. Any young lady wishing to weep hurried post haste to the spot and dripped her chaste tears on my office desk. I should have saved the tears. I didn't know how distinguished they would be.

One of the early tragedies came when Phyllis Haver invented a bathing suit of wondrous design and a director took it away from her--to let Gloria wear it. Ambassadors were promptly withdrawn and the war clouds lowered.

Another young lady with troubles was a little girl named Marie Prevost. Very few of the bathing girls could swim, and Marie was called upon to do all the dangerous diving stunts for the stars. Not for Mabel Normand, however. Mabel could swim and dive wonderfully and never would use a double. Gloria could swim, too.

One girl on the lot became world-famous as the result of a bet. I was standing at the corner of Sennett's office one day with Sam Rork, then a manager, but since a famous producer. "Sam," I said, "I am going to show you what a lot of bunk fame can be. I'll make you a bet that I can make the next girl who comes around that corner famous all over the world."

We waited and the next girl who came around the corner was a pretty little school teacher from Utah, named Mary Thurman. It was almost too easy.

The first story I sent out about her was athletic. Miss Elinor Sears of

Boston had at that moment turned the public mind toward women athletes. We rigged Mary up in a pair of short running pants and posed her with javelins, vaulting poles and what not. With the valiant assistance of a couple of college coaches, we invented a fine line of athletic records for her. Also we tactfully graduated her from Vassar.

I don't know how much Miss Thurman's running pants had to do with it, but the story sent around the world and they are still sending post cards with her athletic pictures.

Her leap to fame aroused great jealousy in the studio. I remember that one man comedian remonstrated with me furiously. "Say," he growled, "I just betcha a lot of the men in Vassar couldn't make them records."

At the time, I was also running an illustrated section of a daily paper in addition to my work as a publicity expert. There came to me one day a young newspaper man who begged of me a favor for a girl who he said, needed publicity like the dickens. I told him to bring her down with a photographer. She was as lovely as a fawn. But, oh, so scared! She had made a pretty bathing suit of her own and worked pitifully hard to get all the poses just right. Out of the goodness of my heart, I gave her a front page cover and thus started Betty Compson on her way. I imagine that she is now one of the richest women in Hollywood. She was not only of the stuff stars are made of; but she was a canny investor.

Another girl with a shrewd business head on the Sennett lot was Louise Fazenda. She was a strange and delightful girl. She was always wandering around the lot followed by the trained ducks and dogs and funny looking old extra men. She had a Wall Street mind and, I imagine, was rich even then. One of the early thrills of my days on the lot was when Louise cleaned up a fortune on sugar stocks.

One of my duties was to be the consultant in all the love affairs. Myrtle Lind was then a near-star. She was languid, indifferent and dazzlingly beautiful. Sennett fired her six times to my knowledge. She had an innocent faraway look of an angel listening to a celestial choir. A young man proposed marriage to her and told of the wonderful things his great

wealth would bring to her door. She coyly and bashfully asked for a few days in which to consider.

When he came back, she showed him a report from Bradstreet and Dunn and remarked with slow sarcasm, "Where do you get that stuff--you are worth \$750,000? All you have is a mortgage against you for \$23,000 and they are going to foreclose that."

One time Myrtle ran away from home and went to live in the house across the street while the frantic police searched for her. She said she always liked the neighborhood.

Two of the old stand-bys of the studio were Mack Swain and Chester Conklin. Mr. Swain was the proud owner of a pig ranch somewhere up the country. Their partnership dressing room looked like a country fair. It was decorated with samples of alfalfa, pig portraits and samples of bacon-making food.

Ben Turpin joined the company while I was there. Ben had been a taffy candy puller with a carnival company which made the round of hick fairs in the Middle West. You know them. They pull the taffy over big hooks and indulge in fancy motions as they work. Ben's work fascinated a fat man with a bull neck one day. Naturally that inspired Ben to work up his act. He made a great flourish with the taffy. The man, bewildered by the fact that he couldn't tell which way Ben's crossed eyes were working, dodged the wrong way. The result--Ben wrapped a hunk of red hot scalding taffy around the fat neck of the chief of police of Cincinnati. Ben stood not on the order of his going; he caught the first brake beam out.

He was still a Happy Hooligan when he joined us. He was always getting hurt. A wire would wait all its life to break with Ben. If anything broke on the set the end always flew up and hit Ben.

Being a frugal soul, Ben saved his money and bought an apartment house. He did all the janitor work himself. He was always begging tearfully to be excused from the set so he could hurry home and fix the bath tub in Mrs. McGinnis's apartment.

Sennett put Ben in a series of comedies with Polly Moran and a man whose

front name was Heine. I forget what else.[6] His team mates were jealous of Ben. One of the daily entertainments of the studio was to stand around the front gate when they came together for the day and hear the names they called each other--the result of a long night's patient thought and research.

Ben lived under one never-ending dread. His eyes had been crossed as the result of a blow on the head. Every time anything cracked against his distinguished skull--which was pretty often--he flew to a mirror in the fear that his eyes might have been straightened again. They were his meal ticket.

During the course of the long array of battles in this unit, the management got a terrible "mad" at Miss Moran. In fact it was decided to dispense with her services. A shriek of protest came from the "trade." Exhibitors who were our cash customers protested that all their patrons demanded the girl who rode bucking broncos in the "Sheriff Nell" comedies. "The girl who rides" was one of the big sellers of pictures. So Miss Moran came back with an advanced salary and a grim smile. A grim smile because she never had ridden. All the broncos were busted for her by doubles.

It was the day of the "Keystone Kops." It is amazing to know how many of the big stars of pictures acquired black and blue spots as "Kops"--Ramon Novarro, Malcolm St. Clair, Harold Lloyd, Wallace Beery.

Mr. St. Clair's promotion to the rank of regular actor was attended with high incident. He had been a newspaper cartoonist and had been ordered out of doors by his physician. That's why he was in pictures. He was very tall and very thin. The first day he came out on the sets made up as an actor, an irate face peered into his.

"Say, fellow, are you going to be an actor?"

"They say so," said Mr. St. Clair diplomatically.

Wham!

A big fist hit him on the nose. "There isn't going to be but one thin guy on this lot--and that's me." The protestant was Slim Summerville, then a well known comedian. Since then St. Clair has become one of the most famous of directors and Slim has oozed out of pictures.

One of the men on the newspaper where I worked had a sister-in-law who

yearned for fame--and money. She just had to have a job somewhere. Her name was Elizabeth Slaughter. We decided that was no kind of name for an actress; so we re-christened her Betty Blythe. And we got her a job in vaudeville. It was a pretty poor act, but the manager of the vaudeville house gulped miserably and gave her a week's time. It did not earn her fame, but it earned her, somehow or other, a job in the movies.

She rose to sudden fame--and as suddenly fell--for a very peculiar reason. I think that her arrival in New York as the star of "The Queen of Sheba" was attended with more advertising than has ever since heralded any other picture. The Fox company could have been no more excited had they been advertising a collision between two comets. Betty became world famous overnight, and that was Betty's last high dive. She took off too many clothes. Not that the public was shocked. Quite the reverse. They felt cheated after that if she ever wore anything.

Exactly the same thing wrecked Theda Bara. I knew Theda very well in those days. Never in all my life have I known any other woman with such perfect, unruffled composure. She was a self-made woman; but she made a good job of it. Even her fits of temperament were carefully modulated as to tone.

I recall once being in a projection room when Miss Bara was watching her "rushes" being run. The picture was "Cleopatra." She had been away and during her absence the director had taken far too much of another young lady's acting.

"Oh, Mr. Edwards," said Theda. "It is lovely; so very lovely. And so artistic. What a pity that none of it can go into my picture."

It was indeed lovely and none of it went into the picture. But a great deal of Theda went into the picture.

Her fade-away was a pity; she had real talent. Her picture made from Kipling's "The Vampire" not only started a fashion, but gave the English language a new word. "Vamp" was brought in by Theda.

Another girl I remember well was Blanche Sweet. She had come West with Griffith and the old Biograph outfit. But I didn't know her at that time. I met her first when she was working at De Mille studio out in the lemon

grove. Griffith still says she had the makings of the greatest actress the screen has ever known. I don't know what was the matter with her. I suppose she was in love with Mickey Neilan and marriage was not possible at that time. [7] Anyhow, she was a desperate young lady. The way she used to ride around town in a big racing car gave us all the idea that she was trying to kill herself. I really think that was true. In the studio she was just as easy to handle as a jungle tiger. When the producers ventured timidly to remonstrate, she slammed the door in their faces.

She was one of the most temperamental stars I have ever known, except Pola Negri.

After her marriage, Miss Sweet became simple, sweet, tractable and charming. Pola was tamed too, but not by marriage. That is another story.

Some time around this period I remember meeting the luckiest girl who has ever been in pictures--Colleen Moore. Providence must have smiled at her birth. From the very first she "got the breaks." Not that she did not have talent; she had a very great talent and a winning personality. But everything she attempted broke right, as they say in Hollywood.

As I remember it, she was one of the girls in "Intolerance," that magnificent picture that broke Griffith flat. It was the making of a lot of girls. Nearly every girl who appeared in that slave scene--where fascinating young ladies were sold for harems, turned into a star--Norma Talmadge and Pauline Starke among others. [8]

It is a very odd fact, during these years, two girls who had never dreamed of trying to be funny on the screen became famous comedy stars. The part of the mountain girl who ate raw onions was the making of Constance Talmadge--in spite of the fact that "Intolerance" was a failure.

In "Hearts of the World" Dorothy Gish--to her infinite disgust, was cast as "The Little Disturber." She went wailing into the part. She came out a comedy star.

There are two actors who have been made stars by a single look: Dorothy Gish and Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese.

In Dorothy's case it was the sidelong smirk she gave to her soldier

lover when she accepted him--loving another fellow. The subtitle went with that look so perfectly fitted that it fairly dynamited her to stardom: "If you don't get what you want, want what you can get."

In Sessue's case it was his single brief look of scorn to the vamp in "The Cheat," with Fanny Ward as the vamp. In a way he did as much in that picture to change the technique of screen acting as Chaplin had done in the Sennett school. It was the beginning of the repressed school, wherein the actor holds his face as an impassive mask, but thinks his thoughts. Out of the mystery of his Oriental philosophy, Sessue told me that an actual physical vibration flows from the mind of the actor to the mind of the spectator; and that it is the stronger if the actor tries to avoid showing a single emotion with his face. Sessue was one of the most remarkable men I have ever known on or off the screen. He was a Japanese naval officer and schooled in the subtle, deep mysticism of the noble Samurai class.

To go back to the Sennett studio, Mabel in these years had started on a series of star comedies of which "Mickey" was the first. That picture was peculiar. It was the ill-fated Patsy of the studio. Everything that looked like a calamity made straight for the Mickey studio. Mabel had one director after another. The first was a gentleman whose beautiful wife had just run off to get a divorce from him. Mabel told me that, in the midst of her most emotional scenes, she would turn to the director for encouragement, to find him sitting with his head in his hands--having completely forgotten her.

"Is that all right?" she would ask.

"Mabel," he would reply, "where I made my mistake was in ever inviting that fellow to the house." [9]

In "Mickey" Mabel played the part of a green country girl who had been sent to the city to be educated. She fell into the hands of the villainess who had a villain for a son. The son chased Mabel around the room kicking over the furniture and finally chased her to the edge of a roof whence she was rescued by the gallant young hero. Years after, Mabel married this screen villain, Lew Cody. "Mickey" proved to be an ugly duckling turned into a swan. It is still known as "The Mortgage Lifter" by the exhibitors--on

account of the sagging fortunes it saved.

Mabel made two or three more amazingly successful comedies with Sennett; then she flew away to join the Goldwyn company at a much larger salary. [10]

One by one, the old Sennett girls soared away to stardom in other companies--seldom in comedy parts. Gloria Swanson has since told me that she never learned anything about acting after she left the Sennett studio. She learned to refine and tone down her work; but all she knows of the art of translating thought into action was learned in the old rough days on the lot.

Other girls came to take their places--Marceline and Alice Day--Harriet Hammond. The latter had an extraordinary record. She had been trained as a concert pianist and her health had failed. She made one picture and they thought she was due to be the greatest beauty and the greatest star ever turned out on the lot, but she never did it again. Years after, Madame Glyn found her and announced her as the great discovery of the age. She made one picture under the Glyn banner and again faded into nothingness.

She was one of those girls temperamentally unable to get excited. Which reminds me of the time they tried to rouse Myrtle Lind to a state of high emotion.

Nothing could disturb the equanimity of that angel child. Having tried many times over to make Myrtle start up in sudden fright, the director gave secret instructions to his faithful assistant. "You sneak up behind her with this pin," he said sternly. "When I give you the signal, jab it into her."

The set was arranged; the camera began to click; the faithful assistant crept up with his mighty arm drawn back.

The signal!

Jab!

Myrtle never moved a muscle. "Ouch," she said placidly.

"Well," said the discouraged director. "There goes a perfectly good pin."

During the next epoch of my screen experience, I saw both Ramon Novarro and Rudolph Valentino discovered; Dick Barthelmess came into pictures; many other new stars rise and many fall again into oblivion.

The right thing for me to say is that I recognized both Valentino and Ramon as being persons of high genius the moment I set eyes upon them. Alas, I saw them both begging at Griffith's door and saw them turned adrift without a protest.

I liked and admired Mack Sennett, but I hated the press agent business. Also I hadn't the slightest interest in comedy-making. Comedies were not my stuff. I was glad when D. W. Griffith made me an offer to come to his studio as a production advisor.

It was an interesting period of his career. "The Birth of a Nation" had been a triumph. Everybody connected with it had made a fortune--except Griffith. Even a costume maker, who had grudgingly taken stock as part pay, was rolling around in expensive limousines and living in a Hollywood palace.

"Intolerance" had been a flop. Griffith had expected to make a fortune and an imperishable name by it. I don't know why it failed. When I went to his studio he was trying to get back his courage by making a series of ten pictures for Paramount. Some of them were good and most of them were pretty bad.

Two companies were working at the studio at this time. Dorothy Gish was making a series of comedies, and D. W. was making his own pictures.

Dick Barthelmess had just joined the company. His mother had run a theatrical boarding house in New York. One of her boarders was Alla Nazimova, then a struggling Russian Jewess, trying to find a foothold in a strange country whose language she did not know. Mrs. Barthelmess helped her over some stony places in the road. In gratitude, Nazimova gave Dick a part in her first movie. He had just then graduated from a college in Connecticut.

Of all the actors I have ever known in any studio, Dick was the most determined. He would have succeeded in any business.

I can't say, however, that the combination of a headstrong temperamental

girl like Dorothy Gish and a grim, obstinate little Napoleon like Dick was the most favorable recipe for family peace. It was a case of Greek meeting Greekess.

I remember one day that Dorothy turned on him sarcastically with this remark. "Well, Mr. Barthelmess, some day perhaps you will be the star and I will be in your company working for you. Then I will have to do what you say."

At the moment it seemed about as probable as that the Statue of Liberty should go into the movies. But it is exactly what happened. Several years later Dick starred in Hergesheimer's "The Bright Shawl" and was supported by Dorothy.

Not that these spats ever really amounted to anything. They were just spats between two spoiled children. With the exception of Mabel Normand, Dorothy is the most generous-hearted woman I have ever known in the studios.

She was often hard to deal with owing to an odd characteristic of temperament. Along in the middle of every picture she was seized with black pessimism. Not but what there was a reason. Her comedies were not as good as they should have been and Dorothy knew it. Her stage debut had occurred at the tender age of two, and there wasn't much about the show business that she didn't know. She began each new comedy with a burst of eager enthusiasm. As she saw it going on to the screen, she sank into a morbid depression.

One day I found Dorothy looking over the want ads in a Sunday paper. "I am trying to find a job," she said. "I find that the only thing I can do is get a job as cook in a family where they live exclusively on prepared breakfast food. I could bring in the milk bottle every morning."

Griffith and Dorothy were at sword's points a good deal of the time, but there was no one whose opinion he so highly valued. Whenever they came to a tough place in the story-rehearsal, it was Dorothy who was always called in.

To her rage, Griffith had a way of calmly looting her comedy unit for anything or any actor who took his fancy--from props to leading men. When he began "Broken Blossoms," Griffith drafted Dick Barthelmess for the part of the Chinaman, leaving Dorothy without a leading man.

In many ways, that picture marked the high tide of Griffith's career. It was never a riot at the box office, but it earned him an autographed letter from a queen and imperishable glory from the critics. It marked Lillian Gish's debut as a great artist. Also it made Dick Barthelmess.

The picture was made in three weeks--just tossed off as it were. The scene where Lillian Gish is hiding in a closet from her brutal drunken father still stands as the finest thing she ever did--one of the finest things anybody ever did.

While Dorothy was gay and impulsive, then depressed and pessimistic, Lillian was always the same--calm, quiet, patient. She had a peculiar habit of living her parts. If, for instance, she was playing the part of a French peasant girl, she lived the life of one for weeks. Read nothing but books of French peasant life--kept absolutely apart from American friends--and even ate the food that a French peasant would eat.

The Gish girls were like nearly all women who have been in the show business from childhood. I never remember meeting one who was in the least up-stage. They consider the stage hands, the electricians, the camera men and the director--all to be working people on the same job. I never saw Lillian leave a set without going around to shake hands and thank every workman. As a result she was adored.

One day Lillian was working with a leading man who has since become a famous star. He was indulging in an old stage trick--trying to steal the scene from her by gradually moving back from the camera so she would have to turn her back to the lens while he smiled into it.

The head electrician came to me at the head of a delegation of men in overalls. "We want you to tell him," said the man, almost trembling with excitement, "that we have been watching him from up there. We are on to what he is trying to do. You just give him this warning from us fellows. The next time he does this, we are going to drop that heavy dome light on him. Accidents are liable to happen in any studio. One is going to happen before long in this one."

I told the actor. He was so terrified that he refused to walk to and

from his dressing room unless I would walk with him. He was permanently cured and has since become a good sport and a good fellow.

To go back to "Broken Blossoms" and Dick--one of the problems of the picture was to make him look Chinese. Especially the slant eyes. This was finally accomplished by pasting a strip of adhesive tape from his temples--the other end being under his cap. Incidentally I might remark that this system has been followed ever since by a well known man star who is getting a little old. This tape pins up his sagging cheeks and has the effect of a face-lifting operation.

Dick went down into Chinatown and studied the Chinese for days on end. He learned to see without looking as Chinese do. A Chinaman's glance never seems to travel out to meet anything as a white man's does. He even learned to shoot as Chinese highbinders do--without lifting the gun from the hip. I have never seen any other actor go after a part with such systematic effort as Dick.

As a technical advisor on "Broken Blossoms" we had a little Chinese student named Moon Kwan who has since acquired international fame as poet and dramatist.

There was one critic who was not pleased with "Broken Blossoms." Thomas Burke, the author for whom a literary market was made by the picture, wrote a very catty article for the London papers about it. For that matter I have seldom seen an author pleased with a picture. I have written a lot of screen stories. I have never seen but one after it got to the screen. I learned to know better. Kate Douglas Wiggin was still living when Mary Pickford made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," thereby adding to the fame of that story. The irate author wrote Frances Marion, the scenarist, a letter in which she simply blistered the skin off.

Peter B. Kyne is the only author I know who always preserves his equanimity in the process of being immortalized on the screen. Pete doesn't care what they do with any of his stories as long as they pay for them with cold, hard cash.

After "Broken Blossoms" D. W. Griffith began making a war picture.

I forget the name. It didn't amount to much--except that it brought a new star to the screen--Clarine Seymour. [11]

I remember the day she came for the usual test and rehearsal. Those rehearsals were awful. Griffith would put a couple of chairs down in the middle of the room and the actors would go through the whole play pretending the chairs were horses dashing to the rescue--or castle moats. The average actor collapsed under the strain of stage fright and embarrassment. This little girl flopped down on a studio chair and pretended it was the body of a dying lover with as little self consciousness as a child playing house. Had she lived, Miss Seymour would have been one of the greatest stars in pictures. I have never seen any other person to whom acting came so naturally. I was very much impressed, and strongly recommended her to Griffith because of her charming taste in dress. She afterward teased me about it. The clothes were not hers. She had borrowed them from Seena Owen.

Without meaning to, Clarine Seymour brought one of the greatest stars in the history of the industry into pictures.

It had been arranged that she should dance in the theater prologue of the war picture. As far as I know, this was the very first prologue ever put on with a picture. [12] She had to have a dance partner. Several were offered and she selected a good-looking Italian boy who had been dancing at one of the Los Angeles hotels.

One day while they were practicing the dance I happened to wander into the set which they were using as a dance floor.

Clarine was blazing with wrath. "Say," she demanded of me, "is there anything you would like to know--any mystery of life or death--of the earth beneath or the waters under the earth? If so, ask this wop. If he doesn't know he will think he does. He thinks he knows everything in the world."

I glanced over toward the "wop" and I was impressed with his quiet dignity and the proud courteous disdain with which he received the insult. After the dance rehearsal was over, I introduced myself and he told me his name. It was Rudolph Valentino.

Fate handles the affairs of men in queer ways. Rudolph got his first

chance at a screen part shortly after that through his skill as a dress designer. While they were working on the various pictures, the actors at the Griffith studio used to go horseback riding in the park; Griffith Park was only a few blocks from the studio. Valentino was a splendid horseman and was in demand with the riding parties. Dorothy Gish couldn't find a riding costume she liked, so Rudolph designed one for her. It became the rage in Hollywood. It was like the trousers men used to wear in 1812 with straps that went under the boots. Dorothy was so grateful that she gave him a small part in one of her comedies. [13]

While they were making one of the pictures that followed "Broken Blossoms," another Latin boy came into the studio, begging for a chance.

He had been around there day after day for weeks, begging for a test. At last Griffith let him come in and he made his test while the rest of us stood around giggling.

In our own defense I shall have to say that it was really funny.

The boy had made up a play in which he took all the parts. It was far from a tame play. It was full of murders and duels. I remember the end of it. He made a fatal thrust in behalf of the valiant hero (with an imaginary rapier), then he leaped around the other way and received the fell thrust through the heart of the villain. Having died with great eclat and plenty of groans, he jumped up and demanded anxiously of Griffith, "How was that?"

We all laughed and the boy slipped out of the studio broken hearted.

"Say," said Griffith later in the day as we stood on one of the sets waiting for the lights to be changed, "do you know that Mexican boy was really pretty good--in spit of the groans."

I did not know until years afterward who the boy was: he was Ramon Novarro. He recalled it to my mind.

"Sure," I shouted. "Now I remember you; you were the Mexican boy who killed himself in a duel."

"Yes," Ramon said reproachfully. "And you laughed and Lillian Gish nudged you in the ribs and made you stop."

Oddly enough, both these Latin boys whom Griffith allowed to slip

through his fingers were picked up and made into stars by Rex Ingram.

All was not harmony between Rex and Rudolph while they were making "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." It was to spite Rudolph that Rex picked up this little Mexican boy and made him into a star--to eclipse Rudy.

I remember the time that Rex asked me to come to a little supper and meet Ramon. Rex is an artist and sculptor. He was always to be found in queer little cafes where crooks and gunmen were imbibing their sustenance. This cafe was no exception. While Ramon and I talked, Rex sketched the tough waiters and the tougher patrons.

His wife, Alice Terry, could sketch a little too. My memories of that first talk with Ramon are a little vague because Alice was always interrupting to ask, "Rex, for goodness sake how do you make a nose?"

Rex was one of the most extraordinary, and one of the most charming characters in Hollywood. He had come here for his health, having been cracked up in a war airplane. He went into the movies because it seemed to be the thing that was being done. He always seemed to regard actors as an affliction liable to happen to any one--like boils.

He fell in love with Alice Terry and married her. Alice told me that Rex told her she was the only perfect screen type he had ever met. Then these were the alterations he made in that perfection: Made her hang sand bags around her ankles to reduce them, had her teeth made over, changed her from a brunette to a blond, and finally gave her a new stage name.

"I never could figure out," she said in her slow indifferent way, "just in what the perfection lay. He must have regarded me as good sculptor's clay."

Rex was sophisticated. Not the Freshman pessimism that Hollywood actors affect, but the real thing. He was a philosopher of indifference. Nothing mattered. Not even death and taxes. When money was pouring in upon him like a golden avalanche, he did not own an automobile. Alice owned a decrepit Buick which she bought second hand. Sometimes she gave Rex a ride home. Sometimes he stood in front of the studio like a hitch hiker, hopefully signaling to the electricians as they sailed by on their way home.

Rex gave both Valentino and Novarro to the screen; but I don't think he ever liked either one personally. He was always picking on them. There was too much cultured Irish in Rex; too much Latin in them.

One night, after Valentino had become the greatest matinee idol the screen has ever known, he invited me to dinner. It was a sort of family affair and the only other guests were Gloria Swanson and her new husband, the marquis.

Rudolph had lately been married to Natacha Rambova and she built the house for them from her designs. Gosh! The living room was all black marble with scarlet cushions flung around. It was lovely sure enough--but it looked like a Cecil B. De Mille set! She was years ahead of the times. As she and I sat talking together, we both began watching Rudolph. He was talking to Gloria. He was so finished, cultured, elegant and charming!

"And yet," said Rambova in her curious, slow, mocking voice, "that isn't the real Rudy. In his heart this means nothing to him--all this beauty and luxury. At heart he is a simple, primitive Italian peasant."

Ramon was primitive in another way.

Ramon seemed to me to be always of the air; Rudolph of the earth. There was something about Valentino that was crude and warm and real and vital--like the glebe of an upturned furrow. Women felt that in him--a universal fatherhood. That was what really gave him "IT." In a certain sense, Valentino married every woman in the theater.

Ramon is crude and primitive as a tree squirrel. He has the bright, quick ways, the beauty and illusive charm of a squirrel. Herbert Howe, the writer, always insists that Ramon is a soul returned to earth; that, in a lost age, he was one of the beautiful boys selected for human sacrifice in some old forgotten city and thrown into the sacred well of Chichen Itza.

Valentino was literal, forceful and material. Ramon is a mystic. In his veins runs the blood of a very old Indian race that once was proud and regal, but fell before the greed of the Spanish Conquistadors.

But to go back to the Griffith studio where other stars were being made.

"Broken Blossoms" left Dorothy without a leading man. After that

picture, Griffith used Dick in "Scarlet Days," where he first created the part of Alvarez, the California bandit.

Dorothy found a new leading man in Ralph Graves who had appeared in one or two pictures under the direction of Maurice Tourneur. The best known of these was "Sporting Life."

His first picture with Dorothy was his last with her. Griffith drafted him too. His first picture with Griffith came very near to being the end of his life. He had the closest shave I have ever seen in a studio.

It was a picture in which the spirit of a boy, killed in the war, came back to warn his parents that they were in the hands of villains. It was a very bad picture. [14]

Mr. Graves was supposed to have lost his life by being swept off the deck of a war submarine. When they made the scene, something went haywire with the signals. The submarine started to dive, leaving Ralph clinging frantically to the periscope. If he had not been an athlete of enormous physical strength, he would have been killed. Two more feet of dive would have swept him back on to the propellers which would have cut him to pieces.

One day I came to the studio all warm and fussed with excitement.

"Dorothy," I said, "I have found your new leading man."

"That's funny," she said, "because I found one also."

"He is a fellow I saw in Ruth Chatterton's 'Moonlight and Honeysuckle' last night. I have forgotten his name."

"That's the one I mean too," she said. "His name is James Rennie."

The sequel of this story is that Dorothy is now Mrs. James Rennie.

Another boy who came to the screen at this time, and I believe in one of her comedies was Douglas MacLean. He had been an automobile salesman. I remember that I had to go down on a hurry call to the newspaper office and he took me down. He was a magnificent driver. And on the way he told me of his tremulous ambitions. That was in 1919. [15] In the ten years that have followed, he has become one of the best known comedy stars on the screen and has slipped back into oblivion. To tell the truth, I never thought there was a single funny thing about him. He could have gone far as a dramatic actor.

He had brains and determination.

Bobby Harron was the one reliable old stand-by of the Griffith lot at that time.

Bob, in a quiet, slow way, was an investor in stocks. He was always trying to persuade the Gish girls to dally with Wall Street. Lillian was very cautious with money. She invested all hers in life insurance annuities. Finally, after much prayerful consideration and endless examination, she and Bobby picked out one safe and reliable oil stock upon which she was to begin her career as a money doubler. It turned out to be the worst lemon on the exchange and she lost all her money.

In the war play which brought Clarine Seymour to the screen, Griffith engineered the screen debut of another star who was to cause endless debate throughout the screen world. This was Carol Dempster.

Griffith has one very peculiar characteristic--a sort of perverse loyalty to any one "knocked." We all thought that Miss Dempster was not a good bet. I never could see her at all as an actress. She was a girl of good education, great personal charm and somewhat remarkable intellectual power. She had been trained as a dancer, and a dancer she should have remained.

But when we all tried to get him to take her out of the cast and give Miss Seymour the lead instead of the second part, that was enough for Griffith. He spent ten years trying to make an actress of Miss Dempster. At length he succeeded, but he never could make her a popular star. The reason was fundamental. She had too much proud reserve ever really to let herself go.

One of the most singular experiences of my film career happened in the Griffith studio.

A black-eyed Southern girl came asking for a test. She had fire, personality--everything. They were about to rehearse a scene for one of the pictures in which Lillian Gish was playing the lead. They permitted this girl to come in and do her stuff. It was a cruel test. In the nature of things we could not reveal the story to her. All she was told was to get out

in the middle of the floor and pretend she was barefoot and splashing water in a river. The child was wonderful. She invented business that was used with great success throughout that picture. She was piquant, pointed and ingenious. The thought smashed into my mind: "There's Griffith's next great star."

One of D. W.'s peculiar characteristics is a great caution. He is about as committal as a clam. He said nothing to the girl; neither of praise nor blame. Her face fell as she left the studio.

The next day he said to me: "Send for that girl. I am going to give her a part in this picture."

"I didn't know you were interested in her; you let her go without a word. I didn't know who she is."

Two years afterward when I had been to New York with Griffith and had come back to the coast to resume my newspaper work, a young girl came in trying to sell a story. I recognized her at once. "For heaven's sake where have you been?" I fairly shrieked.

She told me that she waited a day or two in the hope that Griffith would summon her. Then--broken hearted--she threw her make-up box into the garbage can and said her good-bye to pictures.

"If I wasn't good enough for Griffith I didn't want to play in the bush leagues," she said.

"Give me your name; I'm going to telegraph to Griffith right now," I said. "You are going to be one of the great stars of pictures."

"No I'm not," she said with a little sad smile. "I broke my heart once; that's enough."

This girl who waved aside a great screen career was Katherine Albert, now a writer for Photoplay Magazine and Smart Set. She is likely to go as far in literature as she would have in pictures--which was pretty far.

It is just such whims of Fate that make motion pictures the cruelest business in the world. It is a good deal like the Klondike. It doesn't matter how hard or how faithfully you work. It is the accident of finding a chance. I have no doubt in the world that somewhere in a Hollywood

restaurant lugging hams and eggs for the cash customers is the greatest actress who has ever been known to stage or screen. And she will keep right on with the ham and eggs.

(concluded next issue)

NOTES:

[1] Of course, Carr's memory is wrong here. Lillian Gish had the leading female role in "Birth of a Nation"; it was in "Intolerance" that her scenes were limited to rocking a cradle.

[2] According to Anita Loos in "A Girl Like I," the character of Dorothy in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was partly based on Peg Talmadge, but the central character of Lorelei Lee was based on Mae Davis, who was a temporary sweetheart of George Jean Nathan.

[3] Although Anita Loos looked very young, she was born in 1888 and was thus in her 20s when she began writing for the motion picture industry.

[4] Arbuckle was not in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

[5] Wallace Beery and Gloria Swanson were married in early 1916, but Harry Carr had been working for Sennett before that time. If he was there at the same time as Chaplin, then Carr began working for Sennett not later than 1914.

[6] "Heinie" Conklin (not to be confused with Chester Conklin).

[7] Neilan was married to Gertrude Bambrick at that time, and did not obtain his divorce until 1921. Sweet and Neilan were married in 1922.

[8] Neither Colleen Moore nor Norma Talmadge were in "Intolerance."

[9] The director was James Young, the wife was Clara Kimball Young; in their divorce Lewis J. Selznick was named as co-respondent.

[10] "Mickey" was Mabel Normand's last comedy for Sennett and was not released before she joined Goldwyn.

[11] This film was "The Girl who Stayed at Home."

[12] According to "D. W. Griffith: An American Life" by Richard Schickel, the prologue was actually for the previous Griffith film, "The Greatest Thing in Life," but the prologue did feature Clarine Seymour and Rudolph Valentino.

[13] The Dorothy Gish film with Valentino was "Out of Luck" (1919). But this was not his "first chance at a screen part"--he had played the hero in "A Society Sensation" (1918) a year earlier, and had several film roles between those two films.

[14] This film was "The Greatest Question."

[15] This film with Douglas MacLean was "The Hun Within." MacLean had already been in films for several years supporting actresses such as Vivian Martin, Mollie King, Gail Kane.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

<http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/>

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 44 -- August 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:
"Untold Tales of Hollywood" (conclusion)

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

(continued from last issue)

Harry Carr. an associate editor on the LOS ANGELES TIMES, also worked for several different studios during the silent film era. In 1929 he wrote a special series of articles for SMART SET magazine, filled with legend, name-dropping, gossip, and personal recollections. Unfortunately, this interesting (though not totally accurate) series has been ignored by most silent film historians, who seem to have been unaware of its existence. It is reprinted below in its entirety, to provide additional background into the

silent film era. A few endnotes have been added for clarification.

The series also contains a few ethnic remarks which are offensive by today's standards, but they are reprinted as originally published, for historical reasons.

* * * * *

March/May 1930

Harry Carr

SMART SET

Untold Tales of Hollywood

Part 4

In 1919 D. W. Griffith suddenly pulled up stakes and moved from Hollywood to New York. For a while it looked as though the rest of Hollywood might have followed suit.

Motion picture wiseacres have debated for years about this move. They never guessed the real reason. A Los Angeles newspaper printed a cartoon involving Griffith's private affairs. He decided they were getting too snoopy. With one of those unaccountable whims to which all artists seem to be subject, he loaded up a train with his company and studio baggage and rolled out of Hollywood.

After looking at two or three studios, he picked out an old mansion on fifty-two acres of ground at Mamaroneck, N. Y. The wife of the millionaire who had lived there was insane. They had build a sort of cell de luxe for her. It was palatial with plush, silk hangings and iron bars at the windows. Griffith said he had at last found an appropriate place for a scenario department. He put us in the insane cell.

The black finger of disaster seemed always to beckon to that studio. It was a lovely place--outwardly--with great lawns, shaded by giant elms. On three sides were the sparkling waters of Long Island Sound. But there was

something fatal about the place!

We arrived in October. The following New Year's day, some of us were going to ride with Dorothy Gish in her car over the hard packed snow. Bobbie Harron was to drive the car. Coming out of the garage, one of the car doors flew open, hit against the garage door and shattered the glass. Dorothy's Jap chauffeur, who was superintending the start, turned white as a sheet.

"Don't take the car out today, Miss Dorothy," he pleaded.

"Why not?"

"New Year's day--that broken glass--it means death for some one in this party," he said anxiously.

We all laughed and went on--but within a few weeks Bobbie Harron was dead; Clarine Seymour was dead; later Porter Strong died.

Bobbie Harron's death will always be one of the mysteries of motion pictures. We, who were closest to him, actually knew as little about it as anybody else.

Bob had been with Griffith since he was a little boy. He had been a prop boy, an extra, and finally Griffith's leading man in a long list of his finest pictures--from the old Biograph days to "Hearts of the World." Naturally, he always looked forward to becoming a star with his name in electric lights.

Finally Griffith consented and Chet Withey was chosen as Bobbie's director in a story called "Coincidence."

They had a preview of the picture in a little town in Westchester county. The officials of a great releasing company came in state. Upon their verdict depended the fate of the picture and Bob's fate as a star.

"How was it?" he asked eagerly as I came out.

"All right," I answered faintly. I was not brave enough to tell him that the magnates did not like the picture and were going to turn it down. [1] That was about eleven o'clock. Sometime between that time and one A. M. he probably found out. At that hour, he was unpacking a suitcase. A revolver fell out of it--they said--and shot him. He died two days later.

Bobbie had been in love with Dorothy Gish since she was fifteen years

old. About the time of his death it had become apparent to all of us that Dorothy had fallen in love with someone else--James Rennie.

The first big picture that Griffith made in Mamaroneck was "Way Down East." He did not want to make it. He had no sympathy with New England stories, but the exhibitors saw in it a big clean-up.

I have already told how Griffith rehearsed his stories before taking the scenes--with chairs for waterfalls and marks on the floor for precipices. He rehearsed that story until every one was saddle sore and weary.

One day I met little Clarine Seymour as she was coming out of a rehearsal--a breathing space between scenes. "My Gosh," she said, "I'd rather die than rehearse this darn thing any more." She never had to. In a week she was dead.

She had been taken to the hospital for a minor operation to which no importance was attached. Her mother was smiling as she saw Clarine wheeled from the operating room.

"Everything all right?" she asked, smiling.

"Your daughter has not more than twenty minutes to live," was the grave reply.

In finding a successor to Clarine Seymour, Griffith started a great romance. Mary Hay, who had been a star of the Follies, was chosen. I believe she and Dick Barthelmess had known each other for some time, but this picture caused the romance to progress considerably.

A young lady of the Follies is supposed to be pretty well sophisticated. Dick had been a matinee hero long enough to have grown a little case-hardened to romance. But I never saw two lovers more thoroughly enveloped in the tender passion. If I am going to be frank about it I might as well say that they were just plain mushy. Like many other romances with such a fast start, this one did not last long. Dick and Mary were married--and now each is married to somebody else.

The next time you see "Way Down East," notice closely the shot of the girl who is supposed to be Mary Hay--the one where she walks across the snow near a tree. It is, in reality, the picture of Clarine Seymour who was dead

when the picture was shown. Some of the picture had been filmed while they were still rehearsing.

More pipe dreams have been written about Griffith pictures than any others. Two stories have been printed about a million times:

That Griffith pulled the cleverest press agent stunt in the world by pretending to be lost in a sea cyclone.

That Lillian Gish nearly lost her life by being swept over the waterfall in "Way Down East," but that the blizzard in the picture was a pretty poor fake.

The truth is that Griffith did narrowly escape death in that sea cyclone. And Lillian Gish narrowly escaped being swept into a puddle of water about two feet deep, but had a real escape from being frozen to death in that "fake" blizzard.

The scenes of the ice floe on that river were taken partly in the studio with the fake ice. The brink of the falls was made to order on location near Stamford, Connecticut.

The picture of Lillian Gish in the blizzard was made in the most awful winter storm I have ever seen. Three men had to be down in the snow and hold each of the legs of the camera. I had to quit the set four times and take refuge in the studio to keep from freezing. Lillian stayed out in the storm until the scene was shot. Then she collapsed and had to be carried into the house.

New York society people suddenly "went movie" during the taking of this picture. One of the enthusiasts was Mrs. Morgan Belmont. She got herself a job as an extra and was promoted to a part. She was in the ballroom scene where the innocent country girl (Lillian) was enticed by the wicked villain.

Mrs. Belmont brought in some of her society friends. At one of the bridge tables in the movie set was Mrs. Belmont's father, one of the leading architects of New York, and Miss Evelyn Walsh who was supposed to be the richest unmarried girl in the world. Vincent Astor and Miss Ann Morgan were also Griffith fans and used to come to the studio.

They were all good sports. Mrs. Belmont used to talk prizefights with

the stage hands and borrow their Bull Durham to roll her own.

Through their influence Griffith got a chance to photograph one of the scenes in the drawing room of a millionaire's home on Fifth Avenue. He sent me to look it over. I was obliged to report against it. It was not luxurious enough. To a movie public raised on movie millionaire homes, this would have looked like a railroad boarding house.

To jump ahead of my story, this reminds me of a time when a movie director in Hollywood was making "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" and decided to be realistic. Instead of using a movie dance hall "percentage girl," he sent to Tiajuana for the most famous percentage girl on the border. He had to fire her because he couldn't make her act like a percentage girl: she was too refined and ladylike.

When Griffith made "Orphans of the Storm" he needed a new type of actor who could look and act the part of a gallant of lace and swords. Joseph Schildkraut was at that time knocking New York end over end in "Lilliom." Griffith persuaded him to take a part in the movie.

Persuaded is the right word. Joseph--as I think he will cheerfully admit now--was about the cockiest young man who ever peered into a studio. He wanted to tell Griffith how to direct the picture before he had been on the set an hour. He simply would not be directed himself.

Some one with high genius got Joseph to invite his old father to come to see him play-act. Rudolph Schildkraut was at that time starring in a Yiddish stock company. He was--and is--one of the finest actors in the world.

Old Rudolph watched his son and heir for one full scene in which Griffith labored with his rebelliousness. When the scene was over the old actor beckoned Joseph into a vacant projecting room. They were there for a long time. Then old Rudolph waddled out, snorting and still indignant. After a long time, Joseph came out. He was almost crying when we met.

"Papa says I'm a rotten actor," he said.

Afterward Joe got to be a royal good fellow. In fact, he tried to show his good fellowship once and made a life long enemy.

You will remember the scene in that picture where Danton gallops to the

rescue just in time to save Lillian Gish from a guillotine knife that proceeded downward with the blinding speed of a slow canal boat. Monte Blue was Danton.

An extra woman ran the wrong way and found herself in the path of a hundred horses galloping like mad. Knowing she was lost and without hope of escape, the woman collapsed in a frightened heap on the prop cobblestones. Along came the thundering hoofs of the cavalry horses. Leaning out of his saddle at a full gallop, the way he had learned to do on the cattle ranges of Montana, Monte Blue picked the woman up off the ground. His horse staggered on for a few feet and went reeling to his knees. It was the greatest feat of horsemanship I ever expect to see. Among those who congratulated Monte on his skill and daring was Joseph Schildkraut--but his choice of language was unfortunate.

"Oh, Mr. Blue," he said, "I am so sorry you fell off your horse."

To say to a range cowboy that he fell off a horse was like saying to General Pershing, "Oh, General, I am so sorry you were afraid to fight that battle."

During the rest of the picture, we had always tactfully to arrange to keep them apart. Joe knows more about cowboys now.

"Orphans of the Storm" was never the great crashing hit of "Way Down East"--although as a stage play it had been equally successful. The reason was that Griffith became so fascinated with his researches into the history of the French Revolution that these episodes ran away with him. Mary Pickford told me what was the matter when she and I saw the picture. "In the face of all that avalanche of blood," she said, "what did the lives and troubles of those two little girls matter?" A shrewd girl--Mary!

During the taking of the picture, Griffith had a lot of trouble trying to find a woman who looked as though she were starving. New York must have been too prosperous. All the extra women who reported looked like the "before" picture of an eighteen-day-diet advertisement. Finally the perfect type turned up. She was haggard, gaunt, piteous. I made up my mind that I would see that the poor creature had a good square meal at the luncheon time.

I abandoned this charitable idea when she turned to her French maid and said, "Marie, go out to the yacht and get my other make-up box." She was one of D. W.'s society friends.

One of the frequent visitors to the studio at that time was Joseph Hergesheimer who was the only big author I ever met who did not think he knew everything about motion pictures. Another frequent visitor was F. Scott Fitzgerald, at that time the darling author of the flappers. I never met any other authoring young man so hard boiled. When you would try to get him enthused over the idea of writing a story for the delectable Dorothy Gish, he would ask coldly, "How much?"

About that time, Lillian Gish turned director. Dorothy needed one. Her director, Mr. Elmer Clifton, had resigned from the company. He went to New Bedford to make a whaling picture called "Down to the Sea in Ships." On the eve of his going, he told me about a little kid he had found in Brooklyn, through a motion picture magazine where she had won a contest. He felt confident she had something in her, despite her rough, hoydenish ways. I guess she had. It was Clara Bow.

Lillian was to direct Dorothy in Clifton's place and she had to have a story. Griffith and I made one up during luncheon in a little delicatessen cafe on Forty-fourth Street. We finished it all--plot, gags and some of the sub-titles in about half an hour. It has always made me laugh to go into the big studios in Hollywood where a scenario writer is allowed five weeks to make the first rough draft of a story.

Dorothy needed a leading man; so we sent for James Rennie whom Dorothy and I had jointly discovered on the coast. It was to be a real romance as well as a screen one and Bobbie Harron--who was still alive then--faded out of Dorothy's life.

Lillian showed herself a great director in that comedy. They wanted her to go and direct other pictures. She declined. She said that she would never direct another one--the worry would make lines in her face. Lillian always discussed her beauty with the calm matter-of-factness of a plumber talking about a pipe wrench that helped him in his business.

In that picture, Dorothy discovered a girl who had a long screen career afterward. I had been to a studio dinner at the home of Jimmie Abbey, the stage photographer. The one other guest was a little French girl named Pauline Garon--then working in a stage play--just out of a Montreal convent.

I took her over to the office to meet Dorothy who engaged her on the spot.

"Legs like hers," said Dorothy, "ought not to be lost to the world."

Oddly enough Mr. Griffith engaged Mr. Lowell Sherman as the star villain in "Way Down East" and started him on the screen career in which he was to meet Miss Garon. They were afterward married and divorced.

All kinds of actors, since famous, used to come to the studio. There was one little girl whose name I have forgotten. She had just joined the Follies and used to tell us about them. She was a Southern girl of distinguished family and breeding. She said the reason the Follies girls never lasted more than a few seasons was that they ate themselves out of jobs. She told us of one Follies star who always went out to a big dinner with some John. Then right after the show she went out to a big supper. To fill the terrible gap of two hours between these meals, she had lunches sent to her dressing room. Her bill for these snacks was about forty dollars a week.

She told us also that while Nickie Arnstein was a fugitive from justice (ostensibly) he used to come to the show every night with his wife, Fannie Brice, and sit in her dressing room. He wore the very obvious disguise of a colored maid. She said every policeman in New York knew perfectly well he was there.

One girl who used to come to see us with her husband, was Florence Vidor. She was always in nervous terror for fear she would disturb Mr. Griffith by standing on the sets.

Another was Louise Fazenda. I invited Louise to have luncheon with Mr. Griffith. That usually witty and brilliant young woman never opened her mouth.

"Well, say," she retorted indignantly, when I taxed her with not having

done her stuff, "do you think if a child suddenly found Santa Claus sitting on the hearth rug with him on Christmas morning, he would have much to say?"

The hardest picture Griffith ever did was "Dream Street." Carol Dempster was inexperienced and had to be made into an actress. Ralph Graves was eager but a green actor. He had to unlearn many crude ways. It was a terrible ordeal for Griffith.

One of the difficulties was in finding an actor to take the part of Graves' younger brother. Nearly every prominent juvenile-lead in New York was tried out--and flopped. While they were waiting for the next one to come out and flop, Griffith used to press into service a good natured prop boy, to rehearse the part. His name was Charles Mack. He would hang his carpenter's hammer in the loop of his overalls and act the part. Then he would go back and move the chairs around into their places. In the end--to the prop boy's utter bewilderment--Griffith told him to play the part.

It was the beginning of a successful screen career--which ended in a fatal automobile accident when Mack was riding out to location in Riverside, California.

Mack's wife was a lovely young Italian girl, whom he had met by chance on a train as he commuted in and out of New York. She was left almost destitute by his death. They got up a benefit for her in Hollywood and a tender-hearted treasurer stole the money and decamped.

They say that words suggest the idea, but "Romance" did not suggest the idea. That picture was one long tale of grief.

Doris Keane had starred in that lovely and appealing play for--three years in New York and five years in London. Naturally it was expected that on the screen it would be a riot. It was far from such.

Miss Keane's director was Chet Withey. They got along with all the sweet dulcet harmony of a black dog and a monkey. When Chet would tell her what to do, Miss Keane, who was a woman of great power and dignity, would fix him with a glare and say, "Young man, are you aware that I played this part for three years in New York and five years in London? Kindly do not try to tell me how to act it."

I have seen the same thing happen in at least two other instances. Miss Laurette Taylor resented being told how to act Peg O' My Heart. She told me by the way that the success of this amazing record-breaking play was a complete surprise to her and to her husband Hartley Manners, who wrote it. She said that she was playing in a California stock company and a manuscript failed to arrive from New York. Hartley just threw this play together, never imagining it would more than last the week.

Another star who ruined herself was Nazimova. When she first went into pictures, she was going great guns. But one day she looked into a camera finder and was lost. After that she tried to tell the director what to do; and that was the finish of a brilliant career. She was so sure of herself that she pushed all the producers away and--with her own money--made an "art" version of "Salome."

Her art director who planned the "new art" sets was Natacha Rambova, who married Valentino. She made another art one while married to Rudy called "What Price Beauty." It wrecked Rudolph's bank account and their marriage.

Ince had made many famous stars; but the only one of particular note in the studio at the time was Madge Bellamy. In some ways she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen then--or have ever seen since. And she was just about as easy to manage as a flock of young turkeys.

She had one of the most horrifying escapes from death I have ever seen.

It was an animal romance in which Miss Bellamy was cast as a circus rider and animal trainer. She had to work with an elephant named Minnie. Minnie was--and is--a perfect love. A child can handle her.

In this scene, Miss Bellamy had to lie down at full length between Minnie's front feet and Minnie was to sit down on her haunches like a big dog. Something went hay wire and a drunken trainer gave the wrong signal. Minnie was ordered to lie down flat, which of course would have crushed Madge Bellamy to death. The old girl trumpeted and weaved from side to side in protest. But the cruel jabber went into her ear as the drunken fool repeated the order for her to lie flat.

Miss Bellamy told me that she felt the great bulk of several tons

settling down on top of her; and gave up her life for lost. Suddenly a long snakey trunk fastened itself about Madge's body and she felt herself thrown out to the front like an old hat. She was badly bruised but Minnie had saved her life.

Two of the stars who had been with Ince were out on their own--trying to make their own pictures--Bill Hart and Charlie Ray. Both ended in tragedy.

Bill Hart's is a long, complicated story. Charlie Ray was wrecked by overambition. I knew what was going to happen to Charlie when he made "The Courtship of Miles Standish." He was surrounded by "Yes" men. They all sat at a long luncheon table and when Charlie made a joke they cracked their ribs laughing. If some one interrupted him by mistake they all glared at him in horror. Naturally the picture was a flop that broke Charlie Ray hopelessly and irrevocably. Which was a pity. Lubitsch says he was one of the finest actors America ever produced.

In the next installment, Lubitsch finds Pola Negri, and I help to make a great but ill-fated picture--Abraham Lincoln

Part 5

The year I returned from New York to Hollywood was the year of the "foreign invasion"--when stars and directors poured in from Europe.

It brought me two new friends, who were among the most interesting and extraordinary characters I have ever known--Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch.

Pola has known life in every phase--the highest and the lowest--yet she remains as naive and direct as a child. I made a friend of her by panning the tar out of her in a newspaper.

Pola arrived in Hollywood as arrogant as a newly rich bootlegger's bride. She was pretty awful. One of the first articles printed about her in Los Angeles failed to please her regal fancy. Imperiously summoning the studio publicity man, she said, "Send for the newspaper critics. I am going to tell them what I think of them."

The publicity director let the fact filter through to her cosmic

consciousness that the critics might be like the spirits of the Vasty Deep. She might summon them; but would they come? She found that they wouldn't.

When Pola was shown over the Paramount studio for the first time, she saw a bungalow dressing room--the first of such elegancies that Hollywood had known.

"What is that?" she demanded.

"A dressing room," said the producer nervously.

"Whose dressing room?"

"Gloria Swanson's."

"Who is she?"

"Who--um--er--she is one of our greatest stars."

"Get me a dressing room just like it," ordered Pola briefly.

They had to throw the whole scenario department out of their quarters to obey the edict.

She and Gloria--as was inevitable--promptly "mixed it." It might have been over anything. It happened to be over cats. Pola was superstitious about cats.

"Take those cats out of the studio or I refuse to act," said Pola.

"Leave those cats in the studio or I refuse to act," said Gloria. It was finally settled by a frenzied compromise.

Pola did not like the stories they gave her. At that time the mania in all the studios was for pure heroines. They even tried to purify her as the heroine of Robert Hichen's "The Garden of Allah." Pola had brains enough to realize what it was going to do to her. One day she had an attack of screaming tantrums on the set. "I won't do it," she cried. "I don't want to be beautiful. I don't want to be sweet. I want to act."

At length Pola got to the place where she needed sitting upon. I let her have it with both barrels in a newspaper. It tamed her at once. The first time I met her after that savage "roast," she came up with gracious sweetness. "Let us forget it," she said. "It belongs to our past."

One day we took a long automobile ride out through the country. She told me, among other things, that she had had so much bitter sorrow in her

life that she would not be able to endure going on except for one thing. She believed in reincarnation, and consoled herself that she was paying some debt, wiping out the sins of some past life by her present suffering. In the next life, she would have happiness.

I liked Pola. She was a brilliant woman with the eager interest of a child. She peppered you with questions. "When you were at the war front in Germany how did you manage without speaking the language? Were the officers arrogant? How many prisoners did you see? How did you get your articles home?"

There was no bunk about Pola. I sat in a projection room one day with her. Every time she saw herself in a good scene she frankly applauded with naive delight. I asked her what was the best scene she had ever acted. She said it was in "Gypsy Blood" where she told Don Jose that if he didn't like the way she lived, he could get out--and there was the door. "And," she added, "that was one of the best scenes anybody ever acted."

Norma Talmadge is a great booster for Pola. She told me that the best acting she ever saw on the screen was in that same picture.

I once asked Charlie Chaplin what he considered to be the best acting he ever did in his life. He said it was in "The Gold Rush," where he thought the girl on the balcony was flirting with him, then found it was somebody else she was vamping.

Pola's diversions were going to fortune tellers and having love affairs. There was a famous crystal gazer at Santa Monica whom she consulted every day of her life, until he guessed wrong on her love affair with Rudolph Valentino.

Her first great passion in this country was Charlie Chaplin; it was the only affair of the heart that didn't cost him anything. Charlie was interviewed by a Los Angeles newspaper. He said he did not think he would marry Pola because she might prove to be too expensive. Pola did not appreciate the joke and sent his presents back.

With great glee Pola told me the sequel. The manager of the studio begged her to let Charlie come to her house to square himself. She

consented.

"When he came up the walk," said Pola, "he was accompanied by the manager of the studio; and a herd of reporters and newspaper camera men. I fled upstairs to my bedroom. Finding me gone, Charlie wept on the shoulder of the manager. I happened to look out of my window and saw the newspaper men all lined up, taking in the weeping through the open window. I refused to go down to take part in the free show. Finally Charlie burst into my bedroom--alone this time. I was very angry until I saw his nose all red from crying. He looked so funny I had to laugh, and then of course I could not stay mad. I had to forgive him.

A bewildering succession of suitors followed that affair. Rudolph Valentino fairly galloped into her heart.

One day, talking to a young actor who happened to be the current swain, I suggested that we go to lunch together. "I think I have an engagement for luncheon," he said. "Pola seems to be making mighty preparations in her bungalow."

An hour later, I met him, grinning but rueful. "She called me in," he said, "but not to luncheon. She pointed over to a corner of the room and said, 'Anthony, I now love him'."

The gentleman thus elevated to high romance was Valentino!

Just before his fatal illness I said to her one day, "Pola you look so lovely everything must be O. K. with you."

"Business--very good; love--very bad," she said. She had quarreled with Rudolph!

A state secret--which I doubt if Pola ever knew herself--was that her heart-broken trip across the continent to Valentino's death bed and her subsequent mourning, was encouraged by some wise-cracking film magnates who wanted to keep the affair on the front pages of the newspapers long enough to hustle out some of Valentino's most famous pictures.

One of the most courageous things I have ever known was Mary Pickford's bringing Lubitsch from Germany to direct her in "Rosita." The first German pictures since the war had just been shown in Los Angeles. The police had

had to fight the mob which wanted to tear down the theater. In the face of that, Mary announced that her next picture would be made with the most famous director in Germany.

Lubitsch arrived--scared, nervous, depressed--very much a stranger in a strange land. I think I was one of the first friends he made her. He is one of the most charming and lovable men I have ever known--in a studio or outside.

He is one of the most infallible judges of pictures I have ever known. When I was stuck in my work as a critic I used to go to him.

One of the times I was stuck was when Douglas Fairbanks made "The Thief of Bagdad." There was something the matter with it and I simply couldn't tell what it was.

Lubitsch took me off behind the laboratory. "Confidential?" he stipulated, pronouncing it "Gonfee-denshaw! Jess?"

"Sure, confidential," I said.

"It is those beautiful sets which cost him so much money. Bagdad, she should ought to be all queer musty smells. Jess? How you going to make audiences think it is musty with those so bootifool white sets? No?"

In one of his early American pictures Lubitsch plumped Clara Bow on to the map. She had been hanging around Hollywood quite a while, but nobody took her seriously. She was just a little mad-cap. The directors liked to have her around--not for what she did in the pictures, but for what she did on the sets. She kept the stars good-natured with her antics. Lubitsch saw at once what she had. This time he took me around behind the scenery. "Dos leetle girl with all that foolishnesses--she vill be one of the greatest stars pictures has ever known." [2]

Clara told me, only the other day, that everything she knows about acting she learned from Lubitsch in that picture. "Before that," she said, "I spread it on too thick. When I winked in a picture I all but cracked my eyelids. He showed me that there was really more wink in a little wink."

Somewhere around this time I was drawn--by a set of curious circumstances, into a company that was making "Abraham Lincoln."

It was there that I first met Frances Marion and her husband, the late Fred Thomson, who were to become my closest friends.

One day the Rockett brothers, who were producing the picture, came out to her house with a man to play Lincoln. He looked exactly like him; it was an astounding experience to plan a play about Abe Lincoln with Abe Lincoln sitting there. The man's name was Billings. He said he had once been on the stage. As I remember, he had been the hind legs of a prop mule.

He had an astonishing view of the ancient art of acting. One day he and I went to lunch, and he told me of his life's ambition which was to become a contractor and builder. "Of course," he said, "you can't get one of them jobs right off; so I might have to keep on acting for a while."

I reminded him that he was considered an acting genius. "Huh," he snorted scornfully. "You know why I am a good actor, Mister? Because I am a failure in life. Do you think that anybody who hadn't been licked by life could let some feller tell him, 'Now you are sad; cry,' and leak tears all over the place? And then say, 'Now you're happy; smile,' and turn it on to order?"

He gave one of the greatest performances in the history of the screen. It was naturally to be supposed that it would lead to fame, fortune and stardom. It was his finish. He looked too much like Lincoln. No casting director can steel himself to the point of asking Abraham Lincoln to act the part of a gangster in a tough saloon.

It would seem to be some distance from Lincoln to Baby Peggy but I worked with that illustrious infant next. I was studio manager or something for Sol Lesser, who had made a young fortune starring Jackie Coogan, and was trying to do the same thing with Baby Peggy.

I mention this experience only that I may comment upon an eccentricity of the American theater-going public. They make fortunes for little-boy stars of the screen--Wesley Barry, Junior Coghlan, Jackie Coogan, Ben Alexander, and the little fellow who played with Al Jolson, but they turn up their noses at little-girl stars. [3]

There has never been a girl infant prodigy on the screen who got to

first base. On the speaking stage it is just the reverse. They adore little girls but will have none of little boys. Mary Pickford, Elsie Janis, Helen Hayes, Della Fox, Lillian and Dorothy Gish--all won fame as child actresses. If you can figure this out, the crossword puzzle belongs to you.

My time at this studio was not, of course, taken up exclusively with Baby Peggy. We were making a picture from one of the novels of Harold Bell Wright. I had known him many years before when he was a green country circuit-riding preacher, just beginning to write unsophisticated novels. I took him to the first vaudeville show he had ever seen. It was one of those terrible bills that make shivers crawl down your spine, and suggest to you the propriety of laying for the actors at the stage entrance with a club, to kill them as they come out. Mr. Wright was simply entranced and wanted to go again the next night.

He was hard to work with in later years. His opinion of the film business was about forty degrees below zero. Try as I might, I couldn't figure the motive that lay behind the hero of "When a Man's a Man." We asked Mr. Wright and, after some embarrassment, he confessed that he couldn't remember the motive himself.

While making the picture, we discovered a new star. One day I saw a little extra girl in a one-reel prize-fight picture and persuaded Mr. Lesser to send for her.

She said her name was Grizelda Gotten. With the exception of Lucille Langhanke, this was the most unpromising name I had ever heard for screen purposes.

Miss Langhanke changed her name to Mary Astor; we changed Miss Gotten's for her to June Marlowe. She proved to be one of the most charming girls I have ever worked with in any studio, although like Fay Wray, Carol Dempster and several others, her great problem at first was to learn to let herself go. [4]

Baby Peggy was a nice little girl--about like nine million other nice little girls. She was a wreck and calamity as a screen star.

Miss Peggy and I parted without mutual sorrow and I was loaned to the

Norma Talmadge company to help Constance and Norma make a couple of pictures. I must have been a glowing inspiration. They were the two worst pictures either of them ever made.

Norma's was that desert thing--"Song of Love," in which she tried to be a wild desert Bedouin dressed up like a Follies star.

Joe Schildkraut was her leading man. The wild Sahara sheik who did all the rough riding in that picture was a girl--wrapped up in an Arab sheet.

When Joe was introduced to her he kissed her hand in the usual foreign way. To him, it was just saying, "Howdy do? How's your grandmother?" She never had had her hand kissed before and her immediate ambition was to shoot him. Finding this was not etiquette, she spent her leisure hours plotting what she would do with him when she got him on a horse.

Her most brilliant plan, as I remember, to get him on a horse (she owned all the horses used in the picture) that would buck him off on the edge of a precipice. To her great disgust, Joe declined to mount any horse.

At that time, Norma had one of the most promising love affairs I have ever witnessed--with her own husband. We all used to have lunch together in the bungalow--Joe, Norma, sometimes Constance and Buster Keaton.

Every time Norma made a little joke, you would have thought Mark Twain was talking. "Oh, Daddy, I want to do it that way," from Norma was enough to knock the director's best laid plans sky-highing. Since then this romance has gone glimmering like many others.

The picture Constance made at that time was terrible. She experienced the mortification of having an actress in a minor part walk away with it. Zasu Pitts was the girl. As an actress Zasu is so original, adroit and finished that all she needs is to get one foot in through the door. [5]

Mickey Neilan discovered her through a lark.

Mickey was directing Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris." It became necessary to find a little girl who looked exactly like Mary for one of the scenes.

Mickey happened to be going through the casting office when he saw Zasu waiting hungrily outside. Zasu was a gorgeous little girl when she grew up,

but at that time, she was a homely, skinny, scrawny, underfed woe-begone child. She looked like a famine waiting for somewhere to light.

Mickey seized upon her, and took her in to Mary Pickford. "Here is your double, Mary," he said. Everyone yelled with laughter; and the little girl ran away.

Frances Marion found her crying her heart out. "Now look what you've done, Mickey Neilan," she said indignantly.

Of course, that was enough for Mickey's tender Irish heart. He made a bully part for her in the picture; and Zasu began a brilliant career.

An almost identical thing made Wesley Barry a boy star. Mickey was making a picture in which there was a kid circus scene. He had found this little freckled boy, the son of a corner grocer. He tried to make the boy do a loop-the-loop in a toy express wagon, spilled him, and nearly broke his head in two.

With instant inspiration, Mickey sent a prop boy for a little plug hat; a tiny whip; and a pair of little top boots. Before Wesley had stopped crying, he found himself a ringmaster.

None of these boys survive the gawky age in pictures. The last I heard of Wesley Barry, he was married to a nice girl, a good deal older than himself, and living on a little ranch across the street from a week-end place I have at Tujunga, fifteen miles out of Los Angeles.

Later I met another girl who might have been one of the great stars of the screen, Lucille Ricksen. She died just as she was coming into prominence. It is an open secret that her death was the foundation for Jim Tully's scorching novel, "Jarnegan."

In hoarse whispers any one will tell who the villain of Jarnegan was, but no two hoarse whispers agree. Anyhow it made Mr. Tully about as popular in Hollywood as a Hopi Indian is at a Navajo ceremonial dance.

About this time Madame Elinor Glyn drifted into Hollywood. There have been hundreds of high-priced authors in subjection in Hollywood studios, from Gertrude Atherton to Sir Gilbert Parker. Very few of them have made good. Madame Glyn was one of the very few.

She was a good sport. You could pan her in the papers until your typewriter caught fire, but she never let on that she read it. She always went to all the parties and danced with the young sheiks. One time I asked her if she was intending to give Hollywood its first grand romance.

"Romance?" she said. "My dear Mr. Carr, you forget I am a grandmother."

Elinor discovered two big stars--Jack Gilbert and Aileen Pringle. No matter what they tell you, no one realized Jack Gilbert until Mrs. Glyn used him in that gorgeous Cossack uniform in "His Hour."

I remember going to one of the parties at which Mrs. Glyn shone. They played charades, and tickets could have been sold for the performance in the open market at one hundred dollars a seat.

These were the actors: Charlie Chaplin, his then wife, Lita Chaplin, Marion Davies, Jack Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Joseph Hergesheimer, the novelist, Howard Chandler Christie, the artist, King Vidor, Eleanor Boardman, Mrs. Glyn.

Charlie Chaplin gave an imitation of Napoleon so striking that he has ever since had a yen to put on a picture of Napoleon and Josephine. At one time, he and Pola Negri had such a project--seriously. I suppose every one knows Charlie has a Napoleon complex and has busts of the Little Corporal all over his house. I imagine, at that, there was a good deal of Charlie Chaplin in the late General Bonaparte.

Among the foreigners who came to Hollywood at this time was Mauritz Stiller who had been making some corking pictures in Sweden. He brought with him a little bedraggled, sad, thin, shabby, tired-looking girl. He said that her name was Greta Garbo and he wanted to get a job for her.

The enthusiasm of the producers was about equal to that of a shop girl, waiting on a lady customer who is trying to match seventeen ribbons at ten minutes before 5 p.m. But they gave her a job: had to.

Stiller was a failure in Hollywood. The producers broke his heart. He want back to his native land--licked. Nothing more was heard of him in Hollywood until word came of his death.

Garbo went back to Sweden when he died. I had a letter from Sweden

telling me of a pathetic, silent, ignored little figure who went back there to pay him the last tribute of her tears. No one recognized her.

A strange, sardonic character--Garbo. One day she came to a garden party given by one of the big guns of Hollywood. The other girls looked like a Paris fashion show. Garbo had on a pair of boy's shoes and a boy's overcoat, from the sleeves of which her thin wrists thrust pathetically. She wandered away to the riding stables. She was standing in the corral, looking at the sunset when her hostess joined her. "Say," said Garbo suddenly. "Do you know what I like? I like to smell horses and look at sunsets."

Jack Gilbert's pursuit of Garbo was the sentimental sensation of Hollywood for years. I think Jack got an enormous kick out of being a broken-hearted, rejected lover. When the reporters rushed to tell Garbo of Jack's sudden marriage to Miss Ina Claire, she sniffed and said, "Yeah?"

So many events come crowding in that I can only mention them in passing. One is still discussed with furious indignation.

One day Sam Goldwyn returned from Europe with a little Hungarian girl he had found in Budapest; her name was Vilma Banky. I was invited to a dinner to meet her. Sitting opposite me at the long table was a frightened, shabby young girl. All the other girls gleamed with scarlet lips; but hers were pale and colorless. I addressed one remark in her general direction. "Here is Hollywood," I said. "They invite you to meet a celebrity and she never appears." The girl looked at me with sad, reproachful eyes and looked down again at her plate. I found out afterward I had been talking to Vilma Banky. She was the ugly duckling who was to turn into the beautiful swan."

Two other girl stars came to the front under interesting circumstances along in this period.

The Lasky company had decided to make "Peter Pan." About every girl in Hollywood was considered for the part. Lillian Gish and Bessie Love seemed to be in the lead for the honor. In the test that she made in Long Island, Lillian appeared in tights for the first time before a camera. To the astonishment of every one, an unknown girl--Betty Bronson got the part, but she never got another real chance.

The other girl of whom I am thinking is Mary Philbin. Von Stroheim dug her out of a line of extra girls for one of his early days--"The Merry Go Round," I believe. At his suggestion I went out to interview her. It was a funny interview. Mary was so scared I thought she was going to faint. She sat on the edge of her chair and never raised her eyes. When I asked her a question, she replied in a little faint frightened voice, "Yes Sir," or, "No, Sir."

"The Merry Go Round" was one of the hilarious chapters of Hollywood. Von Stroheim was fired from his job in the middle of a scene and Rupert Julian was made director. With some chagrin, Rupert told me of his adventures. Having taken over the megaphone, he walked over to an actor on the set and introduced himself.

"May I ask your name?" The actor replied he was Norman Kerry. "I trust, Mr. Kerry, that we shall get on well together," was Rupert's diplomatic beginning. Norman's shoulders began to heave. "I--I loved him so," he said, beginning to cry.

He then passed to Mary Philbin who began to boo hoo at the top of her voice.

In the next chapter I am going to tell about "Old Ironsides" and its adventures; working with Von Stroheim in the tumultuous Wedding March; and my experiences in the De Mille studios.

Part 6

Looking back over my long years in the film colony, these seem to be the high spots:

The best picture I have ever seen was "The Birth of a Nation." It had the best theme, the most stirring action, the greatest dramatic situations.

The best single scene I have ever seen done by a man was the return of the "Little Colonel" (Henry Walthall) in that picture.

The best one by a woman was Lillian Gish in the closet scene in "Broken Blossoms." This because her terror was always that of a child.

The best single moment I have seen on the screen, by a woman, was Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise"--where the Czarina gives that deadly look at the officers who are bursting with laughter because a green young lieutenant has toasted her as a pure woman.

The best single moment I have seen a man do was when Sessue Hayakawa gave Fannie Ward the dirty look in "The Cheat."

The greatest artist I have seen in Hollywood is Charlie Chaplin; he is by long odds the greatest satirist in any of the seven arts of his generation.

The one star who has preserved his head and kept his Lindbergh modesty is Harold Lloyd.

The most consistently good actor in Hollywood is Jean Hersholt.

The most striking personality is Von Stroheim.

The luckiest--and sweetest--is Colleen Moore.

The wittiest is Dorothy Mackaill.

The soundest mentality is Louise Fazenda.

The most beautiful is Florence Vidor.

The most temperamental is Jetta Goudal.

The most thoroughly disillusioned is--the writer.

Nothing short of a world revolution will ever again bring so much wealth and such sweeping power into the hands of so many men of humble origin as the movies have.

Napoleon was a piker by comparison. He changed the boundaries of Europe; but he did not set the pattern for the thoughts, words and actions of the world--from flappers' clothes to farm methods and table manners. The movie magnates alone have done that.

I have come into intimate contact with all the men of this amazing group.

"Uncle Carl" Laemmle, of the great Universal Film Co., is an amiable little fellow who watches the world go by with inquisitive interest. He thinks of his millions of film fans as cash customers and figuratively chucks

all the children under the chin and takes an interest in all the family quarrels.

Joe Schenck, of United Artists, is dictatorial and tenderhearted, ruthless and affectionate. He can wreck a rival film company without mercy--and yet be really distressed because little Camilla Horn hadn't a fur coat to wear to her first Hollywood party. Schenck started as a drug clerk.

Louis B. Mayer is brilliant, violent and soft-hearted. He rose by sheer force and brains. He gets a kick out of seeing actors cringe before him--and admires those who don't.

Irving Thalberg, "the young Napoleon of the films," was the head of a cotton exporting firm at twenty. He is hard-boiled and a brilliant analyst; motion pictures are just cotton bales to him.

The Warner Brothers do not take themselves very seriously, in spite of their millions. They play with life as though it were a roulette wheel.

I once had an unusual opportunity to "get" the psychology of three of the film giants.

It was in Washington, during the summer of 1925. I was browsing around the Division of Archives and Records in the Navy Department, while waiting to go on a yachting trip with the Secretary of the Navy who was an old friend of mine. One of the officers brought me a little old weather-beaten, water-stained volume about the size of a ten-cent memorandum book. It was the log book of the U. S. frigate Constitution--"Old Ironsides." The navy was at that time planning to send out an appeal to the school children of the United States for money to save the old hulk that was then rotting in the Boston Navy Yard.

Later, on returning to New York, I found that the Paramount Company was trying to find an epic story to follow "The Covered Wagon." I suggested "Old Ironside."

Sidney R. Kent stopped me before I was through telling him about it. He said, "Any picture that has twenty million school children financially interested in the chief 'prop' is good enough for me."

Adolph Zukor's eyes filled when I told him about the gallantry of

Stephen Decatur. "It is a very affecting story," he said, in his gentle abashed way.

Jesse L. Lasky was about equally impressed by the fact that I had told the whole story on half a sheet of paper and by the toast of Stephen Decatur: "My country--may she always be right; but, right or wrong--my country." Which, by the way, is some philosophy!

As a picture, "Old Ironsides" was a financial failure. This was partly due to a weak story; partly to bad luck with the weather--twenty-one days without sunshine at an expense of \$25,000 a day, and with a fleet of fourteen ships loafing around Catalina.

I had nothing to do with the production. About that time, Von Stroheim began working on "The Wedding March." At his request I was detailed to help him finish the story and to supervise the production.

It was a wild experience. Von and I began to write the story at La Jolla in a summer cottage; we finished it in Pat Powers' mansion at Flint Ridge. If there was any variety of heebiejeebees to which I was not a witness, then somebody forgot to put it in the book. Von is a lovable and charming fellow; but with all his great genius, he is a spoiled child.

There came a certain Saturday. We had to deliver the story on the following Wednesday. It was not half done. Von suddenly discovered that his life was ruined; that he couldn't write plays anyhow. He swore he wouldn't write another line. He was going back to Lake Tahoe and be a boatman again. Nothing that I could say would dissuade him.

Finally I said: "Von, if you're through with this play, can I have it?" "Certainly," he answered, with a stiff Austrian army bow, clicking his heels. "All right then; sign this." I wrote out a formal assignment of all the rights to his play. He signed it without the slightest hesitation and his secretary signed it as a witness.

I then retired to my room and began banging on the typewriter. Presently Von came wandering in like a lonely little boy and lay on my bed. He always carried a big cavalry sabre when writing, and now he lay there on my bed making cuts with his snicker-snee: "Right cut!" "Left cut!" "Right

cut against Infantry!"

Presently he inquired in a small, meek voice, "What are you doing?"

"Writing my play," I replied with a very large accent on the "my." As a matter of fact, I was industriously and furiously writing "X.Y.Z.X.Y.Z. X.Y.Z."

After a while he asked with an embarrassed cough, "What scene are you doing now?"

"Von," I snapped, "how can I write this play if you keep interrupting me?"

"Excuse me," he said faintly.

Finally I relented and let him come in on it.

Von Stroheim is a slow worker. He has a regular pace at which he writes--so many scenes a day. That night--between five o'clock in the afternoon and seven o'clock the next morning--I made him do fourteen days' work. We finished the story.

When we had breakfast that afternoon, he glared at his plate of ham and eggs sourly and observed: "It's a pity that America ever had a civil war."

"Why?"

"Because," he growled, "I know who would have been a better slave-driver than Simon Legree!"

I have worked with a lot of people in the movies. Some of them were four-flushers; some were brilliant. But I have never known any other with the prodigal genius of Von Stroheim. That is what wrecked his career. He couldn't be poured into the movie mold.

When he was making "Greed" I saw him waste a whole day calling an actor names because the Thespian objected to standing up in front of a wall while a professional knife-thrower tossed a razor-sharp Bowie within half an inch of his neck. To show him how safe it was, Von pinned up an ace of spades and had the knife-thrower use it as a target. The knife artist missed by half a mile. But that didn't convince Von that the actor wasn't an ungrateful dog.

"The Wedding March" produced a new star. Von wanted to use Mary Philbin for the part of Mitzi, but he couldn't get her. He tried Mary Brian, but was

not enthusiastic. Finally he picked Fay Wray from a photograph and gave her the part without seeing her.

One of the normal events of that picture was for Miss Wray to be led off the sets in hysterics. On one occasion, Von became indignant because the young lady did not leak tears in proper profusion. He said she had no heart; he would see if she had any emotions in her stomach. Thereupon he made her eat half a bottle of those fiery little Mexican chilis!

Von stormed and raved at all of them; but they adored him. They realized that--after the suffering was over--their reputations would be made.

Von was always broken-hearted by the end of the day, at the thought that he might have hurt their feelings.

One day he was making a scene in an imitation hail storm on a "prop" mountain and that day housewives at all points west of Denver, Colorado, called in vain upon their grocers for pearl tapioca. None was to be had in any hotel or any store. Von had cornered the market; bought all the pearl tapioca in the West. He insisted that nothing else would bounce like hail stones--and he "just hadda have hail that would bounce!" As I remember it, he had five tons of that delectable dessert. It bounced wonderfully.

"The Wedding March" will go down in movie history as one of the great unfinished symphonies. After it had been running a year, the Lasky Company, in despair, stopped it. That part which the public finally saw was intended only as the part to come before the intermission.

My next motion picture connection was with Cecil B. De Mille. I went to his studio as a supervisor and writer.

I will be frank about De Mille. He is the only man in pictures I never could fathom. I had known him with a certain degree of intimacy for years; but the closer I got to him the less I knew him.

It is a tradition of Hollywood that everyone has to say "Yes" to De Mille. One of the stock jokes of the film colony tells how Nita Naldi came late to rehearsal one day. She made a deep salaam to him--sitting in the midst of his admiring company--and said: "YES, Mr. De Mille." Yet, on the other hand, I have never known anyone to accept hard criticism more

graciously.

The first time I remember seeing De Mille, he was making a big scene from "Joan the Woman" in which Geraldine Farrar was starred. Geraldine was a good sport with not too many grand opera airs.

That day a herald with a trumpet went round the studio announcing regally that "The Chief" was about to take one of his big scenes, and that the hoi polloi might attend. Preparatory to the scene, Mr. De Mille viewed the set through a frame made of his hands to get the perspective--as artists do.

Doug Fairbanks was working in that same studio at that time. He and Bull Montana put a kitchen chair out in the middle of a bare set and walked around it, imitating De Mille--getting the perspective. The joke was not appreciated.

Before every picture, De Mille would assemble his whole staff to hear the story. The audience numbered perhaps fifty--actors, technical experts and the like. De Mille read the play aloud. Then, without giving you time to think, he demanded your frank reaction.

I always told him the truth. If I hadn't quite made up my mind. I told him it was punk--on general principles. He always took it like a sport.

With Rod La Rocque, Lupe Velez and Jetta Goudal, the De Mille studio was hot with tantrums. Jetta was the proprietor of the grandest temperament in Hollywood. Her Dutch blood gave her a blind obstinacy; her Javanese ancestors contributed a diabolical finesse and subtlety. She did not rave. She argued. In a slow patient way she would argue a director into emotional insanity. I remember one foreign director who rushed off the set--almost into my embrace. "That woman," he shrieked. "She is worser as ten lions!"

Jessa was making a picture called "Three Faces East" under the direction of Rupert Julian, of "Merry Go Round" fame. They had a row that lasted a week over a dress. He had a blue regal affair made for her. She wanted to wear a gown of simple white. Driven almost frantic, he shouted at length: "You are going to wear the BLUE ONE; you can't have a WHITE ONE!"

Jetta bowed herself out with quiet dignity. The next day when the

cameras were ready and the lights were set, the director called for Miss Goudal. With magnificent serenity, she came out--in a white dress. She had sat up all night and made it herself. She wore it.

"Why, Mr. Carr," said Jetta reproachfully, "I am not obstinate. It is they who are obstinate; I am right."

'Sa fact. Two thirds of the time Jetta WAS right. She was intellectual, keen and artistic.

Lupe Velez was not an entire stranger to me--although she didn't know it. I had been in Mexico a good deal and knew of her reputation on the West Coast, where she had been a belle of the cafes. I was prepared for surprises. I got them.

Both Lupe and Jetta moved over to the Griffith studio to take part in a little French picture. They say that two tigers, on being put into one cage, will advance upon each other but will never fight. One will stare the other down, and the vanquished one will slink back into his corner, thereafter to surrender the best piece of horsemeat to the victor. I am now in a position to announce that this is an error. What tigers say to each other is something fierce. And neither one ever gives in.

Lupe, I think, won the fight when she appeared on the program of a public preview of one of the Warner Brothers pictures and gave an imitation of Jetta being upstage, for the edification of the packed house.

That wasn't all; Lupe out-gamed Griffith. This is a little secret. Griffith's method is to acquire complete domination over every actress. If he can't accomplish this complete surrender of will in any other way, he wears them down physically.

He started in with Lupe early one morning. From breakfast time on, he put her through hard, difficult close-up scenes. When noon came, Griffith was tired; the camera man was plumb tuckered out, but Lupe was frolicking around. They went through the whole afternoon, and ended staggering on their feet--all except Lupe. Late that night--after midnight--Griffith fairly collapsed in his chair. His face was white and drawn; his voice was sagging with utter weariness. For a moment he stopped, and in the pause, Lupe leaped

up and said to the exhausted orchestra: "Play some jazz; I want dance." [6]

I used to ask Lupe about her love affairs.

"I don't got no beaux," she insisted. "I flirt but I don't love nobody."

And then she fell head over heels in love with Gary Cooper--and fairly megaphoned it to the world. In all my years in Hollywood I have seen no other romance as frank and unabashed--except the one between Joan Crawford and young Doug Fairbanks.

The latter was a strange romance. Joan was a little ex-chorus girl who had known hunger and disillusionment and bitterness. Doug is utterly unsophisticated--a dreamer and a poet. Joan took him in hand with the fierce protection of a wild mother. She keeps his poems in a little locked diary--copied in her own angular hand.

Joan was one of the very few stars discovered during this phase of the movies--Joan, Anita Page, Alice White, Janet Gaynor and perhaps a few others.

The truth is, a singular thing was happening. Instead of discovering new stars, they were re-discovering old ones.

Perhaps the most sensational of these instances was the re-arrival of Phyllis Haver. After leaving the Sennett bathing pool, she had been hanging around Hollywood for years. She became famous in a single scene--in the first episode of "What Price Glory"--where she jilted the United State army and announced her engagement to the Marine Corps.

Another girl dragged out of the scrap heap was Marie Prevost. She was never under suspicion of being anything greater than a bathing girl until Lubitsch suddenly found her; and then she became a star.

Perhaps the most striking instance of all was the case of Betty Compson. She had slipped so badly as a star that she had slid out of pictures entirely. She had married Jimmie Cruze and was resignedly managing her house. The reason was not mysterious in her case; Betty was a punk actress. She had two facial expressions--the meaning of which was not clear--even to Betty. I don't know what happened to her in her home in Flintridge. Anyhow, she came back to the screen a new Betty. She came back in a small part in a

picture at the Universal in which Mary Philbin starred. No one remembers Mary. Betty stole the picture. [7]

I am rather inclined to think that those Cinderella days of the screen are over.

The majority of stars now coming to the screen are women of established reputation on the stage--notably Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton. They will never have the same hold on the public. Little girls will never burn candles in front of their pictures, nor old ladies send them sweet letters. They will be thought of only as skilled artists.

Hal Roach, the producer, became a millionaire because, while working as a forest ranger, he happened to see a thrown-away Sunday supplement describing a studio and went to visit it on a day when the director needed somebody to play faro.

I have seen women like Maude George achieve artistic triumphs as she did in "Foolish Wives"--and then never be able to get work.

Mary Pickford once told me that the strain of getting to the top is nothing compared to the agony of staying there. There is only room for one on the peak. Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin are all faced with one dreadful dilemma. Each of their pictures must be better than the last one.

Meanwhile, the talkies are rasping and squeaking in a new Hollywood that none of us know--perhaps will never know.

Looking back over my fifteen years of screen experience, it seems as though I had been living in a sort of fairyland of unreality. Only it has not been an altogether happy fairyland.

Success or failure in pictures depends too much upon fortuitous circumstance; it's too much a matter of getting the breaks.

Ramon Novarro once told me: "Every time I am standing in front of the camera, I look down at the mob of extras and see dozens of boys just as capable, just as good-looking and perhaps better actors than I am. Only they didn't get the breaks. And they never will."

(The End)

NOTES:

- [1] After Harron's death, the film was eventually released by Metro.
- [2] The Clara Bow film directed by Lutitsch was "Kiss Me Again" (1925).
- [3] Needless to say, Shirley Temple was just on the horizon!
- [4] June Marlowe's real name was Gisela Goetten, not Grizelda Gotten.
- [5] The film with Constance Talmadge and Zasu Pitts was "The Goldfish" (1924).
- [6] The D. W. Griffith film with Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez was "Lady of the Pavements" (1929).
- [7] The film with Mary Philbin and Betty Compson was "Love Me and the World is Mine" (1928).

For more information about Taylor, see
WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)
Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at
<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology>

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 45 -- September 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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Interviews with Taylor's Ex-Wife
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What is TAYLOROROLOGY?

TAYLOROROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Interviews with Taylor's Ex-Wife

* * * * *

February 5, 1922

NEW YORK HERALD

William Desmond Taylor, the slain movie director, was well known in

this city in 1908. But he was not known as Taylor. He was William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, expert in antiques in those days, and he moved in good society, was well supplied with money from a mysterious source in Ireland and eventually was married to Ethel May Harrison of one of the Floradora Sextettes.

Without a word of explanation, according to the woman who was then his wife, he disappeared in 1908. The first Mrs. Deane-Tanner now is the wife of E. L. C. Robins, owner of Robins Restaurant and other hostelryes. Mrs. Robins gave out a statement yesterday explaining her marriage and the desertion and her subsequent discovery that her former husband had popped up in the motion picture colony at Hollywood, Cal., and became famous the world over as William Desmond Taylor. She says his murder shocked her and the daughter he abandoned.

"I married, in December, 1901, Mr. William Cunningham Deane-Tanner of Dublin, Ireland," the statement said. "He disappeared in October, 1908. We could assign no reason for his disappearance except possibly aphasia.

"In 1912 I got a decree of divorce in the State of New York and was awarded the custody of my only child, Ethel Daisy Deane-Tanner, now 19.

"In August, 1914, I married Edward L. C. Robins. Two and a half weeks later I discovered that William Desmond Taylor had been Mr. Deane-Tanner. I have no further statement which possibly could be of interest.

"The news of Mr. Deane-Tanner's death was a great shock to my daughter and me."

At her home in Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, last night, Mrs. Robins said she held no resentment for the way Deane-Tanner treated her. She presented excuses for him, saying he suffered lapses of memory during the time they lived together and that not long before he vanished, in 1908, he was stricken with facial neuralgia and frequently was in an agony of pain. She does not believe he knew what he was doing the morning he left their home and she supposes that a mental ailment can be held to account for his failure to return.

Just as dramatic as were many of the chapters in Deane-Tanner, or

William Desmond Taylor's, life was Mrs. Robins's discovery in 1919 that he was still living.

With her daughter Mrs. Robins went to a motion picture theater in this city one night. They chose the theater without knowing what picture it was featuring. For several hundred feet of film it was just a new picture as far as they were concerned, but suddenly the hero appeared. Mrs. Robins sank back in her seat too startled to speak. Her daughter stood up.

For the laughing face on the screen was that of the long missing Deane-Tanner a little changed--somewhat older looking they decided when they finally settled back to wait for the hero's next entry. They sat through the picture and then saw it again and learned that the man whose face they knew was acting and directing movies under the name of William Desmond Taylor.

Mrs. Robins said last night that her daughter would not be satisfied until she had written to Taylor. Taylor answered her letter and the two continued a correspondence which grew with each month until finally Taylor of the movies came back to New York to try to make some amends for his conduct as Deane-Tanner, the negligent father.

Taylor never explained why he had changed his name. But Mrs. Robins said he met her and the daughter on at least one occasion and expressed a desire to try to make good for his failure. He spent money lavishly on the girl, giving money and other presents to her and encouraging her to study. The love of the beautiful in art that appears to have impressed his Hollywood friends cropped up in his talks with his daughter, and he ultimately prevailed upon her to enter an art school in this city. She is now studying there.

Mrs. Robins emphatically denied that her former husband ever married after he deserted her. She said she met him last August and remembers distinctly that he said he never had remarried and never would. His daughter, she quoted him as saying, was the only pal he wanted.

According to Mrs. Robins, Deane-Tanner was of a family well known in Ireland--listed among the landed gentry or the peers, she wasn't sure which.

His father was a Major in the British army, and he came of a line of men whose names have figured in British history.

She said he was prepared for the army at one of the great British universities--Oxford or Cambridge--and that he was about to start for the military school when his health failed. He was sent to the United States, he told her, so that he might recover. Mrs. Robins said she remembers that he told her once he had two sisters and one brother, and she met soon after their marriage a man she supposes was the brother.

The stories of drugs and drinking, Mrs. Robins thinks, are untrue, because while Deane-Tanner was her husband he used liquor but sparingly and always criticized those who did not know how to handle it.

Before her marriage to Taylor--or Deane-Tanner, as he called himself then--Mrs. Robins was Miss Ethel May Harrison. No one could be found who could explain fully Deane-Tanner's early movements in New York, but it was established that he came from Ireland with considerable money and a habit of spending it freely. He caused some attention in sporting circles, talked about his yachts abroad, and eventually, it was said, became a familiar figure on the float of the Larchmont Yacht Club. He made friends easily and held them. Suddenly he began talking of previous visits here, and it was said yesterday, by men who knew him but do not want their names coupled with his in the murder mystery, that he let it be known he had played in roles opposite Fanny Davenport.

Mrs. Robins would not say where she and her first husband made their home or where they were living when he disappeared, but it was established through friends that he dropped out of sight in 1908 a few weeks after the Vanderbilt cup races.

* * * * *

February 6, 1922
NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

Edward L. C. Robins, owner of Delmonico's, who married Mrs. Ethel Hamilton Deane Tanner after she had divorced the romantic Irishman whose murder has stirred the continent, knew Tanner well and met Mrs. Tanner--now

Mrs. Robins--through that friendship.

But Mr. Robins has not the slightest idea of how Tanner--known to Hollywood and the movie world as William Desmond Taylor--came to be murdered. Talking with a representative of the Daily News at his home in Mamaroneck last night, Mr. Robins said:

"I can't see why the newspapers are paying so much attention to Mamaroneck. It seems to me they ought to be trying to solve this mystery out in Los Angeles, where it happened.

"I knew 'Pete,' as we called him, long before Mrs. Tanner and I were married. Pictures of him now? Ethel, have we any pictures of Pete?"

Mrs. Robins had been listening in an alcove. When called she appeared promptly. A tall, striking blonde, with big, wide-open eyes, she did not impress one as the carefree girl who twenty years ago played in the Floradora company.

"No," she answered. "I destroyed all those pictures when we got married. There might be one or two in the old trunks upstairs, but I doubt it. Every one I found I tore up long ago."

With just that much interest in the murder of the man who was her husband accepted by Mrs. Robins. She divorced him ten years ago, under curious circumstances, after he had gone out of her life four years before. Apparently his sudden and unexpected going out from his own life has made only the slightest impression upon Mrs. Robins.

But behind all this insouciance there looms some extraordinary mystery. Mrs. Robins cannot imagine any reason why her former husband was shot down in cold blood in his quiet home at Hollywood last Wednesday night. But she is not surprised, astonished, amazed or--to be brutally frank--very much horror-stricken.

...Mrs. Robins said last night that shortly after their marriage she and Tanner visited his folks in Ireland. They were entertained royally and she realized for the first time that the young blood she had married off Broadway was a veritable sportsman in Ireland. His family entertained her at their home in Fitzwilliam Square and afterward they paid a visit to Cork,

where the old family seat was located.

"They were the Deane Tanners," Mrs. Robins explained, "to differentiate them from the other Tanners. The name is rather a familiar one in Ireland, and in England I think it is rather derogatorily applied to some small coin, a six-pence, I think. His father had been a member of Parliament; his uncle was a justice of the peace. Altogether the family was quite to the front."...

* * * * *

February 13, 1922

NEW YORK HERALD

...Mrs. Robins, who married William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, or William Desmond Taylor, as he was later known, in 1902, said her former husband had spent some time on a pony ranch in southwestern Kansas before she met him in New York. The only information she had ever had was that which Deane-Tanner gave her personally.

"Mr. Deane-Tanner told me that when he arrived here from Ireland he had gone out to this ranch," Mrs. Robins said, "and his family in Ireland had bought for him a part interest in it. When I met him he referred to it and told me a flaw in the title had forced several of the shareholders, including himself, to give up their part, and he then joined the Davenport road company. After the failure of his venture in Kansas he returned to his home in Ireland for a visit.

"With reference to the claim of this Mr. Taylor in California that he is the son of the murdered director, I would not like to say flatly that the claim is or is not true, for I knew little of Mr. Deane-Tanner's life on the ranch in Kansas and did not find it necessary to catechize him minutely, and he never mentioned anything to me about having been married out there. Perhaps there is some truth in the story, or it may be another of the many persons who come forward whenever there is an estate to be settled. I have been interested in the number of persons who claim Mr. Deane-Tanner, or Taylor, was their father. To date he must have had at least six or seven children besides my own daughter, if the stories are all correct. As Mr.

Deane-Tanner would only be about fifty years old now, that is rather ridiculous, I think."

Referring to the criminal end of the case, Mrs. Robins criticized the work of the Los Angeles detectives and prosecutors, saying they do not seem to be particularly anxious to solve the mystery of the identity of the murderer.

"I have bitterly resented the accounts printed in some of the newspapers here that my daughter and myself are merely interested in the financial part of the affair and are more interested in the Taylor estate than in the identity of the person who killed my former husband. This is absolutely untrue, for, as Mr. Taylor's former wife, I am deeply grieved at this terrible affair and am anxious to see the guilty person punished."

Returning to the discussion of the claim of the man who says the movie director was his father, Mrs. Robins said that it seemed improbable that her first husband ever used the name of Taylor before he left New York in 1908. She said that to old friends who knew him when he first came to this country and had been in constant touch with him during his stay in Kansas nothing was known of any marriage while he was in the West. After that, and until he disappeared, Mrs. Robins said, he never used the name of Taylor, or referred extensively to his visit to the ranch in the West.

"I never really knew Mr. Deane-Tanner's right age," Mrs. Robins said, "and I understood that he had been in his country about eight or nine years, when I married him at the Little Church Around the Corner in 1901. He was a fine, lovable man, and I never had occasion to closely question him about his 'past,' which every one seems trying to dig up."

No decision whether Mrs. Robins or her daughter, Ethel, will go to California in connection with the settling of the estate has been reached. Frank E. Schrenseisen of New Rochelle, attorney for Miss Tanner, said that he was awaiting developments and instructions from the office of the Public Administrator in Los Angeles. Another attorney for Miss Tanner has been engaged in Los Angeles. Should the Public Administrator place credence in the story of Taylor, it is probable that Miss Tanner will accompany her

attorney to the coast.

"Mr. Deane-Tanner told my daughter that he had made a will in her favor," Mrs. Robins said, "and had placed it in his safe deposit box. I understand that this is another one of the items which the police say have strangely 'disappeared.' What he did with it I have no idea, but I feel that the entire matter will be straightened out. Just at present I am hoping that the murderer of Mr. Taylor will be brought to justice for this terrible crime."

Mrs. Robins commented on the strange disappearance of Dennis Deane-Tanner, brother of the murdered director, and said she had never heard a word from him since he left this city in 1912, just four years after her husband disappeared. She said the two brothers had been good friends and business associates, and that Dennis had visited their home at Larchmont on several occasions, and had met many of their friends. There was never any trouble between the brothers as far as she knew, Mrs. Robins said.

* * * * *

February 14, 1922

NEW YORK AMERICAN

To the two names suggested in the New York American yesterday--Edward F. Sands and Dennis Gage Deane-Tanner as persons whose discovery may furnish a clue to the identity of the slayer of William Desmond Taylor--was added yesterday a third.

The third person is a woman, a fascinating blonde who was the companion of Taylor (or W. C. Deane-Tanner, as he was then known) on a trip through the Adirondacks during the Summer of 1908, three months prior to the sudden disappearance of "Pete" Tanner in late October, 1908.

This woman, who had completely enchained the fancy of the aristocratic, handsome Tanner, was married. Her identity is said to be known to a few of Tanner's associates of the old days when he was a director in the A. J. Crawford Company firm at No. 253 Fifth avenue. She was the co-respondent in the divorce suit instituted some two years after "Pete" Tanner's disappearance by Mrs. Ethel May Hamilton Robins, now the wife of Edward L.

C. Robins, managing proprietor of Delmonico's.

Does this hitherto hidden episode in the life of the murdered man bear any significance upon the crime?

Was the woman's husband implacably determined to avenge himself upon the man who had won the affections of his wife?

Was it the hand of the husband that fired the fatal bullet (from twelve to fourteen years old, according to the testimony of experts in ballistics) that killed William Desmond Taylor?

...At her home, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, Mrs. Robins, former wife of the slain director, yesterday refused to discuss this episode in the life of her former husband. She refused to see newspaper men but told a friend:

"I would do anything in my power to solve the mystery of Mr. Tanner's death but I do not think there can be any possible relation between this incident and the crime. It was not until long after Mr. Tanner's disappearance that I learned definitely there was another woman in his life.

"This information was placed in the hands of my attorney, Mr. George Thoms, and he brought a successful suit for divorce against Mr. Tanner. This was in the latter part of 1918 [sic]. At that time I did not know whether Mr. Tanner was dead or alive.

"It was later, perhaps seven years ago, that I saw Mr. Tanner for the first time on the screen. I cannot remember the name of the photoplay in which he appeared. However, it was not until two and one-half years ago that I learned definitely that William Desmond Taylor was my former husband."

* * * * *

February 14, 1922

WASHINGTON TIMES

New York, Feb. 14 -- Of the many screen stars he knew, some of whom have been thrown squarely into the spotlight by the unrelenting inquiry into his association with William Desmond Taylor, slain director, mentioned but one--Mary Miles Minter--in his letters to his nineteen-year-old daughter, Miss Ethel Daisy Deane-Tanner.

Disclosing this fact to a reporter today, Miss Tanner and her mother, Mrs. Edward L. C. Robins, who live in Mamaroneck, both of whom were deserted by the man of mystery in 1908, said that Miss Minter's name was used by the director only in an impersonal way.

Her referred to her as an actress of ability, and said he had directed her in some of her photoplays. This was one of the last letters written to his daughter by Taylor before he was murdered in his Los Angeles bungalow.

Mrs. Robins and her daughter expressly asserted that the name of Mabel Normand, screen comedienne, and last person to see the director alive, did not appear in Taylor's letters to his daughter, which had been more or less frequent during the last two years.

Curiously enough, (and one reason why Mrs. Robins is increasingly inclined to the opinion that her husband's sudden disappearance from New York was due to loss of memory), her former husband never mentioned her in the letters.

Another reason for this belief, she declared, was that on the times she and her daughter lunched here with Taylor--after it was definitely established that Taylor was in reality Deane-Tanner--he never mentioned the fact that he deserted his wife and daughter. On these occasions all three felt the subject was rather delicate and it was never brought up.

Mrs. Robins said that when she and her daughter became convinced two years ago, after seeing pictures of Taylor, that he was the girl's father, Miss Deane-Tanner took the initiative and wrote to him. His reply came immediately.

In it he said he was very glad to hear from her; that he had not heard from her for so long that he thought she was dead. This is one more reason why Mrs. Robins believes her former husband was a victim of aphasia when he left, after attending the Vanderbilt cup races in 1908.

Taylor also, Mrs. Robins asserted, was unable to recall friends of their married life, and when their names were mentioned, his face failed to show the slightest signs of remembrance. He did remember, however, favorite dishes of his former wife when he was dining with his daughter, pointing

them out to the latter on the menu during their luncheon together.

Mrs. Robins declared that these points proved that his mind, while vague as to consequential facts about her married life with the director, retained minor details.

The director's experiences in Alaska also were set forth in one letter. Taylor told of how he contracted scurvy, consequently suffering from loss of hair, headaches and neuralgia. Another letter dismissed with a few scornful words Sands, his chauffeur, who is still being sought by police. The director declared Sands had upset his home and said his name had been forged to checks by his unfaithful servant.

Signatures Taylor used in his letters to his daughter, for whom he showed deep devotion, were "Father" and "Daddy Pete." The origin of how Taylor came to be known as "Pete" was explained by Mrs. Robins. She said when Taylor, or as he was known then, Deane-Tanner, first came to live in New York he took lodging with several Englishmen.

Taylor, always deliberate and calculating in his methods, was nicknamed "P. D. Q.," by his roommates, which was quickly shortened to "Pete."

The director's promise to leave his estate to his daughter was contained in a letter written in February, 1920. Mrs. Robins said her former husband said in this message he thought it would be good policy to leave them both an annuity, in addition to telling of his will bequeathing his estate to Ethel Daisy.

* * * * *

February 7, 1922

NEW YORK AMERICAN

[relating the testimony of Taylor's wife during the divorce hearing in 1911]...Mrs. Tanner, in her testimony, said she was married on December 7, 1901, at the Little Church Around the Corner.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. George C. Houghton, pastor of the church. Following the marriage the couple went to live at No. 40 Washington Square South, and later moved to the Hotel Colonial at Columbus Avenue and Eighty-first street, at which time her husband became associated with A. J.

Crawford & Co., at No. 251 Fifth Avenue.

Mrs. Deane-Tanner added:

"My husband left home at noon on October 23, 1908, and I have never seen him since. The last word received from him was on October 26, 1908, when he was stopping at the Broadway Central Hotel. He sent word to the Crawford firm asking for a sum of money. This was sent to him by Daniel J. Barker, of the firm. Then he disappeared."

Mabel Normand on the Witness Stand:

Testimony at the William Desmond Taylor Inquest

Held on February 4, 1922

Q. Please state your name.

A. Mabel Normand.

Q. Where do you reside?

A. 3089 West Seventh.

Q. What is your occupation?

A. Motion pictures.

Q. Miss Normand, were you acquainted with Mr. Taylor, the deceased in this case?

A. Yes.

Q. Did you see him on the evening before his death occurred?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. And where did you see him?

A. Will I tell you when I went in there and when I came out?

Q. Did you see him at his home?

A. Oh, yes.

Q. And you were with him about how long on that occasion?

A. I got there about 7 o'clock and left at a quarter to 8.

Q. And when you left his place, did you leave him in the house, or outside?

A. No, he came down to my car with me.

Q. Where was your car?

A. Right in front of the court.

Q. On Alvarado street?

A. Yes, on the hill.

Q. He accompanied you to your car?

A. Yes.

Q. Was he still there when you drove away?

A. Yes, as my car turned around, I waved my hand at him; he was partly up a little stairs there.

Q. At the time you were in the house, was anybody also in the house?

A. Yes, Henry, his man.

Q. Henry Peavey?

A. Yes.

Q. Do you know whether Mr. Peavey left the house before you did or not?

A. Yes, he did; he left about, I should say about 15 or 20 minutes before I left, but stopped outside and spoke to my chauffeur; we came out later.

Q. No one else except Henry Peavey was there?

A. That was all.

Q. What time was it you say you left him--drove away from his place?

A. I left him on the sidewalk about a quarter to eight.

Q. Did you expect to see him or hear from him later that evening?

A. Yes, he said--he had finished his dinner--he said would I go out and take dinner with him and I said, "no;" I was tired; I had to go home and get up very early; he said he would call me up in about an hour.

Q. Did he call you?

A. No, I went to bed; if he called me I was asleep; when I am asleep he tells my maid not to disturb me.

Q. Was that the last time you saw him when you left him about a quarter to

eight?

A. That was the last time.

Q. Have you any questions, Gentlemen? That is all, you may be excused.

Testimony at the Horace Greer Hearing

Although there was no direct relationship between the murder of William Desmond Taylor and the shooting of Courtland Dines, both shootings had a strong impact on Mabel Normand's career.

* * * * *

January 22, 1924
LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Miss Normand Tells Court Own Story of Rich Clubman's Shooting

Mabel Normand was the only witness at the morning session of Justice Handy's court yesterday when Horace Greer was arraigned in connection with the shooting of Courtland Dines, Denver clubman, on New Year's Day.

She was called to the stand as soon as the hearing opened. Before beginning her testimony, Justice Hanby warned the spectators that unless there was absolute quiet he would clear the courtroom.

Here is the transcript of Miss Normand's testimony:

THE COURT: State your name, please.

THE WITNESS: May I sit down?

THE COURT: Yes. State your name, please. Just state your name in full.

A. Mabel Normand

Attorney Shelley then took up the direct examination of the film star.

Q. Where do you reside, Miss Normand?

A. 3089 West Seventh street.

Q. What is your occupation?

A. Motion pictures.

Q. Do you know one Horace A. Greer, also known as Joe Kelley?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you know him on the first day of January, of this year?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you know one Courtland Dines on that day?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Do you know where Mr. Dines lived at that time--325B North Vermont street, in this city?

A. Yes, sir, that is correct.

Q. What time did you first go there?

A. I left my house about--after 5.

Q. And what time did you arrive at Dines' apartment?

A. About--well, from the time it takes from where I live at 3089 West Seventh to South Vermont, where Mr. Dines resides. The exact time of that I cannot recall.

Q. And did you see Kelley or Greer at the time you first arrived at Dines' apartments?

A. He drove me there.

Q. Now, did Greer stay there, or leave after he drove you there?

A. No. He drove me there, and he was undressing my Christmas tree at my house, and I told him to come back and call for me, and also told him that perhaps Miss Purviance might come back to my house with me, so he left with the understanding that he was to come back for me in about an hour and a half; perhaps not that long.

Q. About what time was it you next saw Greer after he drove back to your house?

A. It was about 45 minutes.

Q. And that would make it what o'clock?

A. What?

Q. What time was it?

A. It was still daylight when Joe, Mr. Kelley, drove me over to my house-- over to Mr. Dines' apartments. Then when I again saw him, it was not with the understanding of taking me home, only that he was to bring over a Christmas gift that Mr. Greer insisted upon.

Q. Do you fix the time when you knew Greer--you knew Greer as Kelley at that time, did you?

A. Yes, he was going under the name of Kelley from the Pierce Arrow people.

Q. Was it dark when Greer came back to Dines' apartments?

A. I don't remember.

Q. Do you remember--can you fix the time when he came back there?

A. Yes--

Q. How long was he gone as nearly as you can remember?

A. About--I was there about 45 minutes.

MR. SHELLY: I think it would be better, Your Honor, if we could draw a rough diagram, for the purpose of clearing up the testimony.

MR. HAHN: No objection to that, clarifying the situation.

THE COURT: You will find a blackboard back there.

SHELLY: The place marked "D" is a davenport just outside of the door; the place marked "T" is a table in the center of the room; the place marked "B" is the breakfast table; the place marked "H" is the door into the kitchen; the place marked "E" is the door into the bedroom; "C" is a closet; "J" is the bathroom, "I" is the door into the bathroom. Now, when Greer came back the second time--that is, when he came back the first time and after he drove away from there, where did you first see Greer?

A. The bell rang and Mr. Dines asked who was there, and he said, "Joe." He was sitting at the little breakfast table, as near as I can remember, and

Miss Purviance was in the bedroom and I got up.

Q. Where were you sitting at the time?

A. On the davenport and I got up--oh, no, I am making a mistake. Mr. Greer came in and had this package--

Q. Wait a moment. When he said "Joe" did he then open the door or did somebody go to it?

A. I am quite sure that Mr. Dines opened the door.

SHELLY: Tell us what was said and done from that time on.

A. Well, Mr. Greer or Mr. Kelly, as I knew him, Joe, came with this package, which I had already telephoned for, because he was not to call for me for an hour and a half, and you will not allow me to tell that--of course, unfortunately, I am not allowed to tell that--

MR. HAHN: Just a moment, Miss Normand. We move that be stricken out as not responsive that you are not allowed to explain. We will allow everything to be explained legally.

THE COURT: It will be stricken out.

A. I see. Well, he came in with a box, which included some military brushes that Miss Purviance had given him Christmas Day, and there was this talk between them. I got up and went over and spoke to Miss Purviance in the door.

Q. You mean the door "E"?

A. The door where the bedroom was and asked her for her powder puff. She was powdering her face and all that sort of thing, and the next thing I heard were shots. I thought they were firecrackers and I made absolutely no objection to them because I am rather used to firecrackers and all that sort of thing around the studio.

Q. Now, when you got up off the davenport had Joe Greer come into the room?

A. Yes, he was there, and he was speaking with Mr. Dines.

Q. How far had Joe come into the room, when you turned and walked away towards the bedroom?

A. Well, I couldn't say just as near. He was already in conversation with Mr. Dines.

Q. Did Dines close the door when Joe--

A. I don't remember that.

Q. Were you in the living room at the time you heard the shots?

A. No; I was in the room that goes between--in the bedroom and the living room--between the two doors.

Q. From the time that Greer came into the room, how long was it before you got up off the davenport and started into the bedroom?

A. Well, I remember Joe coming in, and about, I had delivered the message over the telephone to give him, the box of brushes, to Mr. Dines. Mr. Dines started to talk to Joe. What their conversation was, I don't know because I got up--

THE COURT: Just a moment. You are volunteering too much, Miss Normand. Will you read the question, Mr. Reporter?

MR. HAHN: We are not objecting to that question.

THE COURT: Well, I am, I don't want to encumber the record.

A. It was not a second.

MR. SHELLY: Then from the time until the shots were fired, you did not look toward Greer or Dines?

A. No, sir.

Q. When you first looked toward them, what was their position; how far inside the door was Greer?

A. Mr. Greer wasn't there. Mr. Dines was all full of blood and was like this (indicating).

Q. Wait a minute; just go back to when Greer came in, that is what I am asking now. When Greer first came into the room there, how far into the room did he go when you last saw him?

A. Well, he was quite close to Mr. Dines, and handing him the package.

Q. And that was the last you saw of him?

A. That was the last I saw of him.

Q. After the shots were fired, did you look toward where Greer and Dines were?

A. No, because I did not first--it never entered my mind to look.

MR. HAHN: Just a moment. We move that that be stricken out as not responsive.

THE COURT: The last part will be stricken out.

MR. SHELLEY: How soon was it that you saw Greer or Dines after that?

A. I did not see Mr. Greer. I saw Mr. Dines like this (illustrating).

Q. How soon was that after you heard the shots fired?

A. Well, it must have been, just as soon as we took the thing seriously; that is, there must have been something happened--

MR. HAHN: Just a minute. We move that that be stricken out as a conclusion.

THE COURT: Stricken out. State the time if you can.

MR. SHELLEY: Within a few seconds or minutes, or how long?

A. Seconds.

Q. Where was Dines after you saw him after the shots were fired?

A. He was sort of staggering.

Q. Where?

A. Near the window.

Q. Which window, will you illustrate.

A. The back part of his apartment. I mean by that that there is a front and a back.

Q. Was he near the table, the dishes, the breakfast table?

A. Well, I think so.

Q. This is entrance, you know (indicating on diagram); there is the bedroom.

A. Yes, I know. He was near that.

Q. Back toward the kitchen?

A. No, because he was coming sort of toward us, and he said, I have this--

MR. HAHN: Just a minute. We object upon the ground it is hearsay, what he said, in the absence of the defendant.

MR. SHELLEY: Greer wasn't there at that time, I take it?

A. No, he was not. I didn't see Mr. Greer.

Q. Was he close or not, do you remember, to the outside door?

A. He was close, but it was locked or half opened.

Q. During your visit, just before and up to the time that you heard the shots

fired, was there anyone else in that apartment except you and Dines?

A. Mr. Dines.

Q. When you saw Greer immediately after the shots were fired, what was his condition?

A. I did not see Mr. Greer after the shots were fired.

Q. Mr. Dines?

A. Mr. Dines was leaning over like this (illustrating) holding himself like this and all full of blood.

Q. And what part of his body was he holding?

A. Up here, on the top part (indicating).

Q. Had his hands up to his breast?

A. Yes.

Q. I will show you a small automatic pistol, and ask you if you ever saw that before.

A. I have seen it, yes. I have had it for six years.

MR. SHELLEY: You recognize the pistol then, do you?

A. I don't know.

Q. Well, I mean did you have one similar to that?

MR. CONLIN: Object to that as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial.

A. I told you I can't remember. All I am telling you--

MR. HAHN: Wait a minute, madam. Please don't volunteer an answer.

MR. SHELLEY: We ask that this be marked plaintiff's exhibit A.

MR. CONLIN: Objected to as for identification.

THE COURT: It may be marked for identification.

MR. SHELLEY: Did you have an automatic pistol similar in appearance to that, previous to the time that you were in Dines' apartment?

A. Yes, for years--for six years.

Q. Where was it the last time you saw that automatic pistol that you had previous to the time that you were at Dines' apartments?

A. A little stand near my bed, a little stand; a little night stand that has a lamp, you know.

Q. Do you remember how long before you were at Dines' apartments or the last

time you saw that gun?

A. I haven't seen it or taken notice of it for months and months.

Q. Well, as far as you know it was there on that day?

MR. HAHN: Wait a minute. Objected to on the ground--wait a minute, Miss Normand. We object to that on the ground it is leading and suggestive.

THE COURT: Objection sustained.

MR. SHELLEY: How long previous to this time had you known Mr. Dines?

A. I have known him ever since Miss Purviance introduced me to him, which was about, perhaps a year ago.

Q. How long had you known Miss Purviance?

MR. HAHN: We will object to that on the ground it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and nothing to do with this case as to how long she knew Miss Purviance.

THE COURT: Overruled. You may answer.

A. I have known Miss Purviance for years.

Q. How long had you known Greer.

A. The day after my birthday, which was November 10, and on the 11th I engaged him. That was the first time I met Mr. Greer.

Q. That was 1923?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. Did you have any conversation with Greer when he first drove you to the apartment?

A. None whatsoever, except to call for me later.

Q. What was that conversation?

A. It was this, to undress my Christmas tree, which he was doing when I was leaving, and when I left him at Mr. Dines' apartment--why "I have a long way to walk up," I said, "perhaps I will bring Miss Purviance back with me. I don't know what they're going to do tonight--Miss Purviance--because I was going to be alone tonight."

Q. That was what you said to Greer, was it?

A. I think so.

Q. Now, did you say anything to him about when he was to come back?

A. No, I did not.

MR. SHELLEY: I show you a box containing some brushes and a comb, and ask if you ever saw them before, as far as you know.

A. Yes. I believe I did Christmas day but I paid no attention to it.

Q. When Greer came to the apartments what size of bundle did he have with him?

A. A small box like that, wrapped in white paper with the name on it or something like that.

Q. Did you look at the name?

A. I could recognize it if you would show it to me.

Q. I mean, did you at the time?

A. No, indeed I did not.

MR. HAHN: I move that answer to the last question be stricken out. If she did not see the name on the package, it is a dead moral certainty that she don't know that it was there.

THE COURT: Strike it out.

MR. SHELLEY: I show you a piece of white wrapping paper with some writing on it and ask you if you are familiar with that writing?

A. Yes. That is Mrs. Burns' writing. That is paper from my house.

Q. Mrs. Edith Burns?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And she was at that time your housekeeper and companion?

A. No, not exactly. She was just one who would come over and stay at my house. She had no other place to go and she would stay. I have my housekeeper and my maid and everything else that are all with me.

Q. Is this piece of paper that was around the package that Greer had at the time he came back similar in appearance to the paper I have just shown you?

A. Yes, sir. It seems to be the same piece of paper. It seems to be the same piece that was around that box.

Q. Previous to the time you went to Dines' apartments that afternoon had you seen Mrs. Edith Burns?

A. Yes. She was in my house all day.

Q. She was at your house when you left, then?

A. Yes, all day. She had slept there the night previous, New Year's Eve.

Q. Between the time you first went to Dines' apartments and the time you heard the shots fired, did you or Dines talk over the telephone from Dines' apartments?

A. Yes, sir, we did.

Q. Who talked first?

A. I did, because when I arrived--

Q. Did you ring up some one, or did some one ring you up?

A. No, I telephoned.

Q. During that time did any one else talk over the phone from the Dines apartment?

A. Yes, Mr. Dines did, and finished the conversation with Mrs. Burns which I did not hear.

Attorney Hahn then took up the cross-examination of Miss Normand. His first question was: Miss Normand, directing your attention to this map, or diagram, rather, we understood you to testify on direct examination that Mr. Dines was about here; indicated by the letter B; is that right?

A. What does the letter B mean? Is that the bed?

THE COURT: The breakfast room.

MR. HAHN: No, it does not mean the breakfast room.

A. There is no breakfast room in the house.

MR. SHELLEY: The letter B is the breakfast table.

MR. HAHN: The breakfast table was at the back end of the room, is that right, going towards the kitchen?

A. Going towards the kitchen.

Q. Going towards the kitchen?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. We have here a diagram that to go to the kitchen you have to go around a wall and come around here to the letter E, which is the entrance into the

kitchen?

MR. SHELLEY: The letter E is the bedroom.

MR. HAHN: Where is the kitchen entrance?

A. There is the breakfast table, and there is a swinging door that leads right into the kitchen.

Q. A swinging door goes through this wall?

A. I don't know. It could not go through the wall.

Q. How do you go into the kitchen; by going around a wall?

A. Right next to it.

Q. Right next to it?

A. Yes, sir, it is right next to it.

Q. From the position you have indicated here, so far as you can remember, could you see Greer and Dines from the position where you were standing?

A. No, I did not.

Q. That is good. You did not see them at all, what transpired between the two parties?

A. No, I did not.

Q. You did not see what Mr. Dines had in his hands all the time, did you?

A. No, sir.

Q. You did not pay any attention?

A. I did not see it.

Q. You were busy with Mr. Dines [sic], is that right?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And that was your purpose in going into the bedroom, was to go and see Mr. Dines [sic]?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And you really don't know how long they did argue there, do you?

A. No, I don't.

Q. It is your impression that it was a few seconds, is that right?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. But you could not, under oath, say how long it did take to argue between them?

A. No, sir.

Q. And you could not say what Mr. Dines did say to Greer, and Mr. Greer say to Mr. Dines?

A. No, sir.

Q. And you don't know whether Mr. Dines threw a bottle at him, or not?

A. No, sir.

MR HAHN: Thank you, that is all.

On redirect examination Mr. Shelley asked: Miss Normand, calling your attention to exhibit C, in the center of the living room there, at the time that you left the davenport and walked to the bedroom, when Greer had just come in the room, did you notice what was on that table C, or had you noticed before that time?

A. No, sir, I did not.

Q. Did you notice whether or not there was a large bottle on that table?

MR. HAHN: I object to that as leading and suggestive. She said she did not remember.

THE COURT: Objection sustained.

MR. SHELLEY: Now, if the court please, a witness may say that they did not notice particularly what was on a table, and still they may know that it is not a hobby horse on that table, or something that is a noticeable object there, so I think I may ask this witness the question I asked, did she notice whether or not there was a bottle on that table.

MR. HAHN: Miss Normand is an intelligent witness.

MR. SHELLEY: And Mr. Hahn is an intelligent attorney, and there are some other intelligent people sitting in the court room. I insist, your Honor, I have a right to ask her whether or not she noticed a large bottle on that table.

MR. HAHN: We also insist that it is leading and suggestive and we are willing to abide by the court's decision.

MR. SHELLEY: Counsel for the defense has brought out the point, you did not notice Dines throw a bottle at Greer. Now we, the People, certainly have

the right to ask this witness whether or not there was such an object as that in plain view on the table, before this witness.

MR. CONLIN: He may have had it in his pocket.

THE COURT: I think it would be proper for you to ask this witness if there was a bottle of any kind in that room.

MR. HAHN: But she testified that she did not see anything on that table.

MR. SHELLEY: My question was did she notice anything particularly.

THE COURT: I will sustain the objection to the question as asked.

MR. SHELLEY: As I understand, then, the ruling of your honor, refuses to let me ask the witness whether she noticed a bottle on the table?

THE COURT: No; you can't ask her if she noticed a bottle there in that room. I think that would be a proper question, inasmuch as the bottle has been brought out here, but to call her attention to any particular place after she said she didn't remember anything of that bottle, or words to that effect, wouldn't be proper.

MR. SHELLEY: At any time after Greer came back the second time and Dines went to the door, did you see Dines with a bottle in his hand?

A. No, sir.

MR. SHELLEY: During the time that Greer and Dines were there, and when Greer came back the second time, did you see in the living room any bottle?

A. No; I didn't notice any bottle.

MR. SHELLEY: That is all.

MR. HAHN: Miss Normand, let me ask you one question, with your Honor's permission. As I understood from cross examination that you didn't pay any attention as to whether there were any bottles around there?

A. I did not.

Q. And you could not say that there were not bottles?

A. No, sir, I cannot.

Q. And as I understood you, you don't know whether Mr. Dines threw a bottle at Greer or not?

A. No, sir; I never saw that part.

MR. HAHN: You never saw that part. Thank you very much. That is all.

MR. SHELLEY: Was there anything on the table at that time? That is, the table in the center of the room?

A. No, the table is on the side of the room.

Q. Now, on that table in the center of the room, the table T, was there at the time that Greer came back anything that you remember on that table?

A. No, there were a lot of little cigarette ends, which were all over the place, but on the table I saw nothing, and then I don't remember--

Q. On the table B, in the kitchen, at the time that Greer came back the second time, do you remember what was on that table?

A. I do not.

MR. SHELLEY: That is all.

MR. HAHN: That is all.

THE COURT: Miss Normand, did you see Mr. Greer enter the room at all that evening just before the shots were fired?

A. No, sir, I don't remember.

Q. Did you see him there at the door?

A. No, your honor, because the door bell rang and I heard Mr. Dines say, "Just a minute."

Q. You didn't see Mr. Greer at all then immediately after the shots?

A. No, sir--no, sir, I didn't, your honor. I just can't recall.

Q. Did you see him?

A. After that I just can't recall, but--

Q. Did you see him?

A. Because they were all talking about everything New Year's, you know.

Q. Who do you mean by "all"?

A. Mr. Dines, Miss Purviance, just before she had entered the other room, they were all talking about people and New Year's Eve.

Q. Mr. Dines went back to the breakfast table, and you went to him.

A. No. When the door bell rang he was standing, it seemed to me, so far as I can recall, near the breakfast table.

Q. And you were where?

A. I was sitting on that couch. The door bell rang. Mr. Dines said, "Joe,

who is it?" and Joe answered--

MR. CONLIN: Just a minute, object to that as a conclusion of the witness and incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial unless she is qualified to know his voice.

THE COURT: All right. What was said by the party at the door?

A. Not a thing.

THE COURT: "Joe"?

A. Yes, Mr. Greer.

MR. CONLIN: Object to that and move that the answer be stricken as not responsive.

THE COURT: Stricken out. Did you recognize the voice of the person who said, "Joe"?

A. Well, I think I ought to be rather used to it.

Q. Did you recognize who was there?

A. Well, I think I did.

Q. And who was there?

A. Joe.

Q. That is the defendant here?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. But you didn't see him at all?

A. No, I didn't.

Q. All right. Just at what point did you leave the room, or did you leave the room first?

A. No, Mr. Dines went to the door. Mr. Greer had a box.

Q. No, whoever it was, did you see him with the box?

A. Yes, I did. I saw him with the box. I mean--I don't know whether I saw him with the box or not. Anyway, I got up and went over and spoke to Mr. Dines, who was in the room.

Q. Now, we want to know did you see him, or did you not see the defendant? That is what I want to know.

A. Yes, I did. I saw Joe in there.

Q. Where was he? That is all right. Now where was he?

A. Entering the door with the box like this (illustrating).

Q. And where, at that time, was Mr. Dines?

A. Near the table. Mr. Dines at that time was at the table.

Q. All right, take the chalk and show us now; make a mark where each one of them was?

A. I can't draw a picture, your honor.

A. You can make a cross?

A. I can make it where it is.

Q. Where the figure A is, is the door, supposed to be the entrance to the building?

A. Well, this place (indicating on diagram).

Q. All right, show us where Mr. Greer was when you saw him with the box?

A. He was there (indicating on diagram).

Q. All right. Now, show us where Mr. Dines was at the same time?

A. Now, what does D mean?

Q. That is where you were sitting; that is the couch.

A. All right, that is fine. T for Tommy is what?

Q. That is the table.

A. And B is the little breakfast table (indicating on diagram).

Q. Well, now let us know where you saw him?

A. Well, as near as I can recollect, I am sure he was near there, because I--

Q. All right, never mind why.

A. I got up, and I went--where is the bedroom?

Q. Where you see the D there is the door.

A. I went that way (indicating on diagram).

Q. All right. Now, about how far is it from where you saw Mr. Greer, to where you saw him at that time?

A. From here to where that gentleman is sitting, your honor.

THE COURT: How far is that, counsel?

MR. CONLIN: About twelve feet.

MR. HAHN: About twelve or fifteen feet.

THE COURT: Is that stipulated?

MR. SHELLEY: Ten to fifteen feet.

MR. HAHN: Ten to fifteen feet, something like that.

THE COURT: Did you leave the room?

A. Yes, Joe--

Q. You went into the bedroom, then?

A. Into the bedroom.

Q. Where were you when you heard these shots?

A. Still in the doorway.

Q. Just where?

A. Where is the doorway? Because I am getting a little mixed up on that.

Q. Where E is.

A. There is the doorway (indicating on diagram). There is where I was.

Q. (Indicating.) This is the bedroom.

A. All right, that is where Miss Purviance was.

Q. Did you meet her?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. And how far apart were you and Miss Purviance at that time?

A. Well, there is a closet--

Q. Just answer the question. How far apart were you?

A. Well, just like this (illustrating); because that is a long mirror--

Q. Four or five feet?

A. I can't tell the feet. Like this, (illustrating).

THE COURT: How far is that, counsel?

MR. CONLIN: About four feet.

THE COURT: Is that all right, Mr. District Attorney?

MR. HEINECKE: About four feet.

THE COURT: All right.

Q. And you and Miss Purviance were talking?

A. Yes, talking. Back here, I was this way (indicating).

Q. Which way was your back--towards Mr. Greer?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. At the time the shots were fired?

A. Yes, your Honor.

Q. And you went right on talking with Miss Purviance, didn't turn round, for some seconds?

A. I thought they were firecrackers--

Q. Is that correct?

A. Absolutely correct.

Q. But when did--when you did look around, where was Dines?

A. He was near the table.

Q. Show us on the map.

A. Oh! Is that the table (indicating)?

Q. Yes, that is the table.

A. Well, it seems to me--we were so excited when we saw the blood--

Q. Never mind, now.

A. That is the only way I can explain, your Honor.

Q. Don't explain it at all. Show us.

A. It seemed as if he was coming towards us, and we both rushed towards him, and he was all bent over like this (illustrating).

Q. All right; you have told us that. Now, where was Mr. Greer--do you know?

A. I didn't see Mr. Greer.

Q. He had gone?

A. He had already left.

THE COURT: That is all. Any further questions?

MR. CONLIN: Do you know whether Mr. Greer had left the room before these reports like firecrackers went off?

A. No, sir; I do not.

Q. How long prior to the time of these shots did you see Mr. Greer?

A. Well, it all happened so quickly, I can't recall that, or answer it correctly.

Q. Well, do you know whether it was one minute, or two minutes, or three minutes or how long it was?

A. Hearing these reports like firecrackers?

Q. When you came out of the bedroom?

A. Well, I know it was--

Q. You came out of the bedroom?

A. Well, I know it was--I asked Miss Purviance, I had time to ask her for her powder puff.

Q. In other words--did you use the powder puff?

A. No, I asked her for it. She was using it before that long mirror which goes in the closet.

Q. You stood in the doorway until Miss Purviance got through using it?

A. I never used it, because in the meantime the shots were fired.

Q. Well, when you went into the bedroom--or when you were standing in the door?

A. I was standing in the doorway.

Q. You couldn't see what happened in the room, could you, what happened between Mr. Dines and Mr. Greer?

A. I couldn't see.

Q. Well, then, you don't know how long Mr. Dines and Mr. Greer were talking, do you?

A. I do not.

Q. It may have been two or three or four minutes, may it not?

A. It was longer, perhaps.

MR. SHELLEY: Did you, after the shots were fired, when you came back in, or at any time before you left the apartment, see an automatic revolver?

A. No, sir.

MR. HAHN: Just a minute--she has answered, "No, sir," all right. She said, "no."

MR. SHELLEY: That is all.

MR. HEINECKE: Another question, Miss Normand. You stated when you went in there, you saw Mr. Dines and he was standing in this position (illustrating). Now you mean he was bent over and had both hands on his chest?

A. I can't answer that correctly because I know he was this way (illustrating), all full of blood.

Q. Now, you are indicating that he was stooping with his head over?

A. Yes.

Q. And with his hands on his chest?

A. And he said, "I have been plugged"--that is the only way I remember.

MR. HAHN: Wait a minute, madam, wait a minute. Objected to as hearsay, what he said, and no proper foundation laid. It hasn't been shown that Greer was there.

THE WITNESS: No, Mr. Greer wasn't there.

THE COURT: The objection is overruled.

THE WITNESS: Pardon me.

THE COURT: I think that is part of the res gestae--near enough.

Q. Will you indicate, if you can state, will you approximate about how far you were standing from Mr. Greer, when you saw him in the doorway?

A. I wasn't standing; I was sitting, your honor, when Mr. Greer came in, and got up because he had a box in his hands for Mr. Dines, and then I left for the bedroom door to speak to Miss Purviance and ask for her powder box.

Q. What I want to fix is the distance between the point where Mr. Greer spoke, and when you went to the door to see Miss Purviance. The question is how far it would be from the point where Mr. Greer stopped, to where you were talking to Miss Purviance, at the door of the bedroom?

A. Here is your door (indicating on diagram), and about that man's shoes there (indicating), about that far is where Mr. Dines was.

Q. Which man?

A. I don't know that man.

MR. SHELLEY: Eight or nine feet?

MR. HAHN: Eight or nine feet.

THE COURT: All right.

MR. HEINECKE: What did you and Miss Purviance do immediately after you saw his condition?

MR. CONLIN: Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, leading and suggestive, assuming a state of facts not in evidence.

MR. HEINECKE: If anything.

MR. CONLIN: No bearing on this defendant.

THE COURT: Overruled.

MR. HAHN: If your honor please, Miss Purviance and Miss Normand's actions, what they did in the absence of the defendant are prejudicial to the defendant. I don't know what she may state. It has nothing to do with the issues in this case. The question is very broad. You might as well ask her what she did at midnight.

THE COURT: The question is what she immediately did. I don't think it is prejudicial at all. I shall not allow the witness to go into any detailed statement of what happened for any extended period afterwards, but what happened immediately, I think is material.

MR. HAHN: Whether the defendant was there or not?

THE COURT: Yes, you may answer.

Q. What did you do immediately after?

A. Why, we rushed out of the room and saw Mr. Dines in this condition. We both, Miss Purviance and I, took his arms on each side, and took him into the bedroom and put him on the bed.

THE COURT: I think that answers it.

MR. HAHN: Just a minute.

THE COURT: And put him on the bed?

A. On the bed.

MR. HEINECKE: That is all.

Attorney Hahn, on re-cross examination, asked: You don't remember what you did immediately after the shooting, do you?

A. Yes. I do. I remember I turned around after I heard what I thought were firecrackers and saw Mr. Dines in this condition.

Q. Why, you said a few minutes ago it was probably four or five minutes?

A. Well, we were talking, and I didn't pay much attention to it, but as soon as we did see the condition that Mr. Dines was in, we both ran to him, and Miss Purviance took him on one side and I took him on the other side and

we took him into the bedroom.

THE COURT: You heard no conversation between Dines and Greer either before or after the shooting?

A. No, your honor.

MR. HAHN: You really don't remember whether it was four or five minutes or four or five seconds that you walked out of that bedroom with Miss Purviance, do you.

A. No, I don't.

MR. CONLIN: This four or five minutes that you testified having elapsed, do you mean that it was four or five minutes between the time that Mr. Greer came into the apartment and was talking with Mr. Dines four or five minutes, or was it four or five minutes from the time the firecrackers went off and you turned around and saw Mr. Dines?

MR. SHELLEY: We will object to that as immaterial.

A. I can't give you the absolute detailed time except I got up from the couch and walked to the bedroom door and stood and talked to Miss Purviance, and the next thing I heard was the shots; the exact time I don't know.

MR. CONLIN: That is all.

Testimony at the Horace Greer Trial

June 17, 1924

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Mabel Normand Clashes with Greer's Attorney

Very much like the "three firecrackers going off," to which Mabel Normand compared the shots that figured in the shooting of Courtland Dines at the interrupted New Year's party in his apartments was Mabel Normand's

own testimony on the witness stand in Judge Crail's court yesterday.

The difference was that Mabel's verbal firecrackers sputtered and blazed continuously as she told the story of the shooting, for which Horace Greer, her former chauffeur, is on trial.

Miss Normand was by no means an unwilling witness, although she displayed a hazy memory on some points on which information was sought, Particularly when Defense Attorney S. S. Hahn placed her under cross-examination was she more than ready to come back with swift and emphatic answers that kept the crowded courtroom laughing.

Once, when Hahn was working to tangle her in the meshes of "what did you say when you testified before," the Normand temper slipped its moorings.

"You haven't any right to cross examine me like that," she said. "What do you want to be so mean to me for? That isn't the way you were supposed to act."

Prosecution attorneys murmured something about manner toward witnesses, Judge Crail smiled.

"This witness seems perfectly able to take care of herself," he said.

Miss Normand began her story by telling of her visit to Dines' apartment in response to telephone invitations from Dines and Edna Purviance.

"The first thing I did was to pick up some cigarette butts," she said, "then we sat and talked like anybody."

The cigarette butts re-entered the examination when Greer's attorney made passing mention of "While you were smoking."

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Miss Normand, icicles clinging to every word. "I was not smoking."

"I beg yours," said the attorney, with a bow that called for a camera to record it.

Later, said Miss Normand, Dines telephoned to her home and told Greer, her chauffeur, to bring over the Christmas gift that Dines had forgotten to take with him. Miss Normand was sitting on the couch near the door, she said, when Greer came in. Dines was standing near the table. Miss

Purviance was in an adjoining room.

"I heard a knock, and Greer came in," said Miss Normand. "I walked over to the bedroom door to speak to Edna. I was just inside when I heard three noises, like firecrackers. Edna and I ran out into the living room."

"I saw Dines all bent over. He said, 'I'm plugged.' He was all over blood. I just saw a white shirt and vest, then the whole crowd came in, after we had helped Dines over to the bed. I never saw so many people in my life at once.

"I didn't see Greer there, after Dines said he was plugged. I didn't hear Greer and Dines talking together at all. I didn't see any gun there."

Greer's counsel turned to the bottle with which the defense claimed Dines was about to strike Greer when the latter shot. A squat, brown, hospitable looking bottle, it stood on the counsel table with a cardboard tag tied around its plump neck.

"Is this the bottle you saw in Dines' apartment?" he demanded, after Miss Normand had insisted that she saw only one bottle.

"It looks like it, and it doesn't look like it," answered Mabel.

"How much whisky was in it?"

Mabel carefully measured out with thumb and finger about two perpendicular inches.

"That was all," she said. "Just enough for the three of us to have a little drink, when somebody said, 'It's New Year's.'"

"Dines," said Mabel, "was not exactly drunk, but he had plenty."

"Isn't it a fact," demanded the defense attorney, "after he had quizzed Miss Normand over and over again on what she told Greer about calling for her, 'isn't it a fact that you told him that you were afraid to stay at Dines' place because you had to go to the hospital the next day, and you knew you would get drunk if you stayed?'"

Mabel's voice was full of ice again.

"Certainly not," she said. "I wouldn't talk to a driver about going to a hospital, and anyway, I wasn't going the next day."

Miss Normand was also very hazy about the gun. She had owned a gun,

she said, but she didn't remember what it looked like, and she hadn't seen it for months and months. The gun which was produced in court looked much too clean and new to be hers, she said.

"Did you tell Greer to shoot Dines?" the defense counsel asked.

"What would I tell him a thing like that for?" countered Mabel.

The defense questioned both Miss Normand and Edna Purviance about the amount of clothing that Dines had on. Both were rather vague about it, but they decided that all that was missing was a coat, and possibly an outside shirt...

The prosecution is in charge of Chief Trial Deputy Charles Fricke and Deputy District Attorney Hammer, S. S. Hahn, Clarence Conlin and P. R. Simon represent Greer; Milton Cohen is Mabel Normand and [Claire] Woolwine watches over Miss Purviance's participation.

* * * * *

June 17, 1924

LOS ANGELES HERALD

...The reading of the testimony given by Dines at the preliminary hearing in the case was scheduled to follow Mrs. Burns' appearance on the stand. Dines, who is at the bedside of his father who is ill in Denver, displayed a remarkable lapse of memory when he testified. He said he couldn't remember that Greer shot him.

Dines' lapse of memory and the haziness of the testimony of Miss Normand and Miss Purviance caused Justice Hanby [the judge at the preliminary hearing] to charge openly that there was collusion between the attorneys and the witnesses in the case to cause the charge against Greer to be dropped. And in this connection a remark made by Miss Normand while she was under cross-examination late yesterday was regarded as somewhat significant today.

There were two versions of what Miss Normand said. Defense Attorney Hahn was questioning her sharply when she flared up. According to one

version she said to Hahn:

"You haven't any right to cross-examine me like that. What do you want to be so mean to me for? That isn't the way you were supposed to act."

The other version was that she snapped out

"You aren't supposed to be so hard. The idea of cross-examining me like that! That wasn't the understanding I had with you."

But regardless of the words she used the gist of her remark was the same in both versions. However, if Hahn had any "understanding" to be easy in his cross-examination of Miss Normand he certainly forgot it when he questioned her on her story of the shooting.

There was considerable speculation today as to what caused Miss Normand to make the remark...

The cross-examination of Miss Normand was marked by lively spats between her and Attorney Hahn and by her gesturing and the way she answered questions. The crowd got a tremendous "kick" out of it.

Once when she was cautioned to refer to Greer as Greer and not as "Kelly," the name he gave when she employed him, she turned to Judge Crail and expostulated:

"I beg your pardon, you honor. You see, I don't know the law. I mean, I don't know the defendant. How's that?"

Again, when she was asked how big a man Dines was, she turned to Judge Crail with a sweet smile and said:

"Your honor, I think Mr. Dines was just like you, your honor. May I say that?"

"We'd better not make the matter too personal," said the judge, sternly.

Hahn asked her if she had told Greer to shoot Dines.

"For heaven's sake--no!" she retorted. "Why should I tell anybody to plug anybody, anyhow?"

She said Dines had not been "exactly drunk," but that he had "had plenty." And when she was asked to account for Greer's actions when Dines was shot, she said, "He must have been crazy or wild--I do not know."

Substantially, her testimony as the same as she gave at the preliminary hearing. She said her back was toward Greer and Dines when she heard three sounds "like firecrackers popping" and when she turned around Dines was pressing his hands to a spot of blood on his chest and gasping, "I've been plugged." She said she had not seen Greer shot. She admitted there had been drinking in the apartment and measured off two inches on the whisky bottle taken from the apartment as the amount left in the bottle when she arrived.

"Just enough for three drinks," she said...

[Note: It is possible that Mabel Normand's clash with the defense attorney came after he had focused on a discrepancy in her testimony. For example, at the preliminary hearing she reportedly testified that she did not notice a bottle in the room; at the trial she remembered it very clearly and even remembered having a drink from it.]

* * * * *

June 17, 1924
Edith Bristol
LOS ANGELES HERALD

Star's Testimony is Made Vivid by Gestures

In the testimony of Mabel Normand, film star witness in the trial of Horace Greer for the shooting of Courtland Dines on New Year's day, there are two features which will never go into the stenographic report.

One of them is Miss Normand's broad--oh, very broad--"a." It is "a" as in "bawth," "cawn't," "rawther" and "pawdon." A real Cavendish Square breadth of accent, so like dear old Lonnon!

The other item of testimony doomed to escape the official record is Miss Normand's conversational hands--unless they bring a cinema into court

to reproduce her answers.

Taalk? Miss Normand's hands fairly chatter. They are voluble, loquacious. And when she gets excited they stutter.

A running obligato of gesture accompanies her words. It began when, on being sworn, the comedienne inquired which hand to raise in taking the oath. After once getting her hands into gear, she threw them into high speed and illustrated every answer with a gesture.

Attorney Hahn, cross-examining, displays a curiosity as to the bottle on the table of Dines' apartment. Miss Normand impersonates the pouring of the drink. She illustrates the exact size of right and proper drink, the amount remaining is measured by her hands, and the fluttering fingers go through the "business" of the convivial scene. Her hands point out that delicate distinction between a man who is drunk and a man who is only "drinking."

Her hands show the jury--which looks like a comfortable, motherly meeting of the Ladies' Aid into which two men have strayed inadvertently--just how the door opened into the bedroom, just how she powdered her nose, just the way she gathered up the offending cigarette butts which marred the order of Dines' apartment on her arrival.

Just the manner in which Dines announced that he had been "plugged" and just the way a "plugged" man looks when he is, as Miss Normand expresses it, "all full of blood," is acted out by the talkative hands.

An airy wave and an outspread gesture depict the sound of the "three firecrackers going off," and another farflung gesticulation shows just how it feels to be deprived of one's own car and forced to ride to the police station with the officers.

Didn't someone write a play to Mary's ankle?

If anything so mute as an ankle is entitled to be made the theme of a drama, then some aspiring playwright should compose a scenario of the Dines New Year's celebration and title it "Mabel's Fingers."

* * * * *

June 19, 1924
LOS ANGELES HERALD

Greer Case is Ready for Jurors

The case for Horace Greer, former chauffeur for Mabel Normand, tried for shooting Courtland Dines during a party Dines staged with Miss Normand and Edna Purviance New Year's day, was ready for the jury today...

Greer, who refused to testify in his own defense because, he said, he would "rather go to the penitentiary than say anything that would hurt Miss Normand" watched the jurors closely as Fricke was completing the arguments.

His decision to stay off the witness stand, which caused the attorneys to throw up their hands in consternation, was made at the last minute, after his attorneys had promised he would testify and "tell everything."

Without having produced one word of testimony, Greer's lawyers were compelled to rely on what they said were flaws in the prosecution's case in their arguments to the jury. They shouted that Dines' own testimony and that of the other prosecution witnesses upheld Greer's story he shot in self defense.

Defense Attorney Conlin pictured the New Year's day party at Dines' apartment as a Roman saturnalia where Dines, Miss Normand and Miss Purviance were defying the constitution by drinking. He characterized Greer as the "only clean soul" of the four, who was intent upon rescuing his employer from what was going on...

Conlin said Greer shot Dines because Dines reached for a bottle to strike him with when he insisted that Miss Normand return home with him.

"Which was the more honorable?" he asked. "Was it Mabel, the cigarette girl, who wants us to believe she was there as an uplifter? Was it Dines, the Roman gladiator, posing in his undershirt and reaching for the whisky bottle? Or was it this boy Greer, the only sober one there, who wanted to take his employer from such a scene?"

S. S. Hahn, chief defense counsel, devoted his argument to a flaw-

picking attack on Dines' "I-don't-remember" story.

He ridiculed the testimony given by Miss Normand and Miss Purviance.

"They don't want the truth of this affair to become known," he said.

"They are afraid it will besmirch the motion picture profession. But the stars have got their punishment and the only lesson that a jury can teach such dark stars is by acquitting this boy."...

[Greer was indeed acquitted.]

Thanks to John Gierland for supplying some of the above clippings.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 46 -- October 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:
Flashes of Charlie Chaplin

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

During the years Taylor was in Hollywood, no silent film star had greater universal appeal than Charlie Chaplin. The following items give some insight into Chaplin during the silent film era. (For more information in TAYLOROLOGY regarding Chaplin, see issues 36 and 37.)

* * * * *

January 16, 1915
Clarence J. Caine

Charles Chaplin in a Serious Mood

You, who have laughed at his antics--and there are many of you--will pardon me for introducing Charles Chaplin, comedian-producer of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company. The pardon is asked because most of you have met "the funny man of the films" via the screen route, and once you have met him it is not likely you will forget him, for he is one of those rare comedians who causes a smile to appear on the face of the most cynical critic every time his funny "stunts" are recalled.

He arrived in Chicago the latter part of last week, in company with "Broncho Billy" Anderson and will remain at the Essanay studios in that city indefinitely, producing his inimitable farce comedies which have proved such a drawing card for exhibitors in all parts of the world. He seldom moved as fast while on the screen as he did during the first few days of his stay in the Windy City. "Charlie" was wanted here and "Charlie" was wanted there, from the time he arrived in the studio in the morning until he left at night. Therefore it was a rather difficult task to catch him, but I finally managed to corner him in the advertising department of the big studio on Argyle street for an interview.

"A funny thing about my work before the public," he said in reply to a question about his work, "is that my greatest desire when I adopted the stage as a profession, was to become a leading man--one who would be called before the footlights several times after every curtain. It was only the usual ambition of a comedian to attain the sublime, I suppose, but it took me a long time to become reconciled to the fact that I was best fitted for comic work.

"I toured England and the continent for several years before coming to America. My first visit to this side of the water was made while I was playing the lead in a pantomime production, 'A Night in an English Music Hall.' It was my work in this production that attracted the attention of Mack Sennett and when an opening occurred in the Keystone forces he wired

east for me. As I had appeared under several names, much difficulty was experienced in getting in touch with me, but finally I received their offer. I at once had visions of myself as a screen hero, hurling villains over cliffs and rescuing fair heroines from a thousand varieties of unknown danger. I was sure that I had forever shaken the 'comedy' hoodoo off.

"It was a sad blow when I arrived in Los Angeles and learned that instead of being a hero I was to be the thing I had grown to detest-- a funmaker. I was very dissatisfied for a few weeks, but slowly I began to realize that there was some attraction in the film work which was lacking on the stage. In less than a month my fascination for it entirely overcame my prejudice and I threw myself into the work with my whole heart."

"Do you know to what extent the popularity of your comedies has reached?" I queried.

"No," he frankly replied, "but I have been told that they are quite amusing. I often wonder if the people sitting in a theater realize the immense amount of thought we put into our efforts or the depth of screen psychology."

Yes, friend reader, the care-free vision that "skates" into a scene on one foot or that throws pies at his "opponents," is really a serious thinking young man. Young because it was only 25 years ago that he was introduced to this life, England being the first country to be honored by his presence.

"I have a distinct theory regarding farces," continued the laugh-getter, "and one which, to my mind, meets with public favor. I believe that a plot which could easily become a dramatic subject, but which is treated in an amusing manner and which burlesques events of daily life, with which the average person is familiar, depending principally upon its humorous action for laughs, is the one to make a successful farce comedy. There are many things in farces which I do not favor. I believe I have been ridiculed for some of my actions, but whatever I have done has been unintentional I am sure, for my one object in life now is to amuse, and to do it in a clean way. Many persons see a subject on the screen and say that such-and-such a thing should be done this way or that. They do not realize that we do things on

the spur of the moment and that our minds are under a constant strain, for we must concentrate on our work from morning till night."

He paused again and I asked him if there was anything he would like to tell our readers.

"Just say that I am doing my best to please them and that I hope my releases under the Essanay banner will be as agreeable to them as my past work. And say! Tell them that I'm just a fellow, a human being like they are and that I enjoy almost everything that is enjoyable."

He said that he was just a fellow, but I would like to add the adjective "regular" before "fellow," for Charlie Chaplin is just as likable in real life as he is funny on the screen.

* * * * *

February 13, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Charlie Chaplin is back from the east and has gone up to Niles to work in funnies for his company. He said, according to a local paper, that the "east is too damned cold for me."

* * * * *

April 1, 1916

Frank Wiltermood

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

...In an hour's talk I had with Charlie Chaplin some time ago I asked him many questions about his art, and he said that most all his actions in a comedy are copied from real life, from people whom he has met in his travels, ranging all the way from a purse-proud millionaire to a tip-seeking barber. "My leaden-foot walk," he stated, "typifies the sore feet of an almost penniless upstart trying to pose as an aristocratic swell, while my attempted smug complacency under the most adverse rebuffs characterizes concurrently

that usual human trait that is seen everywhere, in a stranded race track tout or bootblack, to try to appear clever and superior to moneyless surroundings. I am constantly studying people I meet, to note their personal idiosyncrasies, and whenever I see any antics that impress me as being comic I mark the eccentricities in my mind and practice them at the studio so as to bring laughs to theater-goers, hence the greater part of my acting is borrowed from real human characters."

* * * * *

Divorce Testimony of Mildred Harris Chaplin

December 26, 1920

AMERICAN WEEKLY

DIRECT EXAMINATION.

QUESTION BY LAWYER GILBERT--State your name in full, please.

ANSWER BY MRS. MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN--Mildred Harris Chaplin.

Q.--How old are you, Mrs. Chaplin?

A.--Nineteen.

Q.--How long have you been living in California?

A.--Since I was seven years old.

Q.--When were you married?

A.--October 23, 1918.

Q.--When did you and Mr. Chaplin become separated, finally?

A.--A year ago this coming February.

Q.--Were there any children by this marriage?

A.--One boy.

Q.--Is it living or dead?

A.--Dead.

Q.--You say you were married when you were seventeen years of age?

A.--Yes.

Q.--With whom had you lived prior to that time?

A.--My mother.

Q.--Did she keep you constantly under her care?

A.--She did.

Q.--What was the course of conduct which your mother pursued toward you insofar as caring for you and your education and matters of that kind?

A.--Mother had always sent me to school and I started in motion pictures when I was twelve years old and mother had a teacher for me.

Q.--What has been the general condition of your health ever since, whether you are strong physically or otherwise?

A.--I have always been quite healthy; I have never been terribly strong, and I have had a few spells of illness, but never very serious outside of scarlet fever. I was not very strong when I was married.

Q.--You mean by that you have been generally healthy but frail?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Your mother's treatment toward you, you say, was always very excellent?

A.--Very sweet and very lovely.

Q.--How old was Mr. Chaplin at the time he married you?

A.--Twenty-nine.

Q.--You allege in your complaint that for the first period of four months after you were married your marriage was kept a secret. At whose suggestion was that?

A.--Mr. Chaplin's.

Q.--Did he give you any reason for it?

A.--Only that he did not want it known on account of professional reasons, and other reasons he did not care to tell me.

Q.--You allege in your complaint that a short time after you were married, about four weeks, you became seized with a spell of illness, nervous prostration. Just tell the court about that.

A.--About four weeks, or perhaps a little less, after we were married, I was taken quite ill with fainting spells, and the doctor said I would have to go to the hospital.

Q.--Did you go?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Was that when the marriage became public?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Now, after the marriage became public, Mrs. Chaplin, just tell the court in your own way about the course of treatment Mr. Chaplin adopted toward you after that time?

A.--Well, after I was taken out of the hospital I had to stay in bed until Christmas, Christmas Eve, and the doctor sent a nurse home with me, and Mr. Chaplin got us a home up in Laughlin Park, and I had to stay in bed until Christmas Eve, and that was the first time I was down after I got out of the hospital. And Christmas afternoon--I mean the day before Christmas, Mr. Chaplin told me that he would be home and have dinner with me and help me trim the Christmas tree, and I had had mother get all the Christmas presents. I was not able to get up and I had always thought a great deal of Christmas, and that evening, I dressed and went downstairs and waited for him, and he did not come home. And I waited until 11 o'clock, and he did not come, so I trimmed the tree and mother helped me and then I went to bed and stayed awake until about two or three, and Mr. Chaplin came home about three o'clock.

Q.--What occurred?

A.--And when he came home he came upstairs and was very angry at me for buying so many Christmas presents and making such a time over Christmas.

Q.--Then what occurred?

A.--Then the next day was Christmas Day, and he would not get up all Christmas morning, and I went downstairs and took him up his presents and he was very angry at me for making so much over Christmas.

Q.--What would he say? What did he say?

A.--Well, he said it was very foolish and that he did not believe in such things and that I should not be so silly over Christmas and over having presents and liking such things.

Q.--Now, then, you allege that after that Christmas evening he began a course of conduct toward you of absenting himself from home. Tell the court about that.

A.--In February the doctor said I had to go up to Mt. Lowe for my health. I kept getting worse and worse and I couldn't eat, so the doctor sent me up to Mt. Lowe.

Q.--You were in bad shape physically at that time, as I understand it?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Go ahead.

A.--I went to Mt. Lowe and Mr. Chaplin would not go with me; he said he had to go away to think, and had to be away from me for a while. I begged him to go with me, but he would not go, so he went to Coronado.

Q.--With whom?

A.--With his secretary, and stayed down there a few days.

Q.--About three weeks, you say?

A.--He stayed a few days, and then he came back to his house. I could not stand it any longer, so I went down to the city to ask him if he would come up with me to Mt. Lowe for one day, and he said he would not come.

Q.--He said he would not come?

A.--Yes. So I took quite ill and threatened to do everything in the world if he would not come up with me one day, so he went up with me for one day and said he had to go right down; that he could just stay that day.

Q.--He got up there at what time in the morning?

A.--He went up in the evening and he went down the next morning.

Q.--Then how long before you saw him the next time?

A.--Then he went back to Coronado.

Q.--Well, how long did he remain there?

A.--He stayed a couple of weeks.

Q.--Were you ill all the time you were at Mt. Lowe?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Who was with you?

A.--Mother was with me.

Q.--Now, on this Christmas evening you have told about, the first Christmas evening after your marriage in October, you had invited your friends there to the house, had you?

A.--No, I had not; Mr. Chaplin had all his own friends; he did not want me to have mine.

Q.--Then, you allege, that he came home about what time on Christmas morning?

A.--It was about two-thirty or three.

Q.--Two-thirty or three. Then, on Christmas morning what occurred?

A.--He stayed in bed all day until four o'clock; he wouldn't go downstairs with me to see the tree. I took him his presents.

Q.--Did he abuse you?

A.--He was very angry at me for making so much over Christmas.

Q.--What did he say?

A.--He said it was very foolish and wasn't right to make so much or for me to like presents and foolish things; that it was not his idea to have Christmas or celebrate Christmas; he had never done it.

Q.--You allege in your complaint that you had always had girl friends of approximately your own age as companions?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--What condition existed after you were married with reference to whether or not he would permit your friends to come and visit you?

A.--He did not like them; he didn't think that I should see them; he thought I should like his friends and be more studious.

Q.--What did he say or do with reference to your friends if he should find them in his house or the house, what was his conduct toward them?

A.--He was not nice to them; he wouldn't come home if I had them.

Q.--When you had your friends he would refuse to come to the house if he found it out?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--How often did that occur, Mrs. Chaplin?

A.--All the time; he would never tell me when he would be home; he said he had to be free to live his own life and do as he pleased.

Q.--Now, on that Christmas did he give you any present or token of any kind?

A.--No.

Q.--Was he earning money in considerable amount at that time?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--He made you no present whatever?

A.--No, sir.

Q.--What was your condition at that time of your trip to Mt. Lowe?

A.--I was expecting to be a mother.

Q.--And he knew that?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--At that time did you have a contract with the Universal Film Company for your services?

A.--I did.

Q.--Tell the court about that with reference to his insisting on your working when you were unable to work.

A.--Well, when we were married Mr. Chaplin told me he wanted me to break the contract with the Universal, because he did not want me working with them. So, when I was in the hospital, after I was first taken ill, I sent a written notice that I would not be with them any more and I was under age. My lawyer told me we could break the contract. Then, in February, when I came back from Mt. Lowe, they had been sending me my check each week, and I had been sending them back and they would not return them again, but I had not cashed any. In February a friend of mine, Miss Sweet, asked me to go to New York with her when I came back from Mt. Lowe, and Mr. Chaplin had been away so long, and when he came back he said it would do me good to go to New York, so I went with her. But he wouldn't give me but \$150, and when I got East I bought a lot of baby clothes and some baby furniture and a few other things, and I did not have enough money and I wired for more money. But he would not send me any more, so I wired mother to please cash one of my checks.

Q.--That was the check that would reaffirm your contract with the Universal people, which he advised you to break.

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Did you advise him with reference to your circumstances?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Did you advise him that you expected to purchase some furniture for the expected child?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--And he declined to send you any money at all?

A.--Yes.

Q.--And he was making approximately \$6,000 or \$7,000 a month at that time?

A.--More than that.

Q.--You mentioned the furniture. You say there was an arrangement made about some furniture for the baby's room?

A.--Before I went East Mr. Chaplin said I could get a set of furniture for my room up in our home, because it was very dark.

Q.--That was the room in which you were to be confined?

A.--Yes, sir; my own room. So, I bought it at Barker Brothers, and when I got back from New York the room was all furnished in the new furniture, and he took me up to see it, and I was very happy about it and he seemed to be quite pleased, but when the bill came he refused to pay it. He said it was too expensive and that I should send it back.

Q.--Did you sent it back?

A.--No, sir.

Q.--What did you do?

A.--I really wanted it so badly that I went to Barker Brothers and asked them if I might pay so much a week or a month on it.

Q.--Out of your own funds?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Did you advise Mr. Chaplin you would arrange it that way?

A.--Yes.

Q.--What did he say?

A.--He said it was very foolish to do that, and that I had better send it back. And I told him I really wanted it so bad. Then he wouldn't talk to me any more about it. So, I paid for it by the week.

Q.--Would he decline to discuss it with you?

A.--Yes, he stayed away for about six weeks at that time and I could not see him at all.

Q.--Why did he stay away?

A.--Miss Sweet gave a little party when we got back for Mr. Chaplin and me and he would not go. He said he didn't think--he didn't want to go out and didn't think I should go out. So I went with Miss Sweet and her friend and he didn't come home the next morning, and I called him and he stayed away for about six weeks.

Q.--Did he give you any reason why he stayed away?

A.--No; he said I had disgraced him by going out.

Q.--Now, you allege that at the time you and the defendant began to live together it was agreed that he was to furnish \$50 per week for your personal use and expenses. Tell the court about that.

A.--When we were married he promised to give me \$50 a week to take care of mother and myself, but after I was married about three months he started to give it to me every two weeks, and then when I would ask for it, he wouldn't give me a check for it.

Q.--Did the Barker Brothers' bill include any furniture for Mr. Chaplin's own room?

A.--Yes; drapes and pillows.

Q.--Did he pay for that?

A.--No.

Q.--Would you buy anything for Mr. Chaplin himself?

A.--On Christmas I bought him a silver set for his dresser; I bought him a great many things. I bought him--

Q.--His personal clothing and things of that kind, did you?

A.--Yes; socks.

Q.--Describe what you bought for him.

A.--I bought all his handkerchiefs and socks and pajamas and ties.

Q.--Did he pay for them or did you?

A.--I did.

Q.--Did you pay for it out of your own earnings?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Did you ask him to pay and did he refuse?

A.--No; I wanted to give them to him.

Q.--Now, Mrs. Chaplin, all the time of these difficulties that you have outlined, were you trying as best you could, were you in love with him deeply at that time?

A.--I was.

Q.--Were you trying as best you could to do the things that would make you attractive to him and make his home life comfortable?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--And you have testified that he stayed away from home about six weeks, refusing to come home?

A.--Yes.

Q.--What effect did that have on you?

A.--I was taken quite ill while he was staying away and had fainting spells and the doctor had to put me to bed every month for about a week or two. I was very, very ill.

Q.--Now, you allege that subsequent to the time that you went to--went out some place, Mr. Chaplin employed some detectives to watch you?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Tell the court about that.

A.--Well, I understood that after the first night that I went out, from that time on Mr. Chaplin hired detectives to watch me.

Q.--What effect did that have on your mind?

A.--Well, it made me very nervous, I think.

Q.--You allege that subsequent to that time and after he secured the detectives he declined to "re-enter the home of the plaintiff or defendant at all" and refused to talk to you over the telephone?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Tell the court about that.

A.--I called him and tried to see him; I went down to the club and would

call him and he would not come down.

Q.--Where were his personal belongings? Had he removed them to the club?

A.--Yes.

Q.--You did get to see him?

A.--I went to his studio and took him birthday presents on April 16.

Q.--Tell the court what happened at that time.

A.--I cried and begged him to come back home and I fainted and he said that I was acting silly and I had disgraced him and he didn't see why he should come back.

Q.--Did you take him some presents?

A.--Yes; I took him quite a few presents; I took him a gold fountain pen and gold shaving set and several other things and he seemed to be very happy.

Q.--Did you prepare a birthday dinner for him then?

A.--Yes; I told him I would prepare a little birthday party for him, and to please come home. I had invited some friends, and he said he would try to get home if he could arrange it. He thought he was going to be very busy.

Q.--What occurred?

A.--The night of his birthday I waited for him and he didn't come. The next morning some one called me and said he was at the Ship Cafe with a party of people giving a birthday party; he had a birthday party of his own.

Q.--He promised you he would come home to the birthday party and went to the Ship Cafe to an entertainment provided for him by some other people?

A.--Yes.

Q.--Did he invite you to go or advise you he was going?

A.--No, sir.

Q.--When you heard he had declined to come home and eat birthday dinner with you and had gone down to the Ship Cafe with some other people on a birthday party, what effect did it have on you, Mrs. Chaplin.

A.--I was taken quite ill and the doctor came out and put me back to bed and he sent the nurse out and they called Mr. Chaplin and told him he would have to come out, that they thought I was going to lose the baby.

Q.--Did he come?

A.--Yes, sir; he came up.

Q.--He found the nurse and doctor and found you in bed when he got there.

What did he do?

A.--He said he was going to be different and, of course, I was not able to go out then and had to stay in bed two or three weeks, sitting up in bed.

Q.--Did he remain with you?

A.--No; he came home early for a couple of evenings.

Q.--Then what occurred?

A.--Then he started going out again and coming home at two and three and four in the morning.

Q.--Did you lie awake waiting for him to come?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--What was the reason?

A.--I was nervous up in this big house up on the hill.

Q.--Then what did he say while you were living at Laughlin Park, what did he say with reference to coming down town and renting another house there?

A.--He said the rent was too much and he would not renew the lease; that we would have to move down and take a place that was cheaper; that the bills were too much.

Q.--Go ahead.

A.--And so the doctor said I might get up and I went down to look for a house, a nice house, the only house I could find with a nursery, and he said he would not pay over \$250 a month, and this was the only large house I could find, large enough for his servants, and the lady would not let me have it for less than \$300 a month. So I told him, and he said, well, he would not pay it; if we could have it for \$250 he would take it. I told the lady that I would pay the balance and not to let him know it was more than \$250. So I paid \$200 on the rent for six months.

Q.--Did he ever pay the full rent or leave you to pay it?

A.--No; I paid it for that period until the next lease.

Q.--You allege that during the time you were expecting the baby he agreed to purchase an automobile. Did you have an automobile at that time?

A.--No, I did not; I was using taxi cabs from the Athletic Club, but he objected to the bills.

Q.--Was it necessary in your condition for you to have some kind of vehicle to ride in?

A.--It was.

Q.--What did he say to you with reference to buying you an automobile?

A.--Well, he said he was going to get me a nice car when the baby was born, for the baby and I.

Q.--Did he own a car for himself at that time?

A.--Yes, and a chauffeur.

Q.--Did he tender you the use of his car?

A.--No; he said I would have the use of it, but I never did.

Q.--What was his method of talking to you? Was it kindly or otherwise?

A.--No; it was not kindly.

Q.--How long were you in the hospital; Mrs. Chaplin, after the baby was born?

A.--Two weeks--three weeks.

Q.--When it became possible for you to be taken home from the hospital did Mr. Chaplin come for you?

A.--No.

Q.--How did he arrange for you to get home?

A.--He sent his secretary and his chauffeur with this car, this second-hand car he bought me.

Q.--He bought you a car, did he?

A.--No; he traded in his studio car of a second-hand car.

Q.--The present he gave you was a second-hand car, and when he sent for you to come home, to be taken from the hospital, he sent his chauffeur and his secretary?

A.--Yes.

Q.--The child had died, as I understand. Lived how long?

A.--Three days.

Q.--Now, Mrs. Chaplin, what time did he get home that night after you came

from the hospital, after--let me see if I understand?

A.--I had Steve and Ada phone and ask him if he would come home for dinner with me, and he said he would, and he came home that evening and brought a man with him, and I asked him--I could not stay downstairs, I was supposed to stay upstairs for two weeks, so he was going to eat downstairs, and I asked him if he would not come up and eat with me, and he said he would, and he and this man came up and ate with me and he said he had to leave, that he had an engagement.

Q.--What time did he get home that night?

A.--I don't remember.

Q.--This was the first night after you had been home after you had been confined in the hospital, after you lost the baby that lived for two or three days, and he came home and brought a strange man into the bedroom there, and you had your meal and he went off that night and left you?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Give us something about the following nights with reference to his conduct.

A.--Then he started staying--he came home a couple of nights and then he started going up to some friends in Beverly Hills and staying there.

Q.--How late would he stay?

A.--He would stay until very late, and sometimes he would stay all night.

Q.--Would he telephone you?

A.--No.

Q.--Did he ever, Mrs. Chaplin, when he would be out away from home and leave you, did he ever telephone you to advise you he would not be there? Would he call you and talk to you?

A.--No.

QUESTION BY JUDGE YORK.--Did he do any work at that time?

ANSWER BY MRS. CHAPLIN.--No; he was not working at all after the baby was born; he didn't start to work--

QUESTION BY LAWYER GILBERT.--Now, a short time after you recovered from your confinement, what suggestions did he make with reference to your going

to work again--what did he do with reference to insisting that you should go to work.

ANSWER BY MRS. CHAPLIN.--After the baby had died I was to go to work, three months after, if I was able. If not, I was to go to work as soon as I was able to, and he said that he thought I had better go right to work as soon as I could, because he wanted me to get my mind off of myself; I was thinking too much about the baby and myself, and that I ought to go to work and get my mind on something.

Q.--Were you really able to go to work at that time?

A.--No. The doctor said I was not.

Q.--Now, during those times that he was staying downtown at night while you were visiting your friends and humiliating you by remaining away, did you try to do your best to get him to change his way.

A.--Yes.

Q.--You have told about the first Christmas after you were married--tell the court about your second Christmas.

A.--On the second Christmas he had been staying out in Beverly Hills, He had been staying up there for quite a time and he would stay all night a good deal up there because he had a very good time, and the second Christmas he said he would be home and I invited some people, and on Christmas Eve he phoned he would not be able to come home until about nine, but he sent some presents home for the people.

Q.--Did he send you a present?

A.--No.

Q.--Go ahead.

A.--He didn't come. So these people left and he came home about four in the morning. I waited up until about two and then I went to bed and sat up in bed waiting for him.

Q.--Then, as I understand it, on the second Christmas night, after your marriage, after he had promised to come home, he didn't come until about four o'clock in the morning?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--What did he say when he came in?

A.--Well, he said he had been detained; that he had met some people and had been talking with them.

Q.--Did you afterward ascertain where he had been?

A.--He had had dinner with a lady and gentleman at a little cafe on Fifth street. I don't know where he had gone. I think afterwards he told me he had been talking business.

Q.--Then, you allege in your complaint that after that time he then came home and remained for about two weeks? What did he do then?

A.--I told him if he wouldn't take me out and wouldn't be different, if he didn't want to live with me I would get a separation, and he said he would be different and that he would try and be good and he took me out for a few nights and then he went away and I was working then and I went away on location. Before that he had not been home for about six weeks. He took almost all of his clothes out to Beverly Hills and stayed there, and when I got back after being away for about a week he had his man come and take all of his clothes, and I called and tried to see him.

Q.--Would he see you?

A.--No. He stayed away and moved everything, and he told his man to tell me he would not be back any more.

Q.--Did you get to see him any more?

A.--Yes. I called him and had him come to see me.

Q.--What did he say?

A.--Well, he said he knew that he did not want to live with me any more; that he had tried to change me and make me live his way and be different, and that he saw it was impossible and that I wasn't good and that he couldn't trust me, and that I was--everything.

Q.--Then he did decline to live with you from that time until now?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--During this period of time, when he was giving you insufficient funds to live upon, did you accumulate bills?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--Would Mr. Chaplin pay those bills?

A.--No, sir; he paid the house bills, he gave me a check each month for the house bills, which Mr. Harrington deposited, and I drew out the checks for the house.

Q.--So far as your clothing and your own bills, he declined--

A.--No, he gave me a couple of checks, these fifty-dollar checks; when I was married he gave me a check for mother and I for \$500 apiece, and I think he gave me one check after that for \$500.

Q.--That is all he gave you during the time you lived together?

A.--Yes, sir.

Q.--You allege in your complaint that you had been accustomed, during your life, to mingle and be associated with people of refinement and people of your own age. What would Mr. Chaplin do with reference to that?

A.--I had never gone out before until I met Mr. Chaplin; I never had been out alone without mother. Mr. Lee knows that.

Q.--Now, when he finally left, what did he do with reference to his personal belongings?

A.--He had Mr. Harrington come for everything; he was living up in Beverly Hills with some friends. Then he moved to the Athletic Club.

Q.--During that period did he contribute anything to your support at all?

A.--No, sir; he sent word to every one that he would not be responsible for any more of my bills, to all the stores where I had always paid my own bills.

Q.--You always, I believe, did your best to retain him, did you not, Mrs. Chaplin?

A.--I did.

CROSS-EXAMINATION.

QUESTION BY LAWYER WRIGHT (attorney for Mr. Chaplin).--Mrs. Chaplin, you say during the time of your marriage Mr. Chaplin earned large sums of money?

ANSWER BY MRS. CHAPLIN.--I said during the time of his marriage he had large sums of money.

Q.--Not that he earned large sums of money?

A.--Well, yes; during the time of our marriage he sold two pictures, I believe.

Q.--Didn't they cost him more to make than he got for them?

A.--I don't know; I am sure I don't know that they cost him as much as he got for them; I know he gets a percentage besides what he gets for his pictures.

Q.--Does your information that he has made large sums of money come from statements he made or come from an examination you made of his records?

A.--My reference to that is from the First National.

BY LAWYER WRIGHT.--That is all.

* * * * *

September 4, 1921

Louella Parsons

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Real Charlie Chaplin

So deeply rooted is Charles Chaplin's aversion to being questioned by reporters, it is doubtful if he would have expressed himself on any subject if Nathan Burkan had not invited me to dine with Mr. Chaplin and himself. My conversations with the comedian--when there is an interview in the offing--usually start and end this way:

"Oh, you know what I think. Say what you like."

A terrible responsibility and one of the penalties of knowing the hero in the story well enough to be fairly conversant with his ideas on socialism, art and marriage. Still, when a man has the active, scintillating brain of Charles Chaplin there is always fresh material, and it is always a source of genuine regret to me he dislikes being questioned, and that I have to remember his dislike of anything that borders on an interview.

But when one is a guest at a dinner party, seated next to the guest of honor, there are many subjects that come up and many ideas that present

themselves, spontaneously and naturally, without any thought of being forced. This is what happened at Mr. Burkan's dinner. We talked of everything under the sun from divorces to Japanese literature. Charlie expressing himself on each subject with an amazing aptitude and a knowledge of life learned from experience and from his wide acquaintance with the books on philosophy, science and literature.

"One of the newspapers this evening," said Mr. Burkan, "carried an editorial on your desire to make serious plays. They quoted you as saying you wanted one day to play 'Hamlet' or 'Beau Brummel' to eliminate your comedy and devote your attention to something deeper."

"I wouldn't say serious plays," answered Mr. Chaplin. "I want to make beautiful plays. I am eager to bring poetry to the screen such as we have never had. My experiment with 'The Kid' taught me there is a limitless field for the expression of poetry through the motion pictures."

If Mr. Chaplin expects to bring the beautiful into pictures he will have to wait for several months. He sailed yesterday on the Olympic for a holiday abroad, and he is looking forward to it with all the zest of a boy. After nine years he is returning to his home town with fame and fortune. He left a poor boy, he comes back the uncrowned king of comedy, the best known man in the world and the favorite of the motion picture public from darkest Africa to civilized England. He will visit his birthplace in France, take a look at Seville, Spain, and rest in sunny Italy. He has no intention of thinking or talking work--and if any one wants to be his Santa Claus they will just let him enjoy his vacation in his own way. As for the repeated hints that Mr. Chaplin will make a picture on Socialism there is nothing to it.

"Why should I bother with propaganda?" he asked. "I have no message to deliver."

Charlie Chaplin is like a boy in many ways. He seems very young despite his gray hairs acquired within the last year, and very appealing in his repeated remark that he knows very little about women, that they frighten him. His late matrimonial disaster evidently prompted these words. He is very sensitive about his divorce and mentions it as one would speak of a

great holocaust or a terrible murder.

He is at his best when he is with the people who know and love him or when he is talking with a child. A Japanese lad aged 13, Shijo Tamura, son of the great Tamura, came up to Mr. Burkan's apartment to see Mr. Chaplin. The boy is a prodigy and will one day rival his gifted father and his mother, who is an actress in her own country. He has written several books in long hand and illustrated them with drawings. Charlie sat down on the divan next to the boy and talked with him on his ambitions, his impressions of America and what he intended to be when he reaches manhood. The child, fearless and frank in his conversation, captivated the comedian, who spoke of Shijo as one of the most remarkable children he had ever met.

T. Yoshida, a Japanese photographer, was so intrigued with his young countryman's brilliant dissertation he insisted upon making a picture of the boy and Mr. Chaplin. He likewise photographed our host and Mr. Chaplin. The picture on this page is by T. Yoshida, who stayed up half the night to get it ready for The Morning Telegraph.

While we were waiting for the smoke to clear out so we could dine and get to the theatre, the janitor came in on some pretext or another. Seeing his hero, he beamed and said:

"Hello, Charlie."

This informal greeting did not embarrass the much-sought-after comedian, who put out his hand in a most democratic fashion and said, "How are you?"

It is these little unaffected ways that makes Mr. Chaplin the fascinating person he is. Unspoiled, lacking in conceit and with the discrimination of an artist, he is a genius. There is something lovable about him, more so because, despite his fame and his enviable position in the world, he is pathetic. To explain that pathos would be difficult, but it is there and refuses to leave even when he is at his merriest and his eyes twinkle over some bon mot or other.

Our conversation was very serious. Most people believe because a man is a comedian on the stage or the screen he should bring his humor with him wherever he goes. Mr. Chaplin is much more at ease discussing Freud,

Shakespeare, Neitschi or Lloyd George's latest message to the Irish than he is in discussing custard pie tactics. Any actor who believes Charlie Chaplin is an accident should hear him talk; he has the mentality of a giant, and is without a shadow of a doubt as brilliant as any man with whom I have ever talked.

Our dinner party broke up with Charlie and Mr. Burkan rushing to see "Liliom" while I made tracks for the Plymouth to see Marjorie Rambeau's opening.

"I want to see the heaven in 'Liliom'," said Mr. Chaplin. "It has always been one of my favorite subjects."

"Is that why you featured heaven in 'The Kid'?" he was asked.

"One reason," he answered.

And the last I saw of him was at the entrance to the Fulton Theatre, with the doorman hastening to get a better look. And come to think of it Charlie does have his troubles with photographers, reporters and a constant mob trying just to look at him. But wait until he reaches Paris--the town will go mad with the real Charles to entertain.

We will hear all about it when he comes back.

* * * * *

Chaplin in Paris

September 20, 1921

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris Edition)

Charlie Hunts up His Old Haunts

Charlie Chaplin, the king of mirthmakers, has at last found that which he came to Europe to seek--a simple rest. This was true up till late last night, but whether he will be allowed to continue to exist in this pleasant state during the remainder of his stay in Paris is another question. Charlie

was successful enough in coming from London to Paris incognito, and yesterday morning there were few Parisians who knew at which hotel the secretive Charlie was stopping--even after they had read their journals vaguely announcing that he was somewhere in the avenue des Champs Elysees.

Charlot, as the French know him, was therefore permitted to rest unperturbed in his apartment at Claridge's Hotel until noon yesterday, even the French reporters having taken the comedian's gentle hint not to call on him at an early hour. It was past eleven o'clock before the first newspaper man appeared, and he was politely but firmly told that M. Charlot was asleep and would probably not be ready for an interview before one o'clock.

So the newspaper tribe quietly foregathered in the hallway facing Charlie's apartment to make sure that he did not get out incognito, and here they were content to listen to Mr. Carlyle Robinson, Charlie's manager, who told interesting tales of the comedian's wanderings the night before, particularly his visit to the Folies-Bergere, where he used to appear before the footlights some ten years ago.

While Mr. Robinson was thus discoursing, the elevator door opened and a visitor, who proved to be Mr. Dudley Field Malone, walked straight into Charlie's abode, leaving the newspaper men gasping that they should be thus beaten at their own game. But within a few moments came an invitation for everyone to enter. Inside the drawing room, Charlie was standing near his bedroom door, attired in a blue silk dressing gown partly revealing yellow pyjamas. Charlie had evidently had his usual amount of sleep, for he was all smiles as he shook hands with each of his guests and assured them that he was pleased to see them. In the absence of his famous derby hat, there was revealed a healthy growth of curly, jet black hair, and instead of the familiar little moustache one saw a smooth-shaven face, which made it somewhat hard to realise that it was Charlie of filmland.

Once seated, Charlie asked the reporters to fire away, and this they did, until at last Mr. Malone warned them that they had consumed just about all his limited time. "How do I like Paris? Well, I'm always fascinated with Paris," Charlie responded to the first bombardment.

Charlie then talked of his wanderings in Paris the night before. He said that he was very much disappointed to find many of the old places changed. His favorite little cafe, near the Folies-Bergere, was no longer to be found, and neither was the cabaret from which he once fled after a mix-up, in which his funny feet became somewhat involved.

At one moment the interview was interrupted, as a startled-looking, red headed young man was ushered in. Glancing nervously about him, he asked with a French accent: "Where is Charlot?" As Charlot stood up, he planted himself squarely in front of the comedian and in broken English began an effusive discourse, which he had apparently memorised in advance. "My dear Charlie, is it really you?" he questioned. "I am so glad to see you, Charlie. We have been waiting so long for you. Now, I do hope you like Paris. Paris is such a wonderful city, you know. And, dear Charlie, you must visit our shows. But you look so funny, Charlie. Where is your moustache? And where is your hat? And how long are you going to stay in Paris? And where do you go now, my dear Charlie! You must be so tired."

Charlie stood it as best he could, but it was too much for the risibilities of the newspaper men. They retreated to the end of the room, where, by the aid of handkerchiefs, they stifled their laughter and the congeal plight of "dear" besieged Charlie. Then they came to his aid by shaking hands with him, as they took their leave and filed out.

* * * * *

September 22, 1921

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris Edition)

Charlot Cheers Rive Gauche Crowds;
Then Holds Wassail in Montmarte

A taxi drew up by the Cafe de la Rotonde and some newcomers took possession of a terrace table, ordered bocks, lighted cigarettes and

nonchalantly surveyed the other tables, the moon, and the world in general so far as it entered within their vision. One of the men wore a lightest tan overcoat and a soft velours hat pulled low on his forehead, and it was when he suddenly removed this head covering and ran a hand over his black hair with a gesture of contentment that events began to take a turn out of the usual.

"For heaven's sake, Charlie, keep that hat on if you want to stay incog. here," admonished the other man in his party. The velour was hastily jerked back into position, and the man called "Charlie" slunk down just as far as he could into his coat collar. But it was too late. "Oh, Charlot! c'est Charlot!" screamed a young Parisienne, fixing worshipful eyes on the hapless comedian, and then beginning a triumphal rush that ended in ignominious retreat under guard of a watchful waiter.

In the end, however, the people won, and the waiters had to surrender. Round the section where the action was taking place there was suddenly a solid, high wall of humanity, largely supported by such tottery foundations as tables and chairs. In the centre sat Charlie, trying to see what the Latin Quarter is like. There was no way to improve the situation, so he took it with a smile, had a handshake for the acquaintances and friends of acquaintances who felt entitled to the attention, and a genuine bit of consolation when he discovered in the crowd Miss Iris Tree, daughter of Sir Herbert Tree.

"Isn't it extraordinary, astonishing?" he asked once when he found the space around him rapidly contracting, merely because everyone wanted to look at him. "I think I will open a chain of restaurants and eat on exhibition. Or I might go to restaurants and cafes on a commission basis. Tonight reminds me of the day I arrived in Paris. Once the police shoved me into the sidelines to make room for myself to go past. My French was not adequate to the situation, but fortunately I was rescued. Next thing I knew I was in a taxi with a strange man. I asked him where he came from and where he was going, and he said: 'I don't know; I just got pushed here.'"

"I say, Dudley, let's leave this place and go somewhere quiet now," was

Charlie's next remark addressed to Mr. Dudley Field Malone, with whom he took dinner at the Tour d'Argent and started the night under the auspicious influence of good roast duck. But his companions disillusioned him. "This is a quiet place, Charlie. You should have seen how calm, how almost bored everyone was until you came." He accepted, ate with his usual good humor and was let to the Petit Napolitain next door to see the pictures exposed there, and at his heels came all Montparnasse, and ahead of him departed all semblance of peace and quiet.

"My idea is don't let's walk where we go." Charlie caught sight of the friendly retreat offered by a taxi when he finally emerged, and he made a dash for it. "Oh, vous allez partir; e'est pas gentil!" "Hang around here!" "Resiez ici, Charlot!" the chorus of shouts went up. "Signez, signez!" pleaded one man, standing on the running-board with paper and pencil in his hand. Roses fell in the car. A kiss hit the mark from somewhere, and the king of the films rolled triumphantly down the boulevard du Montparnasse.

"Nice, everything turned out just as we hoped. I feel sure no one recognised us," Charlie laughed. And then: "I wonder what they want me to do, anyway! I would like to know what they want," he said seriously to his companions.

The Latin Quarter probably relapsed into utter drabness. Charlie continued to enjoy himself. On and on he went to that other part of Paris called Montmartre, and in the wake of the taxi there were snatches of gay songs drifting through the dark streets; then came a hill and a splutter from the engine and a choke with the air of finality about it.

"Il n'y a pas d'essence," beamed the driver, proud to have discovered what was the trouble. "On ne peut pas marcher plus loin."

"Nice place to find it out!" commented one of the occupants of the car, regarding the isolated aspect of the landscape. But it was not the philosophical Charlie. He had discovered an obscure little cafe and was making for it. That is the kind he enjoys--"Where there is just room for a few to go in," like some unnamed retreat where he watched the hours slip by in company of Jacques Capeau and members of the Vieu Colombier, after

visiting the Medrano circus and the wonderful Italian clowns the other night, or like some others of more ancient memory.

There were only three or four others who had the good fortune to be in that little cafe and they either failed to recognise Charlot, or they were resolved to allow him to have a good time. There was no camera and no crowd to watch and he could follow his whims, to play the old piano, to sing a few choice music-hall selections, to tip a straw hat jauntily over one eye and promenade, with the gait of the Charlot on the screen combining oddly with his immaculate tailormades.

There was one other scene worth looking on before Charlie decided to call it a night and make his way back to his hotel. It is in the Lapin Agile, high on the hill of the Sacre Coeur. Lights burn low in the room as the hands of the clock go toward 2 o'clock. Round the wooden tables, leaning against the rough stone walls, are not more than ten or twelve left from the crowd of the evening. There a tall man stands up in the half light to play wistful, crying melodies, play them it seems as never before with all the fire of his Viennese blood and temper. A man stands there to recite a dramatic poem in which he puts feeling and a wonderful voice that makes even the knowledge of his French words unnecessary to understand him. Men sing and play the banjo or guitar. Best of all, old "Frede" himself, the ancien patron, with his flowing gray beard and his sixty odd years, plays and sings and tells a few shrewd facts about art. And his face is happy while he pours his best wine in honor of his guests.

In the midst of all this is Charlie Chaplin, moved and deeply content because he is seeing a part of Paris that he wants to know. He orders wine and more toasts are drunk, and then a huge tome is brought out and he affixes his "trade mark," hat, moustache, stick and shoes, besides others that have gone down there during many years. And he signs his name to pieces of paper --until he comes to one offered by the Viennese violinist. "I am going to wait until tomorrow and send a real letter," he decides. "There is something more personal and sincere about it I think."

Charlie left for Berlin yesterday afternoon, but he expects to be back

in Paris on Thursday.

* * * * *

[In 1925, Chaplin sued Charles Amador, a film comedian who was a "Chaplin imitator" who used the film name "Charles Aplin." Chaplin took the witness stand during that trial.]

February 20, 1925

Marjorie Driscoll

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

...When Mr. Chaplin resumed his testimony...he was asked by Attorney Ben Goldman, representing Amador, if in his opinion the public would be deceived by the resemblance.

"Yes, I believe the public would be misled," said Mr. Chaplin. "That is, in regard to the clothes and makeup. I don't know how close the resemblance would seem otherwise."

Incidentally, during his final testimony, Mr. Chaplin set at rest rumors that he might be preparing to cease acting and become a producer and director.

"I'll act as long as they'll have me," he said with a smile.

..."I have received many letters of protest," he said, "coming from people who told me that they had gone to a motion picture theater because they saw outside a picture which they believed was mine. Once inside they discovered it was a different actor. I have taken this action now because of those protests and my desire to keep faith with the public."

Chaplin took the stand, while the crowd buzzed and rustled and tried to climb in the windows from the hall at the rear of the courtroom in an eager effort to get a closer look at the little man in the gray suit who ran his hand through his hair, screwed his mobile face into frowns, and gestured with expressive fingers as he tried hard to understand the questions of the cross-examination.

His direct examination was brief. He testified that he had entered

motion pictures in 1913, that he had almost immediately created the character he now plays, and that he had never seen anyone else before then on stage or screen who played the same character with the same complete makeup.

Cross-examination started with his stage career. He said he could not remember all the details.

"I really don't remember much about my first part," he said. "I suppose I was about four years old."

Before going into pictures, he played the role of a drunk in a sketch called "A Night in an English Music Hall."

"It wasn't in the least like this character," he said, waving his hand toward the poster pinned to a blackboard in which a pictured Charlie Chaplin was sorrowfully counting a diminishing bank roll.

"The drunk wore a full dress suit," Chaplin said.

Attorney Morris took up the details of the costume as pictured on the poster. Chaplin freely admitted that he had seen stage comedians wearing baggy trousers, tight coats, small hats and big shoes.

"But never all at once," he explained.

He sought to explain the psychology of his screen character.

"It isn't so much the clothes," he said. "It's the personality, the attitude. The character I play is a symbol, a satire on life."

"Where did you get the idea for that character?" asked attorney Goldman.

Chaplin smiled almost helplessly.

"Why, where does any one get ideas?" he countered. "From life; from the whole pageantry of life."

Goldman went into details.

"Where did you get the walk?" he asked. "Wasn't it suggested by some of your fellow players on the stage?"

"I got it--or at least the idea of it--from an old cab driver," said Chaplin.

"Where did you get your glide?" asked Goldman.

Chaplin looked puzzled.

"Glide?" he asked. "Just what do you mean?"

Admitting that he would rather not be compelled to illustrate in person, Goldman explained that he meant the habit of the screen Chaplin of skidding around a corner with one foot upraised.

"I got that on the spur of the moment," answered Chaplin.

Goldman endeavored to show that Chaplin had copied his "goose walk" from Fred Kitchin, an actor with him in the "Music Hall."

"Didn't Kitchin walk like that?" he asked.

"He had bad feet," responded Chaplin demurely, and the crowded courtroom laughed until Judge Jamison told it to keep still.

"And the grimaces you use?" asked Goldman.

"I really don't know," said Chaplin. "I don't know that I am making any special grimaces. I just do what the situation and the moment seem to suggest."...

* * * * *

January 15, 1927

Austin O'Malley

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Chaplin's Own Story!

New York, Jan. 14 -- Universal Service and the Chicago Herald and Examiner herewith present Charlie Chaplin's own amazing story of his marital difficulties. The world-famous comedian related the story to this writer today as he was speeding to New York from Chicago on the Twentieth Century Limited.

It took six hours in its recital. Exhausted at the conclusion, the wearied-eyed comedian heaved a deep sigh and in a weak voice exclaimed:

"I had intended not to talk about my case until I filed a cross-bill to my wife's suit for divorce, but I can no longer restrain my pent-up feelings, and I will tell you everything."

Just as his moving pictures are tinged with pathos, so did Chaplin's remarkable tale contain both the familiar comic and tragic elements.

Flashing eyes, lowering brow, banging fist--and every now and then the famous smile--punctuated the story.

Chaplin was utterly frank. He realized, he explained, that he is tremendously handicapped in his battle to maintain his reputation by the fact that he is fighting a woman who bore him two babies. He feels, however, that judgment of him should be made after both sides of the story are told.

Curled up in a seat in his drawing room, smoking cigaret after cigaret, he unfolded the story which he says he some day intends putting on the screen, himself enacting the part he is playing in real life.

"I know," he stated, "that I will be vindicated by any judge or jury that gives me a fair hearing. I have a sad story to tell, and I hope the public will believe it.

"I find myself in this unfortunate predicament because I am a victim of a dastardly plot, not only to besmirch my character, but also to deprive me of the fruit of my life's work.

"My wife's mother is responsible for my misfortune. She forced me to marry her daughter; she caused the separation, and now she wants me to give her daughter nearly everything I possess. She will stop at nothing to attain her purpose.

"Lita, my wife, was only 15 years old when I selected her as my leading lady in a picture I was making. She seemed to worship me. Her mother often came to me and said: 'Mr. Chaplin, my daughter adores you; please be nice to her.' Well, I fell in love.

"We often went to parties and took drives out in the country. At that time Lita was wonderful.. She was so different from many of the flappers of today. She did not smoke or drink.

"She told me I was everything to her. I was in a very Heaven [sic]. Shortly after that we were married. I shall never forget that day. The ceremony took place in a little hamlet in Mexico. It was performed in a rude cabin, the home of the Mayor. The sun was just coming up over the desert; there was a heavy mist. Always I have had an eye for the dramatic, and I realized that here was drama in the nth degree.

"Just as the magistrate, speaking in Spanish, little of which I understood, was pronouncing us man and wife, a ray of sunlight penetrated through a tiny window which was crossed by four wooden bars. The shadow of the cross was thrown full on my breast and I gasped, wondering at its significance.

"After the ceremony we went out into the sea--the illimitable sea--in a rowboat. I was exhausted by the ordeal I had gone through. Later, we returned to Los Angeles.

"We got along splendidly--Lita and I--for a while. Then one day she told me she did not love me.

"She said she did not love me when she married me. I begged her to retract her statement. I was so blinded in my infatuation that I was trying to convince myself she did not mean what she had said.

"Well, the baby was born, and I thought that would make her attitude change. She was lovely to me for a while. Then she became cold again. Later again, she would nestle up to me and purr, and tell me she was so sorry she had mistreated me.

"Our second baby was born. I adored both of the babies. I have always wanted children. Not long after the baby came, I noticed a most radical change in Lita's behavior. She started to smoke and to drink. She went to wild parties. Reports came to me about her conduct. I begged her, for the babies' sake and my reputation, to conduct herself in a manner befitting her name.

"Then again she told me she did not love me. With tears in my eyes I begged her to tell me the reason. She did not reply.

"Soon I got the biggest shock of my life when friends told me Lita was circulating infamous slanders on my character. These reports were so amazing that I suffered a nervous breakdown. I demanded an explanation. She meekly answered she had not meant to harm me. She added she was sorry.

"Then came the most terrific wallop of all. I had engaged Merna Kennedy, a sweet young girl, to play opposite me in "The Circus." The picture I have half completed. Merna and Lita were inseparable companions.

She often visited at our home.

"One night Lita, Merna and myself were in the kitchen making sandwiches. The servants had retired. I was standing across the table from Merna, cutting the bread, when Lita left the room, explaining she would return immediately.

"Her departure struck me as strange at the time, because Lita had never before gone into a room in my home alone. She had a fear complex which is still inexplicable. She returned in five minutes.

"Merna left a few minutes later. The door had hardly closed on her when Lita turned on me and exclaimed:

"Well, I caught you that time--I saw you 'necking' Merna. You thought I had gone upstairs, but I remained outside the door and saw it all.'

"I was dumbfounded--I reeled.

"'For God's sake, Lita! How could you make such an infamous statement?' I cried.

"She insisted she had seen me with my arms around Merna's neck.

"'Lita!' I screamed. 'Will you swear that what you are saying is the truth? I will give you an oath that you dare not take.

"'Swear that you hope our darling babies will die before the week is out, if you are not telling the truth.'

"You could have killed me when she calmly repeated the oath.

"Even after that I tried to win her back. I failed. Then I offered her a divorce. Her mother entered the negotiations. Their demands were so exorbitant that I refused to consider them.

"You can't understand my anguish. I would pace up and down my room, stand in front of the mirror, shake my finger at my image and exclaim:

'Charlie, you must find a way to make her love you. Think of the babies!'

"All my pleas were in vain.

"Not only did she scorn my love, but she boasted of the fact in public. Friends told me she was in the habit of declaring before her associates:

'Charlie is a genius, but I know how to handle him.'

"I learned she had again been making defamatory remarks against me in

public. I reproached her as gently as possible.

"'Lita,' I would say to her, 'even if you do not love me, please, for God's sake, do not slander me. Why do you insist on circulating these damnable stories?'

"She would only stare at the ceiling and promise never to do it again.

"Little did I then realize that that was all part of the scheme to force me to terms.

"At last I could endure the torture no longer. I suddenly awakened to the fact that Charlie Chaplin was being used as a fool. I called Lita in my room one night and told her that I would give her a divorce. I offered her \$300,000 in cash and \$100,000 for each of the babies. I insisted on keeping the babies. I suggested the easiest way out of the difficulty--a trip to Paris and a decree there.

"I asked her to await the completion of 'The Circus.' I had very little available cash. I pointed out I would have plenty after the picture was marketed. Lita accepted the proposition.

"She agreed to take a trip to Hawaii to wait until the picture was finished. There were tears in her eyes when I said good-by at the boat.

"She returned from Hawaii in two weeks, just as I was getting in some real work on my picture. The very first day she was back she bought \$8000 worth of clothes in one shop and \$600 worth of shoes in another.

"When I remonstrated with her for her extravagance, she told me I had no occasion for complaint. She said I had spent \$50,000 in one trip to New York. That, of course, is absurd.

"A few days later, Lita asked me for permission to 'throw a little party' at the house. She had been befriended by a baron and baroness on the boat returning from Hawaii. I consented. Later I learned she had entertained the party that same night at the Ambassador at dinner. There were nineteen guests.

"Well, they all came to the house later, and you know that I made her take them all out when they started up the Victrola, piano playing and organ at the same time. Lita was incensed and insulted me.

"She did not return, and I have not seen her since. The next day her mother and attorneys notified me they were going to sue me and demanded a settlement of \$1,000,000. I replied that I would give Lita \$500,000 and \$100,000 for custody of one baby.

"I allowed them to examine my books. They learned I had very little cash. I had invested \$900,000 in making my last picture, 'The Gold Rush.' It brought in \$2,500,000. Out of that I had to pay the cost of a picture that was shelved. That picture featured Edna Purviance. She is still on my payroll for \$250 a week.

"'The Circus' has cost \$900,000 to date, and I don't know when it will be finished. After all obligations were settled, I had around \$135,000 cash left when Lita's attorney's demanded a million. Besides, I have earned most of the money I have--which is closer to three million than the sixteen million they claim I have--before I ever met Lita.

"The negotiations continued for six weeks. Then they sued. Just before I left Los Angeles they had cut their demand to \$525,000. I refused to give more than \$400,000.

"I am innocent of all the charges Lita has brought against me, and I know I will be vindicated."

* * * * *

June 8, 1929

Bert Levy

HOLLYWOOD FILMOGRAPH

Charlie Chaplin -- As Seen by Bert Levy

More than twenty years ago I stood in the wings of an English Music Hall and watched his antics in a typical Fred Karno sketch. There was something extraordinary about him. Though his broad comedy registered hilariously with the audience, it was the quiet subtle bits of business and the little touches of genuine pathos which, in my humble opinion, stamped him as a real comedian.

He was then, comparatively speaking, an unknown member of that happy-go-

lucky gang of English Music Hall clowns who lived only for the laughs in life and gave very little thought for the morrow. He was a sad-faced, and it seemed to me an undernourished youngster just burning up with suppressed emotion. I saw him, and talked casually with him several times around London, and somehow or other I could not, even when I returned to America, forget him.

I came across him again in nineteen hundred and ten when he opened with a Fred Karno troupe at the Colonial Theatre, New York (then run by Percy Williams), and we renewed a pleasant acquaintance. Off and on, through the nineteen years which followed--years during which he has risen from comparative obscurity to fame, we have often met, and though I am privileged to call him friend, I have kept aloof from him for I did not want him to number me among those pests who are ever ready to claim acquaintance with and remind a celebrity that they "knew him when, etc. etc."

Not that he inspires such a feeling, for, once one has had the good fortune to break through that necessary reserve of his, one will not find a more simple, honest--nor yet a more self-willed, straight-from-the-shoulder human being than Charlie Chaplin.

In his bungalow on the lot last week he kept me rooted to my chair for over three hours while he delivered short, sharp jabs of satire intermingled with caressing touches of poetry and pathos. In a moment he lifts one to sublime heights by some inspired thought only to be dropped to the depths of despair by his knocking into a cocked hat one's pet ideals. From a sober discussion of the Talmud he suddenly switches to a screamingly funny imitation of a jazz songwriter in the throes of composition or vigorously sketches in words the portrait of a typical Babbit.

Chaplin is obviously impatient of humbug and a bitter enemy of the useless conventions. For instance, he objects to be decorated with diplomas for his screen work and refuses to stand stupidly at attention while some intruder introduces himself while he (Chaplin) is at the dining table with a lady.

Charlie's face shows very little trace of the early hardships--not to

speak of the sorrow and strife of the later years of his chequered career. His boyish smile dissipates all that. When he exploited the baggy pants, antique derby and the nimble cane of his lean London days, nobody bothered him; but, in the days of his affluence unsuccessful imitators hung on to him like barnacles and complained that he (Chaplin) sought to restrict to his own use the rags that made him famous. The fools. It was not the colors he used that brought Rembrandt immortality, but how he used them.

There was a time when scandal sought to waylay and drag him down. Mud-slingers were yapping at his heels like a lot of curs. Chaplin asked for no quarter and gave none. Subsequent events proved that he still holds his place in the affections of the people. The writer was present when Charlie, with the world seemingly against him, stepped upon the platform before a gathering of distinguished newspapermen at the New York Press Club. What a frantic demonstration in his favor there was on that day. It is the first time I have seen Chaplin holding back tears.

His philosophical outlook on life inspired, not by any particular "ism" or cult, but by his intimate knowledge of human nature, is the thing that makes Chaplin's companionship worth while. He steadfastly maintains that it is necessary for the artist to have known the pangs of hunger and to have experienced bitterness and hatred as well as love in order to bring out whatever of soul there is in him. Chaplin's way of jumping from one interesting subject to another is responsible for my doing the same thing in this article.

Limited space at my disposal prompts me to briefly chronicle the highlights in our studio chat. Chaplin has an incurable fear of crowds and a dislike of unnecessary publicity. "Charlie Chaplin belongs on the screen," he will say. "Any undue publicity regarding my petty aches and pains is distasteful to me and of no interest to the public."

A peculiar thing about Chaplin is that he seems to look upon his reel self and his real self as two separate beings. He criticizes his shadow in quite an impersonal way. When he makes up his mind that he is right, nothing will influence him to change it. Evidence his attitude against his best

friends and some of the most powerful men in the film business, when he refused to consent to the pooling of his interests with Warner's. They threatened and cajoled, but all to no purpose, for, Chaplin standing at bay, refused all overtures and won out.

I asked Charlie his opinion of the talkies. "Entertainment without charm," he replied quickly, and then added, "while watching a silent picture each individual supplies the unspoken words according to his own understanding of the action. The dullard sees the story in his own way as does the intelligent, the wise, and so on--each one, as I said before, supplying his own understanding and everyone is pleased. But when the actor gives through the spoken word his own interpretation--then--well, there is bound to be disappointment. Yes, the talkie is undoubtedly entertainment, but in my opinion lacks charm."

I left Charlie grateful that I am privileged to call him friend--that is the sort of influence he has over those who know him best. Today the world is at his feet, but to me his is just the same lovable, lonely little clown I first met over twenty years ago.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 47 -- November 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

The Photoplayers' Club

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Ramona Miller has set up a web page on the Taylor murder at

<http://mailer.fsu.edu/~rkmilller/taylor.html>

The Photoplayers' Club

The Photoplayers' Club was the first social organization of the motion picture industry in Southern California. It was founded in 1912, at about the same time that William Desmond Taylor began his movie career. Taylor

became a very active member of the Photoplayers' Club and was elected an officer during 1914-1915, foreshadowing his three terms as president of the Motion Picture Directors' Association. Like the Screen Club in New York, the Photoplayers' Club was for men only, but at some special events (dances, etc.) female guests were permitted or tickets were sold to the general public.

The Photoplayers' Club lasted less than three years, and had disbanded by mid-1915. Its demise was evidently due to mounting debts from their clubhouse. All of the items below, which trace the brief history of the Photoplayers' Club, were datelined at Los Angeles.

* * * * *

December 21, 1912

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Reel Club Formed at Los Angeles with More than Forty Charter Members

Forty-three men, the majority of whose names are widely known throughout the motion picture world, signed the charter which was drafted at a meeting just held in this city when the Reel Club of Los Angeles was organized. The Los Angeles club is formed along lines almost identical with those of the Screen Club of New York. Membership is to be confined to persons connected with the producing branch of the business and to writers connected with publications devoted to the industry.

The meeting, which was held in Brink's Cafe, was the outgrowth of a movement to form a California branch of the Screen Club, but sentiment seemed to favor a separate organization and led to the other name being adopted.

Fred Mace called the meeting to order and was later chosen as temporary chairman with every prospect that his position as president will be made permanent. George H. Melford, director of the Kalem Glendale company, consented to act as temporary secretary and Charles Giblyn was authorized to take charge of the organization's funds until permanent officers are chosen.

A committee appointed to take the necessary steps for a permanent organization, which includes obtaining articles of incorporation, consists of Mace, Melford, Frank E. ("Spectator") Woods, T. H. Nash, P. C. Hartigan, Frank Montgomery and Joseph DeGrasse.

Before the meeting adjourned, C. A. ("Doc") Willat, treasurer of the New York Screen Club, was given an opportunity to make a speech.

Only those who were enrolled at the first meeting will have the honor of being charter members. Additional names will have to go before a membership committee in the usual way. The full list of the charter members is as follows: Charles Avery, Russell Bassett, William Bertram, Al. E. Christie, Joseph DeGrasse, William C. Dowlan, Charles Edler, Frank Ford, Arthur Forde, Tom Fortune, Charles Giblyn, P. C. Hartigan, Harry Harvey, Dell Henderson, Thomas Ince, Edgar Keller, Charles Kessel, Joseph King, David Kirkland, Harvey Lehrman, Edward Lyons, Donald W. Macdonald, Fred Mace, Arthur Mackley, Ray S. Manker, George H. Melford, Frank Montgomery, Lee Moran, Lee Morris, E. L. Morrow, W. Ray Myers, T. H. Nash, Harry Otto, Henry W. Otto, P. M. Powell, Mack Sennett, J. B. Sherry, Richard Stanton, R. T. Thornby, David Wall, Raymond B. West, William E. Wing, Frank E. Woods.

* * * * *

December 21, 1912

MOTOGRAPHY

Reel Club Forms in Los Angeles

The Reel Club is the latest development on the social horizon of things motion picturesque. It was ushered into existence by forty boosters of the picture world of Los Angeles and vicinity and at the acclaim of the original forty, more than one hundred directors, producers and players celebrated the club's second meeting and declared themselves Reel brothers.

The chairman of the Reelers is Fred Mace. George Melrose was declared secretary and Charles Giblyn treasurer. Ten dollars was decided upon as an appropriate sum for the purchasing of a membership, one-half of that being

payable upon application.

Chairman Mace appointed A. L. Christie, Frank Montgomery and W. E. Wing a committee on constitution and by-laws, the committee being authorized to employ an attorney to draft necessary papers for making application to the secretary of state for a charter.

...Those who added their names to the list at the second meeting and who also become charter members are: Eugene H. Allen, Nick Cogley, Walter Wright, John E. Brennan, Marshall Milan [sic], Sherman Bambridge, P. H. Level, W. H. Gillis, Ford Sterling, Charles Bartlett, Charles E. Basley, W. H. Ryno, H. A. Lockwood, A. M. Kennedy, A. Brandt, C. L. Fuller, James L. McGee, L. D. Maloney, S. J. Edwards, Herbert Rawlinson, E. M. Langley, W. A. Carroll, Bob Leonard, George E. Gebhardt, Paul M. Santchi, Alvin Wyckoff, J. A. Crosby, Jack Obrien, Art Acord, Richard Garrick, Walter E. Stradling, L. D. Clawson, Rowland Sturgeon, Frank B. Shaw, Howard Davies, Milton H. Fahrney, Robert H. Grey, Lewis W. Short, Charles E. Inslee, Richard Willis, William Clifford, Roy Watson, Mack Sennett, Felix Modjeska, Al Ernest Garcia, Henry McCrae, Edwin August, Horace Davey, Otto Lederer, Lenard M. Smith, Charles Dodley, J. L. Leonard, True Boardman and George E. Stanley.

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December 28, 1912

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The newly organized Reel Club of Los Angeles, consisting of men engaged in the producing end of the motion picture industry in Southern California, has obtained a clubhouse. A lease has been signed whereby it takes possession jointly with the Gamut Club of the latter's building in South Hope Street. The Gamut Club is an organization of professional musicians.

The name chosen on the spur of the moment for the new motion picture organization has not met with the approval of the members and in all probability it will be changed before the articles of incorporation, which are now being prepared, are filed with the Secretary of State. One objection to the name Reel Club is that it suggests an organization of fishermen.

Negotiations are now in progress with the Screen Club in New York

looking toward an affiliation of the Los Angeles organization with the New York organization.

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January 4, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The Reel Club of Los Angeles, to Southern California what the Screen Club is to New York, now has 150 members, all of them men actively engaged in the producing end of the motion picture industry, and it still has a name which no one is satisfied with, because outsiders mistake it for an organization of fishermen.

Naturally, most of the members wanted to call it the Screen Club of Los Angeles, but would not, of course, take that name without the consent of the New York organization.

The Screen Club, when it was officially notified by telegraph that the California organization had been formed, sent on a letter, asking that the membership list of the new club be sent to New York City to be censored, and that \$275 in the treasury be sent on also to apply on the dues of \$6 a year which the Southern California members will be expected to pay. The letter from the East was read at a meeting of the club, and from the way most of the members acted, an outsider might have supposed they were very happy about something. One of the motion picture producers who was present made an application for a copy of the letter, saying that he wanted to turn it over to the scenario editor of his company. "It would make a scream of a split reel comedy with very little re-writing," he said. Another man suggested that the request of the Screen Club be complied with, and that at the same time the Screen Club be requested to send on its membership list, so it can be censored at this end. "It's only a question of time before all the motion picture people in the United States will come here to locate," he said, "and of course, since they will be using our clubrooms, we will want to make sure they are all desirable." There was also a suggestion that the Screen Club be requested to send on \$6 for each of its members, since turn about is but fair play.

...As a preliminary to incorporation the club, at its regular meeting December 14th, elected a full set of officers including 11 directors, who are to be known as the Board of Control, since the word "director" has a technical significance in the industry. As soon as the incorporation is perfected there will probably be another set of officers elected. Several of those who were named pleaded that they are too busy to serve, and only consented to act for the purpose of getting things started. The officers are: President, Fred Mace; secretary, George H. Melford; treasurer, Charles Giblyn; directors, Russell Bassett, Charles Giblyn, Joseph DeGrass, P. C. Hartigan, Arthur Mackley, Frank E. Montgomery, Thomas S. Nash, P. M. Powell, J. Barney Sherry, William E. Wing and Frank E. Woods.

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January 11, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Reel Club Changes Its Name

"The Photoplayers" is the permanent name which has been adopted for the club of motion picture people recently formed in this city, under the temporary name of the Reel Club. The new name was selected by a popular vote of the members at a regular meeting held the night of December 21st. Among the names which were balloted on but rejected were "Film Club," "Silent Drama League," "Photo Reel Club," "Cinema Club" and "The Photoplayers' Club." The members liked "The Photoplayers," but rejected the word "club" in connection with it.

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January 4, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Reel Club Changes Its Name

About one hundred members of the Los Angeles Reel Club (temporarily so named) met at the Gamut Club, on the evening of Saturday, December 21, and by a unanimous vote of those present, decided that the articles of

incorporation, now being filed at Sacramento, should bear the name of the "Photo Players" and in the name of the club, a letter was mailed to the New York kindred club, the Screen Club, so advising and extending the hand of co-operation and affiliation.

Another meeting was held Saturday evening, December 28, to decide upon the permanent leasing of a club house. Upon this occasion stars from the Lombardi Opera Company, the Great Raymond, and leading acts from the vaudeville theaters added to the joy of the affair.

Among the plans will be a masked ball on or about February 14, and somewhat later a double-header vaudeville performance by the club members, who, aided by the auxiliary talent of the actresses employed in the photoplay industry of Southern California, will present a diversified array of histrionic ability.

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January 25, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Photoplayers to Give St. Valentine Ball

Plans for the St. Valentine's Ball to be given by the photoplayers on the night of February 14 have been perfected. The ball will be given in Shrine Auditorium, the largest dancing floor in Southern California, having a capacity of 6,000 persons. William E. Wing has been appointed "manager of the ball" and will devote his entire time to it between now and the big date. Nearly all of the local exhibitors have agreed to run stereopticon slides in their houses for a week before the event and advertising space has been contracted for in all the daily newspapers. Every member of the organization, which now comprises practically every motion picture actor, director and camera man in this locality, is to be required to be on hand with his white breasted clothes. The women of the various production companies have promised to help in every way in their power, so that there is a reasonable prospect that the industry will be well represented. As for the public; tickets are one dollar and everything else thrown in.

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February 1, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Photoplayers' First Ball Ticket Brings \$75

The Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles is to dance, on St. Valentine's night, at the Shrine Auditorium. The first ticket to the club's first ball brought seventy-five dollars, David Wall securing the ticket and the honor its possession entails. There was sharp rivalry for the purchase of the ticket by Frank Montgomery, James Young Deer and Mr. Wall, the two latter each bidding the purchase price and Mr. Young Deer losing out on account of his not yet having signed a membership blank. Before his extended fee of five dollars could change hands, Mr. Wall was declared owner of the disputed ticket. W. E. Wing is chairman of the entertainment committee and other committees were appointed by President Mace.

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February 3, 1913

LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Photoplayers' benefit ball, which is to take place on the evening of February 14, at the Shrine Auditorium, promises to be one of the greatest social events of the entire season.

Practically all arrangements for this gigantic dancing party have been completed by the committee in charge; and judging from the sale of tickets reported by members of the profession, it will be better attended than any benefit ball ever held in this city.

It has been definitely decided that the ball will be strictly a formal affair. No costumes are to be worn by either the motion picture artists or the guests. Only those dressed in the conventional attire are to be allowed on the ball-room floor.

The reason given by the members of the committee for this arrangement is so that it will give the guests an opportunity to meet the photoplayers as

they appear in private life rather than in the parts they play for production on the canvas.

Saturday night [February 8], the picture players are to parade the streets of this city. This parade is expected to be one of the most novel ever seen in Los Angeles. Practically all the companies working in this section will be represented in the line of march.

Wild animals, automobiles, Indians, cowboys and prize horses, are to be among the features of the column.

Police protection has been granted and the official route is to be announced tomorrow.

The Selig company will furnish the wild animal feature. "Big" Otto has been appointed marshal of this division and has had his big automobile decorated with a new coat of red paint especially for the occasion.

"Toddles," the educated elephant, known to members of the film profession as the "King of Comedy," is to ride on a big motor truck with "Curley," his trainer. Lion "Duke," the "King of Tragedy," is to ride in his cage on a truck.

Hobart Bosworth is to ride "Busy" his trained horse.

Henry McRae and Miss Kathlyn Williams are to lead the automobiles of the company. The local Selig branch has fourteen machines and they are all to be in the parade Saturday night.

The Universal, is to be well represented by cowboys and Indians. Four-year-old Mattie, leader of the juvenile colony at Universal City and his father, H. C. Mathews, are to ride horses.

Indians and cowboys will also be in the column from the 101 Bison company.

A large automobile fleet is to carry members of the Kalem company.

Fred Mace in his big touring car is to lead the Keystone division.

Miss Elenor Blevins is to ride in her own machine.

According to C. L. Card, there will be more than 100 automobiles in the line, aside from the many other features offered by the different companies.

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February 4, 1913
LOS ANGELES TIMES

The Los Angeles Photoplayers' Club now has a membership of 230 and is expected to pass the New York Screen Club in point of numbers within a very short time.

This organization was born November 27, with a membership of forty-five.

Fred Mace sent out fifty letters and forty-five film stars met at Brink's for a little informal supper. The plan was announced and all those present paid the sum of \$5 into the treasury and became charter members of the Photoplayers' Club.

Meetings have been held regularly each week since the organization.

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February 8, 1913
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The Photoplayers is now a sure enough club. Following the arrival of the organization's charter from the Secretary of State, the members held their first formal election of officers the night of January 10 and chose Fred Mace, of the Keystone Company, president. Mace had been serving as temporary president and was entitled to the honor which was given him unanimously. That the club exists today is due more to his efforts than those of any other person.

The other officers elected were Arthur Mackley, of the Essanay, and Joseph DeGrass, of the Pathe, first and second vice presidents respectively; George Melford, of the Kalem, secretary; William E. Wing, corresponding secretary, and Charles Giblyn, treasurer.

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February 15, 1913
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Seventeen seems to be the new magic membership number for The Photoplayers. At each of the last three meetings seventeen new members have been taken in. The total active membership is now very close to 250. The next meeting is certain to produce enough new members to put the club over

the 250 mark. That a social organization of such proportions could be formed in about two months exclusively among men actively engaged in the production of motion pictures shows what an important producing center Los Angeles has grown to be. The members of the club held a special election at their last meeting to decide which of the many leading women of the Southern California companies should lead the grand march with President Fred Mace at the St. Valentine's ball in Shrine Auditorium the night of February 14. There were 22 nominations and Mabel Normand, of the Keystone company, won by a small margin.

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February 6, 1913
LOS ANGELES TIMES

Fred Mace, founder and president of the Photoplayers, has at last announced the official route of the Photoplayers' parade, which is scheduled for Saturday night.

The parade is to form at Tenth street and Grand avenue at 7 o'clock. The lime of the march is north on Grand to Eighth, east on Eighth to Broadway, north on Broadway to Second, east on Second to Spring, south on Spring to Ninth, east on Ninth to Main, north on Main to Temple and disband.

An escort of mounted police is to lead the pageant. President Mace and Miss Mabel Normand are to head the parade in a decorated automobile. According to the Executive Committee, there will be more than 200 machines in line, carrying the managers and directors of the forty-four companies located here and members of their companies...

Richard Garrick has been appointed chief marshal and Tom Santchez, vice-marshal...

Tom Santchez, the husky sergeant-at-arms of the Photoplayers, has been instructed to muster a band of brother screen actors of equal husk for the heavy service at the Photoplayers' ball, which is to be held at the Shrine Auditorium, February 14. With this crew on the floor there is little chance of anything getting by.

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February 7, 1913

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Henry McRae, the Selig director, has studded with electric lights the automobile in which he and Kathlyn Williams will ride in the Photoplayer's parade Saturday night. Not willing to be outdone, Fred Mace, president of The Photoplayers, has rigged lights both inside and outside of the car in which he and Miss Mabel Normand will lead the parade.

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February 14, 1913

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Prominent photoplayers, representing practically all of the forty-five companies operating in Los Angeles, gathered at the Selig studios in Edendale last night to rehearse the grand march for the photoplayers' ball, which is to be held at the Shrine Auditorium this evening.

Besides the rehearsal, a brief business meeting was held by officers and members of the Photoplayers.

The tickets for the ball which were not sold, were turned in and an accounting took place. It was discovered that out of the 10,000 tickets issued there were 9856 sold.

It was decided to sell tickets at the office of the Shrine Auditorium before the ball this evening, as many have become interested in the ball during the last two days and have not been able to secure their tickets.

This promises to be the greatest ball ever held in Los Angeles. There will be a great many of those who have tickets who will not attend, but there should be at least 8000 people in the ballroom.

According to members of the Executive Committee, 1800 couples may dance on the Shrine floor at one time with comfort. Naturally there will be a great many people at the ball as spectators, and these will in no way crowd the dancers, as there is a seating capacity for several thousand people in the building.

The music is to be furnished by a band of twenty-two pieces and there has been nothing left undone by those in charge of the affair, which would

tend to add to the enjoyment of the guests.

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February 15, 1913

LOS ANGELES TIMES

They Really Have Voices

Photoplayers Meet Audience and Say "Hello"

Their Inaugural Ball Very Largely Attended

Ten Thousand Dollars for Clubhouse Fund

Friends of years standing heard one another speak for the first time last night at the photoplayers' inaugural ball in Shrine Auditorium. Actors in the motion pictures met and mingled with their audience and greatly enjoyed the experience. The audience long had wondered what the voices of their favorites sounded like, and how these men and women of a make-believe world really looked in the flesh. Curiosity in this direction was pleasantly gratified at this remarkably successful affair.

Nearly 10,000 tickets were sold and more than half that number of persons attended the event. Even before the grand march virtually every seat was occupied. The scene was one of brilliant color. Beautiful women more familiar to the onlookers in the guise of western heroines, picturesquely attired in rough-and-ready garments known to the plains in pioneer days were there in gorgeous gowns of Parisian make, but they were recognized just the same.

Devotees of the moving picture shows were as interested in picking their photo-drama friends from the merry throng as they would have been in witnessing their actions in the latest thrilling melodrama of the theater screen. A spirit of the utmost friendliness pervaded the atmosphere and the hosts and hostesses made it manifest that they were delighted to be in such close touch with the people who their principal purpose in life it is to entertain. The entertainment last night was in different form than they had ever before offered in Los Angeles, and it was all the more enjoyable on that account.

Fred Mace, president of the Photoplayers' Club, and Miss Mabel Normand, leading lady of the Keystone Company, led the grand march, in which eighty-four couples, all prominent members of the local photoplay colony, participated. There were nearly 2000 motion picture actors and actresses in attendance, but only the leading men and women, the directors and the managers, appeared in the opening number. Elaborate gowns were very much in evidence.

The twenty-four dances were cleverly marked on the programme. There was the "Mace meander" and then came the "studio stumble." The dramatic drag, silent slide, camera cavort, screen scoot, reel rave, foreground frolic, actors' amble, hospital hop, directors' dirge, switchback sway and pay-day prance, were some of the others.

Los Angeles is the present home of forty-five moving picture companies and all of them were represented almost in their entirety. Besides the Southern California notables several photoplay persons of the East were in attendance. Among these were Dave Horsley, one of the owners of the Nestor Company, whose home is in New York; Charles O. Bauman of New York, president of the New York Motion Picture Company; E. A. Smith of New York, president of the Vitagraph Company; Samuel Long of New York, president of the Kalem Company; Charles Kessel of New York, general manager of the New York Motion Picture Company, and F. J. Balshofer, another official of this same company.

The proceeds of the ball will be devoted to a fund being raised for the construction of a home for the Photoplayers' Club. The programme alone netted \$3200, thanks to the heavy advertising patronage. The ticket sales amounted to nearly \$10,000. Plans for the clubhouse are only tentative as yet, and its location has not been decided upon, but steps in this direction will be taken in the near future.

All members of the club constituted the reception committee last night. Richard Garrick was floor manager, and members of the Board of Control were his assistants.

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March 1, 1913

How the Photoplayers Club Did It Their First Ball

The Los Angeles Photoplayers' ball Valentine's night was a disappointingly fine affair, as the Los Angeles Examiner expressed it. One expected to see yelling "Injuns" and fat Dutchmen and cowboys and poor but beautiful girls, too.

All this dream had to be discarded when one got a look at the ballroom scene in the big Shrine Auditorium, for it was very much like several brilliant predecessors. The men didn't dash in and say, "Halt!" or "Curses!"; no damsels were succored, of trustful females there were none; one did not glimpse any squalor or wretchedness. Nothing of all this happened.

On the contrary this affair merged all of them into a uniform assemblage, the women in their kinemacolor clothes and the men with the open-face accoutrement--in other words, evening garb.

The best known characters of the film world were there. There were comedy men, serious men, character men, juveniles; there were heroes and villains, kings and beggars, saints and thieves; then, of course, there were heroines and poor little shop girls and old maids and little country lassies; in fact, nothing missing.

The cruel landlord who that very afternoon had driven the supplicating woman and her three weeping children out into the cold world for want of twenty-five cents for the rent was discovered in agreeable conversation with the same woman, whereas the children were trying the waxed floor for long distance effects in sliding.

It was one of the biggest dancing crowds the auditorium every accommodated, perhaps the biggest, and none ever could have been more decorous. A few individuals somewhat inclined to levity had suggested that "ragging" might be desirable when things warmed up a bit.

It is to be written very severely that there was no "ragging." A man with a megaphone mounted into the band stand and executed a decisive flank

movement on all this kind of motive by announcing that any one who tried to "rag" would suffer the ignominy of ejection. The giddy waltz, two-step, etc., had to suffice.

It is a noteworthy fact that Los Angeles can assemble more photoplayers than any other city in the country, also more noted ones. The forty-two companies operating in and around the city were all so numerous represented that everybody came but the livestock. Also most of them arrived in automobiles, which is a pretty good argument there were no Cinderallas or their male prototypes on hand.

The venerable dean of moving picture actors is Charles, otherwise "Pop," Manley. He is 82. He could have been playing in pictures before the Civil War had they been invented then; however, he has been an actor longer than that. Naturally he takes the part of an old man, though he doesn't look so old. However, by dint of making up he gets the proper effect.

Another of those who can't play juvenile parts any more is Russell Bassett, aged 66. His record is 45 years an actor. He is the funny old man when you see him on the screen. He is the humorous father or perhaps the fat farmer who was so surprised at seeing his dude son come home from college he tipped over the pail of milk, then got mad and kicked the cow, also the son.

Among the throbbing throng was discoverable Charles Murray, formerly of Murray and Mack. Mr. Murray says he has played everything up to date but a lizard. He and Jack Dillon, another comedian, together played a horse, and got a big laugh for the stunt--a horse laugh, maybe. Murray says it's great to be in the photoplay game. He's gained eighteen pounds in the open air and sunshine, and his beautiful wife, who is well known on the stage, watches him do funny things and laughs so much she says she is getting fat.

You couldn't help seeing those wonderful children, Matty and Early. Two guesses are required to know, from the names, which is the boy and which the girl. The only violation of the anti-rag rule emanated from the active minds and was transferred to the radio-active persons of Matty, the boy, and Early, the girl. After a moment, however, the girl gave the boy a biff and said she had had enough. So much for the decorousness of it.

Arthur Mackley is a villain. But, let it be added, only when he's being wound up in the moving picture reel for delivery to all parts of the habitable globe. There isn't a place on the several continents where they have enough enterprise to get a moving picture show that Mr. Mackley hasn't caused many an emotion of rage and hate, but he always gets "come up with." He was one of the most benign and genial men at the ball.

To forget Fred Mace, president of the Photoplayers' Club and one of the most popular of moving picture comedians, would be an omission as serious as Mace is funny. He led the grand march with Miss Mabel Normand, a leading woman. It was a beautiful, not to say gorgeous, grand march, but Mr. Mace did not try to be funny.

Miss Mary Charleson recently made a great hit--she is said to be always making them--by doing a picture all by herself, just she and her hat. She didn't have the hat this night, but the famous moving picture referred to couldn't have been any more effective than the one she made.

Besides the photoplayers the audience comprised between 2,000 and 3,000 friends and spectators, and not half of those who came to dance could find room on the floor at the same time. The proceeds of the ball constitute the foundation for a fund which will be used to build a clubhouse for the actors belonging to the Photoplayers'.

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February 17, 1913

LOS ANGELES TIMES

Charles O. Bauman was the first life member of the Photoplayers to pay the fee of \$100 into the treasury of the organization.

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March 1, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

...In the same company [Powers] is "Pop" Manley, who will soon attain four-score and ten and who without any doubt is the oldest actor in the pictures. In consideration of his age, his standing and the esteem in which everyone connected with motion pictures holds him, The Photoplayers, by

unanimous vote, at their last business meeting, elected him as the first honorary life member of the new organization.

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March 15, 1913
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

After three months of wanderings The Photoplayers have finally come to rest in a home of their own. Members of the board of control this week signed a lease for the three-story building at 349 South Hill Street, in the heart of the downtown business district. The club will occupy the two upper floors, the ground floor being occupied by a cafe. The building was erected for the use of the University Club and was occupied by that organization until its membership grew so large that it was compelled to seek more commodious quarters. However, there is room for a club of up to 500 members and The Photoplayers at the present time has a little less than 300, so the rooms will probably not be overcrowded for a year at least.

No sooner had the lease been signed than a force of decorators was put at work redecorating the entire interior. The rooms will have practically every convenience common to men's clubs and will be one of the most comfortable in the city.

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March 22, 1913
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

With about \$5,000 worth of new furniture and other equipment scattered about the building "The Photoplayers" formally opened their new clubrooms the night of March 8. The headquarters of the organization, which now has nearly 300 members, are located at 349 South Hill Street. On the first floor there is a library filled with bookcases, reading tables and comfortable chairs, a huge lounging room with a wide fireplace, settles, great deep club chairs and smoking stands, a Dutch stein room, a dining-room and a well equipped kitchen, in which there are accommodations for serving a banquet for between 300 and 400 persons, and a secretary's office. On the second floor there is a large billiard room, with two pool and two billiard tables, and seats

around the walls, an English tap room, a dressing room, a large bathroom with showers, a committee room, two guests' chambers, a room for the steward and a storeroom. Every stick of furniture in the club was bought new, the walls were all decorated and they and the rugs, carpets draperies and hangings form a color scheme in which soft warm browns predominate.

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April 12, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

W. Christie Miller, the veteran character man of the Biograph company, has been elected an honorary life member of "The Photoplayers" Club. Next to "Pop" Manley, of the Powers company, who was also given the same honor, he is the oldest actor in the business. Russell Bassett, of the Nestor company, who is third on the list, has been promised an election as soon as he adopts more sedate manners.

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May 3, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Members of "The Photoplayers" Club entertained their women friends April 9, when the first "Ladies' Night" in the new club home was held. The rooms were filled with cut flowers, there was special music and refreshments and after the reception which occupied the early hours of the evening there was an informal dance lasting until midnight. About 200 women guests were entertained, many of them famous in the motion picture profession.

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May 17, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The second public appearance of The Photoplayers will probably be made the first week in June, when the club will give a burlesque show in the Temple Auditorium in this city for three nights and a matinee. At a general meeting of the club held last Saturday night a committee was appointed to make the preliminary plans and report back to the club at a special meeting next Saturday night. At that time the members will decide whether the data

as presented by the committee justifies the move. The committee will make a favorable report, and since the sentiment in the club is strongly in favor of the show it will probably be given. [No announcements indicated the show was actually given.]

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June 7, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

After four futile efforts to adopt a new constitution and by-laws at a general meeting of the club members, the Photoplayers have decided to hold a two weeks' election to decide whether the new regulations shall be adopted or rejected. The constitution was proposed by the board of control at a regular meeting, but action was deferred until a larger attendance could be obtained. Three times thereafter meetings were held, but at each succeeding meeting the attendance shrank and the board of control was unwilling to have a matter of such importance acted upon unless the action could be taken as the general sentiment of the members. Accordingly it has now been decided to place a ballot box in the club rooms for a period of two weeks, during which most of the members will have an opportunity to express themselves.

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June 14, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

General Manager A. M. Kennedy, mayor-elect of University City, was given a warm welcome by his many friends at the Photoplayer's club on election night. Instead of "Hello, Kennedy," it was "Hello, Mayor."

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June 21, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Photoplayers' Beefsteak Dinner at Their Club in Los Angeles, May 31, 1913

[On page 1232 there was a photograph of this dinner, with 63 members in attendance and identified in the photograph. Those in the photograph include Fred Mace, George Melford, Francis Ford, Dell Henderson, Carlyle Blackwell,

Douglas Gerrard, Herbert Rawlinson, Eddie Lyons, Allan Dwan, Marshall Neilan, Wallace Reid.]

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July 26, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

W. Hanson Durham, the scenario editor at the Western Vitagraph company --or, rather--companies, at Santa Monica, has returned to his desk at the studio after an absence of nearly three months. On March 8 he paid his first visit to the club rooms of The Photoplayers, and before he had been in the building five minutes he slipped on a steep staircase and fell down a flight of stairs. One of his knees was broken and for several weeks thereafter he performed his duties in a hospital room. To keep three active directors busy is no snap for a well man, but Durham managed to hold the job down without assistance during all the time he was incapacitated.

The adoption of a new constitution and by-laws made it necessary for The Photoplayers to elect four additional members on the board of control, making fifteen in all. There were nine nominations for the places--Henry Otto, Jack O'Brien, Allan Dwan, J. E. LeSaint, Al Filson, George Gebhart, J. A. Crosby, Marshall Neilan and Wilbert Melville. Mr. Melville withdrew because he has plans which will require him to be absent from the city for some time and the balloting resulted in the election of Otto, Filson, Crosby and O'Brien.

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September 13, 1913

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

In Benny Singer, the Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles possesses a live manager. He not only runs the club with efficiency, but keeps the good will of all its members. Mr. Singer is from New York, and was for a long time connected with the Palmer and Madison Theaters, while he was stage director for many of the Hoyt productions. He also had a long experience with club and hotel business, being either manager or head steward for hotels in New York, Buffalo, San Antonio, Texas, and Los Angeles. He ran the hotel at Redondo Beach among others. Mr. Singer firmly believes that the Photoplayers

Club will be one of the foremost Bohemian clubs in the states, and it is surely heading that way. The latest innovation is a Saturday night beefsteak dinner--it is a popular one, too.

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September 20, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Fred Mace had a great send off when he went East with little Bud Duncan and Harry Edwards to join the Thanhouser forces at New Rochelle. Mace is president of the Photoplayers' Club and a fine president, too--it will be hard to fill his shoes. By the way, the Photoplayers' Club is one of the finest in the West and the membership list is assuming large proportions.

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October 4, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

At the Wednesday dinner at the Photoplayers' Club, Los Angeles, the boys did a graceful thing when they sang the special song composed and written by Photoplayers McCoy and Brady into a phonographic record--said song being written about Fred Mace, the absent president. Later the boys filed past the record and said nice things to Fred. The records were perfect and have been shipped to Mace, and all are betting that he will spend most of his time in front of a gramophone. Fred is missed, all right.

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October 18, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

It was ladies' night at the Photoplayers' Club, Los Angeles, last Saturday night and the rooms were crowded. Visitors came from Santa Paula, San Diego and Santa Barbara. The program comprised of music and dancing. Everyone looks forward to ladies' night at the club. "Daddy" Charles Manley and his wife came to bid the photoplayers good-bye and were presented with some beautiful flowers. Daddy tried to make a speech, but broke down. This fine old actor, who is 83 years of age, is returning to his home in the East.

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October 18, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

At the Photoplayers' Club in Los Angeles recently, popular Allan Dwan took the chair and kept things going in capital style. Carl Laemmle was the guest of honor and before the evening was through he was a life member. He made a graceful speech and was enthusiastic over his reception and everything pertaining to the club. Robert Leonard delivered two poems, one in praise of Allan Dwan and the other welcoming Mr. Laemmle, both by Richard Willis, and Bob's reading was immense. The club is going forward with leaps and bounds both socially and financially.

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October 18, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Carlyle Blackwell received a great send off at the Photoplayers' Club, Los Angeles, last Wednesday when he acted as toastmaster at the dinner. All the boys wished him the best of luck upon his comparative new venture for Mr. Blackwell will produce all his pictures at the old Essanay studios on the borders of Hollywood and will have his own company and produce his own plays under the Kalem brand.

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November 15, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

The Wednesday night dinners at the Photoplayers' Club in Los Angeles, have become an institution and additional service has to be provided all the time, every week sees its new toastmaster and witty, short speeches and general good fellowship enliven the proceedings. The club is going ahead by leaps and bounds.

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November 15, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

His numerous fellow members of the Photoplayers' organization of Los Angeles are delighted to hear that the wife of True Boardman, of the Western

Essanay's players, has perpetuated herself, so to speak, in a small edition of herself which she presented to her husband recently. The Club sent True the official communication: "Congratulations and best wishes to the little angel who has come to bless your lives. I read the announcement to sixty Photoplayers who were gathered about the Fellowship dinner-table and there were rousing cheers of 'God bless the little darling!' A toast was proposed by Toastmaster Mackley and all present drank to your daughter's health and long life. Hy. W. Otto, Secretary, The Photoplayers." The Mackley referred to is Arthur Mackley who used to be one of Essanay's most popular players.

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November 22, 1913
NEW YORK CLIPPER

At the Photoplayers' Club, a wealth of witty and interesting material can be gathered of interest to the public. The other evening in "swapping" experiences, Herbert Rawlinson, of the Bosworth, Inc., Company, who, relating how, at the age of fourteen, he ran away with a canvas circus show, touring the smaller towns. He had an awful experience, and after several lickings he escaped one night, and beat his way to Canada, fearful lest he be caught. Herbert always goes to see a circus erect its canvas now, and often sees them fold them too. It fascinates him.

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November 29, 1913
MOTOGRAPHY

Last Saturday evening the Photoplayers' Club of Los Angeles, held its first boxing tourney and some excellent and exciting bouts were witnessed. The boxing nights promise to be very popular.

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December 13, 1913
MOTOGRAPHY

The boxing nights at the Photoplayers' Club have become very popular. Last Saturday five good bouts and a wrestling match were staged. President Fred Mace is on his way back and there is general rejoicing. He is an all

round good fellow.

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December 13, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Dave Hartford made a capital toastmaster at the last Wednesday night dinner at the Photoplayers' Club, Los Angeles. He made a hit when he announced that Fred Mace would be the next toastmaster. The boys made considerable noise. Oh, yes, Fred is quite popular.

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December 27, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Wednesday, November 26, was a memorable night at the Photoplayers' Club. In the first place it was the first birthday of the club and in the second place the Toastmaster was no other than the Club's president, Fred Mace, who returned to "his own" and everybody elses satisfaction. It was one great evening. Fire Chief Ely was the guest of honor and he gave a humorous speech in which he accused Herbert Rawlinson of trying to put three of his fireman out of business, in doing a dangerous stunt. Herbert loosened a block of wood which fell and injured a carpenter and just escaped the "really truly" firemen who held the net below. Rawlinson was called upon to defend himself and threatened to either make a speech or put the blame on the leading lady! Being chivalrous gentlemen, the club members sorrowfully accepted the speech. It was surely some night!

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January 10, 1914

MOTOGRAPHY

The Photoplayers' Club had one great big night recently, when Frank E. Montgomery, the popular Kalem director, was toastmaster and provided the entertainment. The entrance to the dining hall was a huge teepee and the walls of the hall were covered with costly Indian relics, whilst the table cloths were Indian blankets and on every plate was an Indian gift. During the dinner Mona Darkfeather, in full Indian costume, ran down the hall and

sang an original song dedicated to the club. She was vociferously applauded. At a given signal, another teepee opened and out came eight Indians in full war paint and gave a dance which brought the diners to their feet. There was an Indian poem of welcome to "Monty," by Richard Willis, and the usual yarns and speeches interspersed with cabaret artists. It was a novel and costly entertainment and was much enjoyed by everybody present. The supper is still the talk of the town.

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January 24, 1914
MOTOGRAPHY

At the Photoplayers' Club on Christmas eve the bachelors held high jinks and then there was a big Christmas tree full of appropriate presents for everybody. For instance, Dustin Farnum received a little tin sword "for use in future productions." Fred Mace took the chair and it was one big, joyous evening.

Russell Bassett, known as "Pop" Bassett, the famous old actor with Al E. Christie's comedy company, was unanimously made a life member of the Photoplayers' Club at the last dinner.

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February 4, 1914
MOTOGRAPHY

Great preparations are being made for the Photoplayers' Club second annual ball to be held at the Shrine Auditorium on Saint Valentine's night. A very beautiful souvenir book is being prepared. Several thousand tickets have been sold and the financial success of the ball is as assured as the social and artistic ends. [A copy of the souvenir book is in the Special Collections section of the UCLA library. Taylor has a full-page photograph in the book.]

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February 15, 1914
LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Movie Stars Shine at Ball

Summed up in one word, the Photoplayers' ball last night was as follows: Clothes. Another might be added, to-wit: Pulchritude. It only costs a nickel to go to a picture show, but there were five blocks of automobiles around the Shrine Auditorium.

These are a few leading observations. It was a gala event, in all respects scrumptious. However, the clothes scintillated upon all sides even more impressively than the automobiles shone outside. The latest thing were those pantalettes from Paris. They are so late, indeed, that you have to set your watch a little ahead. The girl who wore them had beautiful blond hair and blue eyes, and--

But, alas, she has disappeared in the crowd, lost in the well known mazes, etc., and here comes Miss Kathlyn Williams with a Worth creation creating admiration, the desire to emulate and various other poetic emotions. Miss Williams walks into lion's dens and like Daniel, she never gets bit. This is not because she isn't courageous. Unlike the ancient hero she gets her picture on the screen and is a great favorite. She didn't look like lions and tigers last night when she led the grand march with Fred Mace. No, very demure.

Mace was the patron saint of the Photoplayers' Club. He brought seven pairs of white gloves, which were stuffed about him here and there, giving him some embonpoint. The reason for this equipment was his handshaking stunt and getting the gloves soiled.

There were many jolly looking persons. Most of these were tragedians. Those sad looking persons you may have seen are the comedians. They were not losing any of their temperament; their sadness and their gladness, whichever they make the money with, was all pent up. None of it got spilled.

What of the man who makes you roar by being kicked down the stairs into an ash barrel and coming up all sooty and sputtering? He was there. He was wearing a low front effect, a narrow isthmus of vest skirting the southern

side of a broad sea of shirt. Innocent looking villains moved about; it was hard to hate them. You could almost forget some of those crimes they have committed. Cowboys who hang by a toe and an eyelash to a "rarin'" broncho while they pick the maiden from the edge of the cliff; they were plentiful, but proper. No guns on the hip. Even clothes and a ballroom transformed them.

Oh, movies, what strenuositities are committed in thy name! Miss Margaret Loveridge, who has beautiful blonde hair and blue eyes, is going to remain a leading woman because she has conquered the demon fat it was whispered. The same may be said of Miss Betty Schade, who had to walk 1100 miles before the manager, sighting along the curve of her chin, said she would do for a leading woman. The famous line of Cassius's, "Let me have men about me that are fat," doesn't apply to women in the moving picture business unless it's for comedy.

"Pop" Bassett came, of course. He is the Nestor of the game. He was there last year, but is several years younger now.

Anna Little, the "Indian" girl of the reel life, is very un-Indian in real life--no war-whoops at all.

Charlie Murray, they said, has a pair of green trousers which he expected to wear, but his courage failed him. His legs got to shaking and shied from the green.

Laura Oakley, formerly sheriff of Universal City, did not fall in love last night--particularly, that is. She said she loved everybody. "Jim" McGee, with that famous earnest look of his, who is used to mingling with the wild animals out at Eastlake, was exceedingly unsavage. He doesn't have to have beasts of prey around him to be nice.

Colonel Pryce, late of the insurrecto army, did not shoot anyone. Another milk-looking man with a history of sanguinary potentialities.

Take them by and large, they were a wilderness, and when you see them in the pictures they are terrible or side-splitting, sad or poor, happy or rich--all things, in fact--but at a ball they are "just folks." C. De Vidal-Hundt managed the affair.

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March 21, 1914

MOTOGRAPHY

The Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles held their second annual ball at the huge Shrine Auditorium on St. Valentine's night. It was a brilliant affair in every respect and benefited the Photoplayers artistically and financially. From the time the band struck the first stirring strains for the impressive grand march with its beautiful women and handsome men and the wonderful dresses to the time the last of the boys returned to the club to discuss the function by the rising sun, there was no hitch with the possible exception that the floor was uncomfortably crowded at times. It is no use giving a list of "those present" for everybody who was anybody "don't you know" graced the ball with his or her august presence. A souvenir ball album containing signed photographs of the stars was put up at auction and realized \$500, being knocked down to Fred Balshofer.

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April 25, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

William D. Taylor, leading man, who left Vitagraph last week, was the eloquent toastmaster at the Wednesday night fellowship dinner of the [Photoplayers'] club. He told how the actors should bear in mind "fellowship" when at the club, and not to pair off and create cliques. His talk was heartily received.

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May 2, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The Photoplayers' Club has been torn up for a week. Carpenters have been fixing the walls as the winter rains penetrated through the brick, and the dampness wrought damage with the tinted surfaces.

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May 16, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

One good diversion the photoplayers of this locality have is the good fellowship dinner on Wednesday evening when the elite of the studios fare forth to partake of a feast, and to enjoy a good smoke and chat. Last week the spread was that of a kingly kind. Max Asher was the mystifying toast general, and he carried off the honors with a comedy night of fun. Max is of German descent, and every member, in honor of the toaster's nativity, wore chin "viskers" and amputated derby hats. The gathering looked like a horseshoe table of a thousand twins. Everyone looked the same, and the thousand and three laughs that were made filled the diners with delight. Not satisfied with good jokes, musical numbers and other entertainment, the comical Asher borrowed a pair of tangoers who performed some wonderfully clever dances, to the great admiration of the assemblage.

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June 27, 1914
MOTOGRAPHY

Charles Ray, the clever young lead with Kay Bee and Broncho forces, was toastmaster at the last Photoplay Club dinner, and a large attendance testified to his popularity. Ray has been playing leads ever since he has been in pictures, and is an athletic, clean and clever young actor. He makes a bully good dinner speech, too.

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July 4, 1914
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

A local "pink sheet" this week had a headline story about how the lady film players were going to desert the Photoplayer's club if the men did not appear on Ladies' nights in evening dress. The story went on to tell that Jack Dillon was beloved, because he was the only attender in the conventional costume. He denies the story emphatically. Informal have been these affairs, and informal they will be, say the men folks.

The Photoplayer's club members are organizing a glee club and will soon make music at coming affairs. A large number of ex-singers and musicians have placed their names on the long list of "musically inclined" as the

notice reads.

July 11, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

At the Photoplayers' Club last week a delightful session was enjoyed by many members. They reveled in a good old smoker, beerfest, and a few boxing matches. Saturday evening last was ladies' night, and a great party it was.

August 1, 1914

MOTION PICTURE NEWS

The members of the Photoplayers, now numbering more than 450 in good standing, held a mass-meeting in the Little Theatre, Los Angeles, Sunday, July 19, for the reorganization of the club, and the adoption or rejection of several important by-laws.

August 8, 1914

MOTOGRAPHY

In reminiscing at the Los Angeles Photoplayers' Club one evening last week, Charles Ray, the Kay-Bee lead, was describing his feelings when Thomas Ince handed him his first contract. He says it is the first time that he ever felt at all important, but the feeling soon wore off when he showed it on the quiet to an old timer who squinted sideways at it and said "Huh! I've got a box full of them."

August 15, 1914

MOTION PICTURE NEWS

At the regular weekly meeting of the Photoplayers, Inc., an organization of actors and directors with a membership of more than 450, held Saturday evening, July 25, the directors announced they had received a cable from Fred Mace, now in Paris, resigning the presidency of the organization, and that Joseph De Grasse, director for the Universal, had been elected to fill the office for the remainder of the unexpired term.

William T. Taylor [sic], director of the Balboa company, was selected as vice-president, and Bertram Bracken was named a director.

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August 9, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

For some time past, owing to the absence of Fred Mace in Europe, the Photoplayers' Club of Los Angeles has been without a resident head and owing to the calls of the beaches and hills during the Summer season the interest in the club sagged a lot and the members in good standing met in several "get together" conclaves with the result that interest has been revived and the club was never in a more prosperous condition than now. On the night of the twenty-ninth of July, a supper was given by the members who attended with their sweethearts and wives, an excellent repast in which a cabaret performance by members figured, followed by a dance. One hundred and forty sat down to the supper and the event was so successful that it will be repeated monthly. Joseph De Grasse is the present president of the club, William D. Taylor, the vice president, and Bert Bracken, the second vice president.

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August 15, 1914

MOTION PICTURE NEWS

A Photoplayers gambol is to be the big attraction in Los Angeles within the next few weeks, according to plans made at the weekly meeting of the Photoplayers, Inc., Saturday evening, July 25, at their club rooms on Hill Street.

At this regular meeting the idea was suggested and received with cheers on all sides. Rupert Julian, formerly of the Little Theatre here, and lead in several big successes of London theatres, who is now with the Universal at the Hollywood studio, was selected as chairman of a committee to make arrangements for the first annual frolic.

Among the members of the Photoplayers are scores of former stage stars, and all present gladly promised to do their part. Charles Murray, of Murray

and Mack, is with the Keystone Company, and was the first to respond to the call for assistance with a number for the program.

...The program will probably be staged in four or five weeks and the net receipts will go to the treasury of the organization...

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August 30, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Manager Sullivan has resigned from the Photoplayers' Club and every one regrets his going. The club has had a general shake-up and is settling down to better things. The Wednesday night suppers are still popular.

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September 20, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Photoplayers' Club is looking up and the supper last Wednesday was splendidly attended. Larry Peyton, recently returned from San Diego, was in the chair, and a capital programme was provided. The well-known actor, Howard Scott, was the guest of honor.

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October 11, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

We had a great supper at the Photoplayers' Club last Wednesday, although the pleasures were tintured with some reserve, for it was virtually a good-bye dinner to Henry Walthall, who is leaving for the East. How we do hate to see him go, for Wally is one of the most lovable of fellows as well as being an accomplished motion picture actor. We made it very clear to him that he was leaving some good pals behind.

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October 24, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Local players were delighted this week with Otis Turner as toastmaster at the fellowship dinner of the Photoplayers.. The old-time director of Universal fame had a rapid fire of amusements for the many artists, and his

evening was one of pleasure.

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October 24, 1914

MOTOGRAPHY

The Photoplayers' Club of Los Angeles about sold out its tickets for their jamboree on October 30 and 31, which high-jinks consists of a two nights' vaudeville performance by famous people. Such names as Filson and Errol, Deeley and Wain, Theodore Roberts, Jess Dandy, Ford Sterling, Charles Murray, Hobard Bosworth, Charles Chaplin and Will Ritchie will be on the program.

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November 9, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Photoplayers held their first annual gambol at the Mason Friday and Saturday nights, and there was a collection of stars and near-stars, behind and before the footlights, that would have made the most blase press agent weep for joy.

Everybody in filmland was there, and the lobby was a veritable florist shop, while eager men sought to buy candy, flowers and programmes from the host of leading ladies and ingenues that seemed nearly unable to supply the demand. Film heroes and heroines stepped from the portrait frames with a cordiality that gave the whole affair an informal touch and made it such a splendid success. Miss Laura Oakley, Chief of Police of Universal City, kept the enormous crowd moving in the already packed theatre.

The audience was nearly as interesting as the show itself. It included Isadore Bernstein, Mayor of Universal City; Mabel Van Buren, Beatrice Van, Vera Sisson, Anna Little, Dorothy Davenport, Bessie Eyton, Edith Johnson, Elsie Greeson, Enid Markey, Leona Hutton, Stella Razeto, the Gish sisters, Cleo Madison, Grace Cunard, Mabel Normand, Carlyle Blackwell, Billy Stowell, George Periolot, Donald Crisp, Bobby Harron, William Clifford, Herbert Rawlinson, James Singleton, Wallace Reid, J. Warren Kerrigan, Harry Carter, Tom Mix, Sidney Smith, Cortenay Foote and D. W. Griffith. There were many

others in evening dress making the rounds of the boxes greeting friends and admirers.

Tom Wilson opened the song programme with original parodies that held the audience from the start. His appearance in blackface was a disappointment, as every one wanted to see him as he appeared on the screen.

In excellent voice and with a choice collection of semi-classical songs, Myrtle Stedman of Bosworth, Inc., earned the plaudits of the audience.

Then came Ben Deeley with his famous "Good Old Common Sense" song, and scored a hit. He was called to give an encore, and sang his latest popular success, "My Heart's Way Out in California," which he put over in a fashion that finally forced him to make a short speech, which was a gem in itself.

"Discovered," a short sketch, featuring Kathlyn Williams and a group of Selig Players, was replete with tense situations, and the comedy climax surprised and delighted every one. Miss Williams was ably assisted by Guy Oliver, Wheeler Oakman, Charles Clary, and Jack McDonald. The act was superb, every one scored a personal success. Mr. Clary as the friend, and Mr. Oakman as the husband, were especially good, easily maintaining their reputations behind the footlights that they have gained before the camera.

Max Asher with a patter act assisted by a pack of cards, showed a dexterity with the pasteboards that won him instant favor. In faultless evening clothes and grand opera voice, Wm. Worthington rendered operatic selections to good advantage.

George Cohan's first sketch, with its laughable lines, was offered with great success by Filson & Errol, who gave it the first production, and from the way the house enjoyed it proved that it has not outgrown popularity. "The Tip on the Derby" was very good.

After the intermission Ruth Roland, assisted by Harry McCoy at the piano, proceeded to stop the show, the audience not being satisfied till the supes brought the piano back and the pair sang another song. Miss Roland left nothing to be desired either in her singing or her gowns, and the patter of the act brought one continuous roar of laughter.

Charley Murray, of Murray & Mack, offered a monologue up to his usual

standard, and was given a big hand.

"The Sheriff of the Shasta," that Theodore Roberts made famous, was offered with a cast that made the sketch far superior to its presentation in vaudeville. Mr. Roberts is always good and, as the sheriff, he was a delight. Miss Smythe, the only one of the original cast, was equal to bearing the only female role of the piece, and her scenes with Mr. Roberts were in her usual inimitable manner. Murdock McQuarrie, as the jealous husband, and Hobart Bosworth, as the acrobat, played these parts as only such actors of sterling quality are able.

Lydia Yeamans Titus, with songs and character studies, fully contributed to the enjoyment of the affair.

The Oz Film Company presented Violet McMillan, Frank Moore and Fred Woodward. Miss McMillan has often been compared to a doll and, as she dances like a sprite, her success was always assured. Woodward and Moore were great, and "Hank" is a favorite wherever he goes. This trio presented one of the cleverest acts on the programme, while one of the best dancing teams in vaudeville closed a show that will be always be remembered and a credit to the photo-players.

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November 14, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

About the hottest place for neutral people who like to argue is the lounging room of the club. Players of all nationalities gather here and some hot talks are the result...William H. Reid [is] the genial manager of the Photoplayers Club...

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November 15, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Photoplayers' Club raised some \$1,200 with their vaudeville performance recently, but this was not enough to cover the club's indebtedness. At a general meeting last Wednesday Isidore Bernstein suggested bonds in values of \$10, \$20 and \$50 denominations, and in less than five

minutes another \$1,200 was raised by those present and today the club is free from debt with a new spirit at the back of it. The Photoplayers' Club is far too valuable to allow it to go by the board and the "buck up" was very necessary.

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November 22, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Photoplayers Club has taken on new life with a vengeance. Last Wednesday night the supper had a bumper attendance, and Carl Laemmle was among "those present." The members have raised bonds among themselves to the tune of over \$2,000, and this, with the \$1,200 raised by the vaudeville performance, has cleared the club of debt and placed it on a good footing again. Apart from this the right spirit has again been infused into the club, and its future is of the brightest. On Saturday a tango supper will be held, and the ladies have promised to be there in force. Good!

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November 29, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Theodore Roberts was the chairman at the Photo-Players weekly supper, and there was a bumper attendance. Next week Fred Kley, of the Lasky studios, will be the chairman, and he is a mighty popular man in the colony. Big preparations are already being made regarding the annual ball to be held in February, and all the members are giving their services free of charge. The result can only be one way. The club is stronger today than ever before.

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November 22, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

At the weekly dinner at the Photoplayers' Club Fred Kley, the popular studio manager for the Lasky forces, was chairman and there was an overflowing house. William De Mille and Oscar Apfel were present and William made a witty and interesting speech--very much in favor of the picture game.

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November 22, 1914

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The Photoplayers' Club has conferred the honor upon Mary Pickford and J. Warren Kerrigan of having their pictures upon the official programme of the annual dance. Although several people of the film world bid for the position it was decided that these two popular players should have the place.

This ball will in all probability be one of the largest affairs that the club has ever attempted, and judging from the advance sale of tickets the auditorium will be taxed to its utmost capacity. There are more of the film folk in Los Angeles now than have ever been here before, and it is expected that the majority will attend and eclipse all previous occasions.

As each celebrity enters the hall the name will be announced in order that the public may see how their favorites look in real life, and may compare them to their phantom selves. Special decorations, which have always made the affair a success, are to be more elaborate this year than ever before.

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December 5, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

...the first steps in preparing for the annual photoplayers' ball, at the Shrine auditorium on February 14, were taken when a committee on arrangements, consisting of Isadore Bernstein, Theodore Roberts, Charles Fais and George Melford, was named.

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December 12, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Turkey Day was observed here this week with all the pomp and good feeling and with an air of good fellowship among the photoplayers of the colony...Many merry social parties marked the week, the most notable of which was the photoplayers' ball at Venice. J. Barney Sherry, our friend the Irish Prince, and Miss Mabel Normand, our queen of the movies, led the grand march. A following of picture players in full dress was on hand, as were a thousand actors and other movie people in costume and disguise. The night was one of

mardi gras, and for the first time in the history of the land Thanksgiving eve was celebrated. The same night, Fred Kley, business manager of the Lasky studio, issued the toasts at the good fellowship dinner at the club. His party adjourned later to the Venice ball and took part in the grand march. One of the best dinners ever was this week's, a large number of members being present.

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December 26, 1914

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Allan Dwan was the popular toastmaster at the good fellowship dinner of the Photoplayers this week. He had as his guest Claude Golden, a clever card manipulator from the Orpheum who was on the bill last week. A goodly crowd of screen folk were present and the program was all that could be desired, Mr. Golden keeping the screen men in continuous laughter with his seemingly impossible card tricks.

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January 23, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Carlyle Blackwell was the delighting toastmaster at the weekly dinner at the Photoplayers. The Favorite Player was "there" with good entertainment and a good crowd turned out to hear him. Many old faces were seen at the club and the organization seems to be on the rise of late, and everyone is talking about the big ball for next month. It will be a sure enough eclipse of any ever previously held. The bulletin board here looks like a pepper tree, a combination of red and green, so many Season's Greetings telegrams have been received.

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January 30, 1915

MOTOGRAPHY

At the last meeting of the Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles [held on January 9, 1915], Del Henderson was elected president, succeeding Fred Mace, who is now in the South. William D. Taylor was chosen first vice-president,

Henry Walthall second vice-president and Wallace Reid secretary-treasurer. Otis Turner, Al W. Filson, Carlyle Blackwell, George Melford, J. C. Epping, Douglas Gerrard, David Kirkland, George Siegman and Fred Kley are the men who compose the new board of directors.

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January 30, 1915
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

With President Del Henderson at the heel, the Photoplayers' Wednesday night fellowship dinner joy wagon broke all speed and attendance records this week. It seemed as if the very hub had turned out in a body to attend the big event when the new president of the club took hold. Never had so many members been present, and a great time was had by all. Afterwards many more, who could not be accommodated at dinner, returned and a general get-acquainted session started. The evening was a joyous one, no business interfering with the merry affair, although most everyone expressed their interest in the coming ball in February.

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February 13, 1915
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Whether it is interest in the coming big 1915 ball, or whether it is just an added impetus from new companies coming west, or just a natural livening of things here, the Photoplayers' Club is a busy place. This week Henry Balboa Walthall was the master of ceremonies, and a crowd equal to the one of last week was present to hear him. Every kind of fun and entertainment was offered the screen men; old timers met and new friends were made, the evening being a record-breaker for floating attendance. Many man came up to the club while en route to the Static ball on the same evening. [The Static Club ball was held on January 10, 1915. The Static Club was the organization of cameramen which would eventually evolve into the American Society of Cinematographers.]

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February 13, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Saturday evening members of the Photoplayers' Club enjoyed a Dutch dinner and entertainment at the Los Angeles Athletic Club as guests of the entertainment committee, of which Leo P. Bergin is chairman. He attended the fellowship dinner Wednesday evening and formally invited the boys to attend the get-acquainted affair. The film fellows reported a jolly good time.

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February 20, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

The Photoplayers' club has been put through a whirlwind and shaken up and cleaned up. A force of artificers are busily engaged in remodeling the second floor. The bar is being taken out and a library put in with a card room just off it. The bar goes to the main floor, where the grill and stein room will be kept open all the time. This merge was made only after being agitated for by Douglas Gerrard, a member of the board of control. Manager Frank Cavender succeeds William Reid. Business has increased so much that a bookkeeper has been added to the employee list.

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February 20, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Just a last word. Douglas Gerrard, in charge of the boxes for the coming Photoplayers' ball said that the whole fifty-six compartments had been sold; thus the outlook for the big affair shows that it will be a real world beater.

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March 6, 1915

MOTOGRAPHY

It appeared as if every prominent star and player of California's famed motion picture colonies attended the grand ball of the Photoplayers' Club at Shrine Auditorium, Los Angeles, Saturday evening, Feb. 13. Miss Mary Pickford presided as the reigning star of the evening and led the grand march with Dell Henderson, president of the club.

All matters of state, screens and pictures were forgotten for the evening. The stars and players had ceased to be. They simply acted natural, and were a magnificent showing of highly cultivated, talented men and women. Notable society leaders of Southern California and visitors from all parts of the world now sojourning in California were among those present, while dignitaries of the financial and commercial world, film magnates, producers, cinematographers, writers and representative newspaper men added to the cosmopolitan air of the gathering.

Seated in the rear of the gaily decorated boxes occupied by the people of the "movies" were several thousand invited guests who participated in the dancing and social greetings of the ball, each meeting his or her favorite of the screen and interchanging confidences that bring warm-blood people into equal appreciation of each other.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the megaphone announcer called the grand march and the real ball festivities began, with Miss Pickford and Mr. Henderson in the lead, responding to the strains of martial music by the orchestra.

They were followed by William D. Taylor, first vice-president of the club, and Cleo Madison; Henry B. Walthall, second vice-president, and Ruth Roland; Wallace Reid, secretary and treasurer, and Dorothy Davenport; George Seigmann and Dorothy Gish; Carlyle Blackwell and Mabel Normand; Douglas Gerrard and Fay Tincher; Fred Kley and Blanche Sweet; Isadore Bernstein and Mrs. Bernstein; Jack Blystone and Victoria Forde; Charles Murray and Mrs. Murray; Max Jennett and Myrtle Gonzales; J. Charles Haydon and Ethel Davis; Max Figman and Lolita Robinson; Tom Mix and Bessie Eyton; James Kirkwood and Ida Lewis; C. Ward and Marian Sais; Rupert Julian and Francelia Billington; Sam DeGrasse and Olive Fuller Golden; Oscar Steyn and Marion Rollins, William Franey and Lillian Peacock; C. E. Griffin and Juanita Hansen; Baron Winther and Miss Hotchkiss; Courtenay Foote and Winifred Kingston; Robert Harron and Mae Marsh; M. R. Shirley and Cleo Ridgeway; W. H. Long and Mrs. Long; D. W. Smith and Ann Schaefer; Robert Leonard and Ella Hall; Chas. (Daddy) Manley and Mrs. Manley; Charles Ray and Miss Mitchell; William Worthington and Laura Oakley (chief of police Universal City); Lee Moran and Lena Rogers; L. Gray

and Rena Haynes; Ford Sterling and Mrs. Sterling; Roscoe Arbuckle and Minta Durfee; Max Ascher and Gail Henry; John Dillon and Constance Johnson; H. Ford and Mrs. Ford; Joseph Harris and Lucile Young; Arthur Shirley and Cleo Frisbie; Victor Moore and Mrs. Moore; William Robert Daley and Miss Burnette; John Post and Anita King; Lloyd McClan and Mrs. McClan; H. Miller Kent and Miss Shoemaker; Harry McCoy and Mrs. Harry Davenport; L. Christian and Miss Rudolph; C. M. Walther and Miss Stearns; Richard Cummings and Mrs. Cummings; Gilbert Warrenton and Mrs. Lulu Warrenton; A. Peters and Mrs. Peters; Mr. H. Hail and Miss Parker; Walter Long and Laura Huntley; Allan Dwan and Pauline Bush; Joseph DeGrasse and Mrs. Degrasse; Russell Bassett and Mrs. Thomas Nash; Frank McQuarrie and Mrs. McQuarrie; Baron von Ritzel and Miss Smith; Gus Inglis and Miss Taylor; J. Kelsey and Miss Hunt; Mr. Cummings and Miss Joos; Lloyd Winthrop and Miss Locke; "Jack" White and "Billy" McDonald.

There were many other notables who did not appear in the grand march, but who enjoyed this diversion from their boxes, among whom were: Hobart Bosworth and Adele Farrington and Philips Smalley and Lois Weber, Fritz Scheff, Myrtle Stedman, Lottie Pickford, Thomas Ince and Mrs. Ince, Mack Sennett, Charles Giblyn and Mrs. Giblyn, Al Kaufman, Otis Turner, Albert W. Hale, Miss "Billie" West, William C. Foster and Mrs. Foster, Virginia Kirtley, Irene Hunt, Rena Rogers, Kathlyn Williams, J. Warren Kerrigan, Grace Cunard, Jacques Jaccard, Webster Cullison, "Capt. Jack" Poland and Mrs. Poland; Leonard M. Smith, Charles G. Rosher, B. A. Rolfe, Sidney A. Franklin, H. A. Scott, J. C. Epping, Dave Kirkland, George Melford, Al Filson, Herschell Mayhall, Chas. D. Pike, Harry Pollard, Margarita Fischer, Lucille Ward, Nan Christy, Jos. Singleton, W. A. Carroll, Henry Otto, Vera Lewis, Ralph Lewis, Winnifred Greenwood, Billy Bitzer, Augusta Anderson, George E. Reehm, Miss Isabella Rea, Irma Dawkins, Sam Behrendt, Theodore Roberts, Cora Drew, W. W. Lawrence, Jack Dillon, Florence Crawford, Josephine Bonaparte Crowell, Walter Long, F. A. Turner, John G. Adolphi, Huch C. McClung, "Baldy" Belmont, Allen Curtis, Emma Katherine Oswald, Geo. E. Periolat, Vera Sisson, Mark Fenton, Helen Wright, Robert Ross, Anna Little, Herbert Rawlinson, H. M. Horkheimer, E. D. Horkheimer, Henry King, Gypsy

Abbott, Daniel Gilfether, Billy Sheer, Victoria Forde, Neal Burns, Billie Rhodes, Eddie Lyons, Adolph Zukor, Neva Gerber, John J. Sheehan, Henry Kernan, Homer A. Scott, William Brunton, Cecil B. De Mille, Jesse L. Lasky, Samuel Goldfish, Carmen Phillips, Vola Smith, Gretchen Hartman, Alan Hale, Charles Clary, Jackie Saunders, Mollie McConnell, Edwin Carewe, Kitty Stevens, Raymond A. Zell, Gilbert P. Hamilton, Dot Farley, Archie McMackin, Bertha Burnham, Felix Modjeska, Dustin Farnum, Marie Walcamp, Sessue Hayakawa, Miss Tsuru Aoki, W. D. Mann, Henry McRae and many others.

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March 20, 1915
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Cuisine unexcelled! Entertainment de luxe! Goodfellowship unbounded! That is what William D. Taylor, Carlyle Blackwell's director, gave the regular fellows at the dinner Wednesday evening. As a toastmaster "Bill" is a grand man, and the event will go down in club history as one of the big times of the season.

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March 27, 1915
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Ha, ha, hat! Wow! Lookout, fellers, here comes the band! And so it came to pass that another good time was written on the Photoplayers' history book, that of Roscoe Arbuckle, one oversized comedian from the Keystone. He was a toastmaster royal, and every member present pronounced the dinner a grand success.

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[A photograph taken at a meeting of the Photoplayers' Club can be seen in the April 10, 1915 issue of MOTOGRAPHY, page 576.]

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April 24, 1915
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

...[On March 24, 1915] the Photoplayers held their regular weekly fellowship dinner at their fine clubhouse in South Hill street.

Eugene Pallette was director-in-chief, and he started the ball rolling with the first course of the excellent turkey dinner cooked in the kitchen of the club. President Dell Henderson and Vice-President William Taylor were on each side of the toastmaster. The event of the evening was the address by Al Jennings, the man with a past, who claimed the right to a future--and he proved his contention by winning it. It will be recalled that Mr. Jennings recently appeared before the camera in "Beating Back," the story of which was based on his own life. In his talk Mr. Jennings recounted some of the events of his career. He did not spare himself--neither did he spare others.

There can be no gainsaying the fact that Al Jennings is a remarkable man. He is a speaker of power. He has keen wit, a delivery that is all the more impressive by its straightforwardness, its frankness and its direct appeal to the hearer's sense of justice. His voice is raised just so high as may reach the last auditor. It is well modulated. The former "lifer" is the antithesis of the bad man as we are taught by those fiction writers and stage producers to believe him. He is short of stature and even of temper. He is magnetic, a natural leader. Not a bit of the drama in the story he unfolded was lost on the players and directors who with rapt attention followed him--from his birth in a fence corner in Virginia as his mother was fleeing from an invading army; how at fourteen years of age he was a fully grown man and knew no law but the blue barrel of a "forty-five." Mr. Jennings knows his Bible and uses its parables, and he knows, too, how most effectively to use them.

The speaker was given an ovation when he finished. Others who were heard from in song or story or talk were Dick Cummings, Charles Mailes, Hirshall Mayall, Chet Withey, Harry Gribben, Al Filson, Dick Willis, John Sheehan, Elmer Redmond, Mr. Pallette, the father of the toastmaster; Jack Dillon and Eddie Dillon.

The weekly dinner of the Photoplay players has been one of the features of the club since its organization.

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April 24, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Herbert Rawlinson, toastmaster last Wednesday night at the club, introduced "a man who is soon to become a groom." The man got up and said a few words and we recognized Allan Dwan, who is to be wedded to Miss Pauline Bush, formerly his leading lady at the Universal. Everyone wished the F. P. [Famous Players] director the best in the world, and here is another wish for eternal happiness.

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May 1, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

On Saturday night the Photoplayers, Inc., quietly passed away and is now in complete and reposeful oblivion. Everything belonging to the club has been put in storage. The closing of the promising club was made because of the failure of a majority of the members to pay their dues. Of late much money had been lost each week, and so it decided "to close while closing was good," i.e., to stop the bills and pay those due while there was money on the hand.

Wednesday night Eddie Dillon was to have been toastmaster, so the good members decided to hold a dinner at a local cafe, and to talk over the affair. The dinner was more of a success than any held before. The officials say that the club ought to be reorganized within a month or so.

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[Although the Photoplayers Club was now officially dead, there were a few more social gatherings held by ex-members, and a few meager attempts at revival.]

June 5, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

On the evening of Thursday, May 13, many of the men who were of the membership of the late Photoplayers' Club assembled at one of the downtown restaurants [Levy's Cafe] for dinner. The coming of the actors had been announced, and as a result there was a crush and a great many were turned

away. Later there was an impromptu entertainment, at which Henry Walthall acted as master of ceremonies. Charles Chaplin led the orchestra for two numbers. There was laughter as he began, but very shortly it was discovered he really was leading; there was hearty applause for him. The other entertainers were Charles Murray, Trudy Shattuck, Roscoe Arbuckle, Martha Golding, Porter Strong, Ruth Roland, Julian Eltinge, Victor Moore, Harry Gribbon, Leo White and Polly Moran. It was a great night.

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July 10, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

...It was on May thirteenth last that at the restaurant in question there was a stated gathering of photoplayers. For several days previously a card near the entrance had announced the coming event. Seven o'clock on the evening in question found two long tables in the center of the room. All other tables were filled or engaged, and a goodly number waited an opportunity to be accommodated. Many had taken the precaution to reserve places, anticipating the demand. Some of the prominent players and directors took their regular chairs.

It was nearly 8 o'clock when the long table began to fill. There was handclapping for Henry Walthall, "the little Colonel," when he took his seat. Some of those seen about the room--and no attempt was made to compile a list--were Frank Bushman, just arrived in Los Angeles, delighted with the town and mighty glad to see a man from the east; Fred Balshofer, Raymond Hitchcock, Mack Sennett, Charles Arling, Hobart Henley, three weeks out from New York having been transferred by President Laemmle at his own request to the Western Universal from the Eastern; Travers Vale, Louise Vale, Franklin Ritchie, Lottie Pickford, and more than a hundred others...

There were cheers when Mr. Walthall arrayed in his "little colonel" flowing tie, arose at the head of the tables, just under the orchestra platform. "I have the very great pleasure and the honor," he said in that fine voice of his, "to announce that our fellow artist and photoplayer, Charles Chaplin, will now lead the orchestra."

Mr. Chaplin made humorous reference to the large sum one of the papers had announced as having been offered him. "You must know, of course, I have been working very hard today," he said. "I have taken a fall and hurt my elbow." The comedian removed his coat and immediately replaced it. He faced the musicians and shook at them a mane that would have done credit to the leader of the Royal Italian Band. Roars of laughter followed the gymnastic efforts of the little funmaker. Suddenly it dawned on the big party that what it had construed as comedy was as a matter of fact straight hard work. Chaplin really was leading; the musicians were with him to a fraction of a second. The body swayed, the masses of black hair flowed from side to side; the most temperamental of Latin bandmasters apparently had in his bag of tricks nothing Chaplin didn't expose. Stirring indeed was the execution of Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" and absorbingly interesting it was, too, to watch the serious, even stern, faces of the musicians. There was a hush as Chaplin's arms rested at the cutting of the last note; then came a roar of applause testifying the admiration of the comedian's confreres and of the general public as well. An encore followed. Then the situation changed from drama to comedy, and there were many laughs.

"I am not going to introduce but to announce Truly Shattuck," said Mr. Walthall. The old-time player put her hands upon the toastmaster's face and the diners cheered. Then followed "Gone are the days," and nearly every one sang the chorus with Miss Shattuck. When there were calls for more the singer beckoned to Charles Murray, and Mr. Murray came forward. He is always at home in this house; frequently he has been known from his place at the table down front to assist the orchestra leader. The two sang in fine voice that which so often they have sung together on the stage--"Alma, where do you live?"

Martha Golding gave a recitation in French patois and Roscoe Arbuckle told two stories. Harry Gribon sang, so, too, did Polly Moran. Leo White recited. Hal Williams sang "Tipperary." Tom Mix, who in the Rodeo had been jumped on by a horse and badly hurt, was called up so that the party could cheer him. Porter Strong in a dance with an Oriental touch made a lot of

fun.

Charlie Murray gave a recitation in blank verse; it was not a recitation, either; it was more of a speech. He told of the woes of a comic, he praised Charlie Chaplin and took off his hat to him. He spoke of Julian Eltinge and of the dear old Burbank days. He said there were many familiar faces out in front of him and that he could go down the line. For once Mr. Murray was serious, but he carried the party with him all the time.

"Our distinguished guest, Julian Eltinge," announced Mr. Walthall, and the ensuing applause was hearty. "I am very grateful to be here," said the well-known impersonator. "I just came out on a little vacation. Now I am not going to apologize for my voice but for my throat." In the splendid singing of "The Crinoline Girl" that followed there seemed to be no occasion for apologizing for either. Mr. Eltinge got his full mead of hearty praise.

Ruth Roland was given a reception that indicated in unmistakable manner the affection her fellow players bear her. She sang sweetly and simply "Wrap me in a bundle and take me home with you." The screen boys and girls would not let her go, so she sang "California and You," and the diners helped her with the chorus. This is a good place to say that Miss Roland is a California girl--a San Franciscan. Dell Henderson, the last president of the Photoplayers' Club, responded to the call of the toastmaster by giving a recitation--and doing it well.

One of the hits of the night was Victor Moore. After an introductory talk Mr. Moore told the story of the Broadway newsboy--"Partners." None of the pathos of the poem was lost in its telling. The speaker did not have to raise his voice; absolute silence was provided for him, or rather the art of the actor and the heart appeal of the simple tale secured it for him. "Over three thousand miles from here there is a little girl to whom I always drink every night when I am away from home," said Mr. Moore, as he concluded the story of the "newsy." "I'd dearly like to have you join me in drinking tonight to the best of girls, the best of pals--my wife." Everybody joined Mr. Moore. It may have been due to the influence of the story and perhaps it may have been partly owing to appreciation of the fine sentiment behind the

toast or even again it might have been in a measure due to the reversion of thoughts to homes and pals back East by many of the expatriates, but there were more dry glasses than there were dry eyes.

And the foregoing is just a part of the story of one night among the photoplayers of the West Coast.

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June 12, 1915

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Thursday night of this week the old standpatters from the Photoplayers club gathered together for an evening of frivolity at a downtown cafe where they go to most of the time. Two weeks ago there was a lively time and it was eclipsed this week. Carlyle Blackwell was at the helm and the people he called on were the best in the business.

Harry McCoy was the first filmer up, and he led out with the national song, leading the big orchestra. Rena Rogers was next, followed by Jerry Gerrard, Dick Smith, Myrtle Stedman, William Rock, Julian Eltinge, Ruth Roland, Raymond Hitchcock, who gave the evening the proper comedy climax. He produced a Keystone scene with Dell Henderson directing. The big director of course ordered a retake, much to the surprise and approval of the vast throng. Vast throng being a gathering of film admirers, who had heard of the dinner. The place was practically all reserved by outsiders, although many prominent canvas people were at side tables. Photoplayers only were allowed at the two long tables.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology>

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 48 -- December 1996 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

Kathlyn Williams

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Kathlyn Williams

Kathlyn Williams was one of the first prominent motion picture actresses, and she continued to act in supporting roles throughout the silent film era. She starred in the first American serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn," and was in the original classic silent film "The Spoilers." William Desmond Taylor directed her in three films, and she was married to Charles Eyton, who was the studio manager for Famous Players-Lasky where Taylor worked. Kathlyn Williams' signature appears on Taylor's death certificate; she is the one who officially identified Taylor's body after his murder. The following

are some interviews and articles tracing the silent film career of Kathlyn Williams.

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April 20, 1912

NEW YORK CLIPPER

Kathlyn Williams, whose picture appears on the front page of this issue, is one of the bright lights among the most noted motion picture players, and now appearing with the Selig Stock Co., when interviewed by our representative gave the following interesting narrative regarding her early ambitions as an actress, and later as a motion picture artist.

"My desire to go on the stage became my life's ambition when I was about eight years old, after seeing my first play. My mother and friends laughed at the idea as a childish whim, but as time went on and I became an amateur of some note in my home town, Butte, Mont., my mother became worried and sent me to Wesleyan University, thinking a rigid religious school would change my views. The love of the stage was too firmly rooted, however, to make me alter my determination.

"During a vacation I had an opportunity of appearing for a short while in a stock company in Butte. My acting appeared to please my townspeople so well that the newspapers spoke highly of my feeble efforts. Through this I was brought to the notice of Senator Clark, who has helped so many boys and girls to realize their ambitions. My desire was to study for the stage in New York or Europe. The senator consented to help me on condition that I finish my last year at Wesleyan, and during that year I won a medal for elocution.

"The next Fall found me enrolled in Sergeant's School for Acting, when I found out what the stage really meant, hard work, heartaches and disappointments. I worked hard, as I wanted to justify the senator's faith in me. After finishing there I went out as leading lady in 'When We Were Twenty-One.' Then began the real hard work and real disappointments. The horrors of one night stands and catching early trains was enough to take the

energy out of a less ambitious person. But nothing daunted, I went out season after season with the same jumps and same one night stands. Then I tried stock. There another horror confronted me: wardrobe and studying. I felt I was not doing myself justice. It was all work and no play, and I was almost in despair. Why I never had enough fresh air and seldom saw the sun, when, lo and behold! a new field was opened: 'Moving Pictures.'

With this came a twinkle in the soft blue eye that spoke her happy frame of mind and made her interviewer eager to learn the real cause of her perfect contentment. Glancing about her cordial surroundings, she gave vent to a bewitching smile and said:

"Here was a new field where conditions were almost perfect, with nothing but fresh air, sunshine and real country with real trees and grass, things I had only seen through dust-dimmed car windows. It is early to bed and early to rise, and we certainly are healthier, wealthier and wiser. The work is absolutely fascinating--there is a change all the time; each picture is a new character and each character one creates one's self. No following in the footsteps of the actor or actress who created the part. If you have the right conception of the part, your producer is only too glad to give your imagination full sway, but woe unto him who thinks he knows it all.

"One's first picture will take more egotism out of one than all the critics. One sees himself as other see him, and is quite willing to acknowledge that the producer knows what he is talking about and what he wants. Don't imagine that you can slight your work, nor that you do not need to take the situation seriously--the camera does not lie, and the result is sometimes startling. The opportunity to improve one's self is limitless. What more can you want than to see yourself act? Then the different characters one portrays. There are characters I have always wanted to try. I could be in stock for years and never have the opportunity to play more than one line. In motion pictures one tries them all.

"Oh, how I have enjoyed some of my roles. Nora, in 'The Witch of the Everglades,' and 'Lost in the Jungle,' are two roles I have enjoyed most. The characters are as different as they could possibly be.

"'Lost in the Jungle' was particularly interesting to me as we used an elephant and many beautiful leopards. That you may have an idea of the story of this particular picture and more readily realize the wonderful experience we had in making it, I would say I played the part of a girl living fifty miles in the interior of Africa with her father. She refuses to marry the man her father has chosen so he turns her from the house. She tries to go through the jungle to the next neighbor, twenty miles away, but gets lost. Faint and exhausted, she lies down to rest and while resting is attacked by a leopard but mortally wounds it with a knife which she carries, and escapes, although badly hurt. In the meantime a work elephant on her father's place escapes from his keeper who has been cruel to him, and goes to the jungle. The girl, seeing him come toward her, speaks to him. Recognizing the voice of his only friend, he comes to her. She commands him to kneel, staggers to her feet, and half-fainting, falls across his trunk, and with his trunk he assists her up to his head and starts home with her.

"Toddles, the elephant used, has the reputation of having killed two of his keepers, so our producer was afraid to have me try and wanted me to use a dummy figure. Realizing how much more real it would be to have it true to life, I was anxious to try, and always having been fond of animals, especially wild ones, I set to work to win Toddles as my friend. Knowing the surest way was through his stomach I began visiting him daily with fruit. In fact every time I passed I would have something until at last he began to know me, and whenever he would see me he would trumpet and call, and I was always prepared. After some weeks of this we began our real work. I would lie down within easy reach of him, command him to kneel and then to assist me to my feet with his trunk. Whenever he did what I wanted I gave him an orange. How quickly he understood. At last he would allow me to get on his head. Oh! He was splendid, and I felt as safe up there as on the ground. It took a month to accomplish this, but it was fascinating work.

"Then came Tom, the leopard, and my real work. He has been trained to jump over me. He apparently jumps at me, but really jumps over me. He did it beautifully the first time, and I had more confidence than before. The

second time I was late in my action of falling. I just had time to cover my face when I felt his sharp claws sink in my head, but I kept perfectly still --not an easy thing to do under the circumstances--but that probably saved me from more serious injury. The trainer was there, and after one crack of the whip he was off me. I was not badly hurt--only a few scratches and a little nervous, and it was a new experience.

"When the public sees that picture there is not one in a hundred will believe that it was a real leopard that jumped over me, but will think it a big dog, painted up. They figure it out to suit themselves and little realize the chance we take. Every picture with character in it is taken from actual life and at a great expense, as everything is made as real as possible."

At this moment the producer announced that the scene was ready, and our interview was at an end, as the little blonde lady passed hurriedly out to the studio, and bidding the writer a good afternoon, apologized for taking up too much of his time with remark: "the gong saved you: I never know when to stop talking when telling of the happiness and pleasure I derive from being a picture player."

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October 12, 1912

MOTOGRAPHY

About that Hydroaeroplane Mishap

For the past two weeks, the Chicago branch of the Selig Motion Picture Company has been busily engaged in the production of an aviation picture that promises to be thrilling. Miss Kathlyn Williams, the always popular leading woman of the Selig Company and Max Lillie and Beckwith Havens, well known aviators, are the principal players in the unique subject. During the recent Chicago air meet at Cicero park, Miss Williams made several flights in the biplane of Lillie, as his passenger. These scenes were all recorded by the Selig cameras as part of the picture. After the Cicero meet, the aviators

moved their machines down to Grant park on the lake front of Chicago, for the hydroaeroplane meet. Beckwith Havens was engaged by the Selig Company to complete the scenes required for the picture. Henry McRae, one of the Selig producers, and Stanly Twist, of the business department, were supervising the production. Everything went well until the last day of the meet. Miss Williams made several successful flights with Havens in his hydroaeroplane in front of the cameras without mishap. On Sunday, the last day of the meet, the producers prepared to secure the climax scene, in which Miss Williams, adrift in a disabled motorboat, far out at sea, is rescued from her perilous position by Havens in his hydroaeroplane. When all preparations had been completed and the event was about to be enacted, McRae and Twist were told by the Aero Club officials that they would have to wait until Havens had completed all of the events in which he was entered, before they could produce the required scene. Only one event remained to be completed and Havens was the only one entered in it. This was the grand prize trophy event. In order to win it, the aviator was required to circle the mile crib eight times, carrying with him a passenger. When Havens began to look around for the necessary passenger to accompany him, there was none to be found. Nobody seemed anxious to take a chance in such a race. As the afternoon light was fading rapidly and the picture had to be completed before dusk that day, Mr. Twist volunteered his services, in order to secure Havens for the remaining scenes in motion pictures. Dressing himself in aviator clothes, Twist climbed into the passenger's seat and they were off for the trophy race. Several rounds were made without mishap and many thousands of people were excitedly watching the maneuvers of the air craft, when suddenly those on shore saw the nose of Haven's pontoon strike the water and the machine turned a complete somersault on the lake surface. Twist was thrown through the air for about fifteen feet before he struck the water. Havens clung to the wrecked machine, but Twist started to swim the half mile between himself and shore, not taking into consideration the fact that his heavy boots and clothing would soon weigh him down. After proceeding about fifty yards he began to feel exhausted and would undoubtedly have met with a more serious

fate, if Miss Williams, who had been waiting in the motor boat outside the crib breakwater, and who had been a witness to the accident, had not had the presence of mind to put on full speed and race to the rescue of the sinking man. When Twist was rescued by Miss Williams, he was on the point of exhaustion but outside of a severe chill and a few bruises, he suffered no ill effects. A funny coincidence connected with the affair is the fact that Twist, who is also press agent of the Selig Company, had planned a unique press story in connection with the event. When the originally planned press stunt was brought to a sudden end by the accident, the amount of space that the Selig company secured in the daily papers throughout the country, more than made up for the experience that the players underwent. Another hydroaeroplane was secured the next day and the picture was finished.

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November 9, 1912

MOTOGRAPHY

Miss Kathlyn Williams has gone to the Los Angeles studio of the Selig Company where she is ready to begin work in a series of wild animal film stories. En route to the studio city, she stopped at her father's home in El Paso, where she was lavishly entertained during her short stop-over. At her arrival at the Edendale studio of the Selig house, she was given an impromptu reception at which she was heartily welcomed back after her two years' affiliation with the Chicago studio.

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January 4, 1913

Kathlyn Williams

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Kathlyn Williams, Selig's leading woman, has a new hobby. She is learning to be an aviatoress, or an aviatoreaux or an aviatrice--anyhow, she's learning to run a flying machine. She has been making frequent ascents with Glenn Martin who says he is one of the most promising pupils he has ever had, and who thinks she will be ready to try it alone in a month or so.

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March 15, 1913

MOTOGRAPHY

Miss Kathlyn Williams, leading woman of the Selig Polyscope company was married on the afternoon of March 4, to Frank R. Allen, an actor.

Allen is 39 and Miss Williams is 28. She is known as the "California Venus." A den of wildcats is said to have played a part in this "movies" romance. A clever office boy had written a scenario which involved a venture into a wild animal cage, and the film was made out at the wild animal farm near Eastlake Park. Miss Williams ventured into the cage of wildcats while Allen stood outside. It was a perilous moment, and Allen knew then for the first time from the way his heart jumped up into his throat that he loved the heroine. Miss Williams' intuition probably let her in on the secret even before that. Anyhow, the wild-cat scene helped to precipitate matters and the almost-immediate marriage followed.

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[Kathlyn Williams was selected to lead the grand march at the 1914 Photoplayers' Club St. Valentine's Ball. See TAYLOROLOGY #47.]

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April 1914

Kathlyn Williams

PHOTOPLAY

...In "Lost in the Jungle" I had to lie with my face hidden behind a log until my director gave me the signal to raise up. I thought he had forgotten and raised my head as a leopard jumped over the log. Scared at my sudden appearance, the leopard struck as he passed over me, and although I ducked, I sustained a bad scalp wound. But I blamed myself, not the leopard...

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April 1914

Richard Willis

Kathlyn the Intrepid

In private life Kathlyn Williams furnishes a genuine surprise. So closely associated has she been of late with deeds of daring and dangerous exploits that one expects to find a dashing, mannish woman arrayed in more or less masculine attire. So it is almost disconcerting to find a decidedly womanly lady, quietly but tastefully dressed and one whose charm is increased by a beautifully modulated voice.

We got right down to business, and I was permitted to smoke.

"Give me some particulars of your early life," I asked her.

"That is easy and brief," said Miss Williams. "I was born at Butte, Montana, where my father was a mining man. We moved to Helena, where I had my early schooling. I was an only child."

"Spoiled?" I queried.

"Not more than other 'only' children," she answered with a smile, "but I had a will of my own. I grew up in an atmosphere of animals and music, for my mother was an accomplished musician and possessed a beautiful voice, which she used freely for the benefit of charity and at concerts. But she never sang professionally."

"Then you do not inherit your talent for acting?"

"No, but mother gave me her artistic temperament, and I often think that father's vocation prepared me for the many hard knocks I have had from time to time. I had a fine voice myself as a child and the chief desire of my mother's heart was that I should be a great singer. But I silently treasured a longing for the stage--I always had that. I studied elocution and voice culture at the Wesleyan University at Helena and frequently sang at concerts, and Senator Clark took a great interest in my welfare. I tried hard to persuade him to help me get to New York, but he joined with my mother in insisting that I remain and finish my schooling. So I kept right on with my elocution and did a lot of secret studying, for my girl's heart was quite made up--I would go on the stage. I was happy there, too," and Miss Williams

smiled reflectively.

I left her alone awhile, back in the old school with her companions, and then broke the charm.

"And then?"

"Oh! excuse me. I was quite lost, wasn't I? Well, then came the great event of my life when I started for the metropolis with the assistance of Senator Clark. Once there I soon found that my mother's dreams would not come true. That wonderful teacher and woman, Madame Shaw, told me plainly that I had mistreated and overused my voice and that I would never make a great singer. My mother was bitterly disappointed, dear soul, but I was secretly relieved. The operatic career did not appeal to me at all."

"So you returned to the mines and mother?"

"I did not," returned Miss Williams emphatically. "I stayed on and entered the Sargent school of acting, sometimes called the Empire. It was a fine school and I made great progress, and after two years of hard work I passed successfully, with five others, out of a class of over forty pupils. The other five have done well, though I do not remember all their names. Doris Keane was one and Martin Brown was another."

"Then you went home and --"

Miss Williams stopped me. "This is my story. Light that cigar again and let me ramble on in my own way. My first engagement was with William Morris in 'When We Were Twenty-One,' and after a while I followed Maxine Elliott in the part and was starred in it and played in it for two years. And then I took that home rest you are so anxious about."

"Ah, I knew it was coming," I muttered.

"Why?"

"Oh, because it is easy to see you are a home lover by your surroundings, and that dog is used to that very spot by your chair, and you have the pictures of your friends around you."

"Yes, I love home and spend all my time between it and the studios."

"What came after the vacation?" I asked.

"I joined the Willard Mack stock company at Salt Lake City and then came

to Los Angeles and played at the Belasco Theatre. And it was while acting there that I received a telephone call from David Griffith of the Biograph to call and see him. He wanted me to take a special part in one of his pictures. I was most indignant; how dare anyone even suggest that I would so lower myself as to play for the screen? I would not have gone at all, but a friend suggested that I look into it 'for fun;' and that is exactly the spirit that I was in when I first met Mr. Griffith. I had my nose very much in the air, and Mr. Griffith saw that I did not take kindly to the idea. But he had met people like me before, and he persuaded me to try it out.

"I remember the first day's work. We finished late and I was informed that no tickets would be issued. I was to have received \$10, by the way. Then I knew I was foolish, and that I would never receive my pay. But the next night I was handed twenty dollars, to my surprise. Isn't it funny the ideas we all have about pictures before we go into them?"

I joined in the laugh, for I have met many actors and actresses who have felt the same way about motion picture acting; I did the same myself.

"Now tell me something about your picture experiences," I requested.

"I was so much impressed with the treatment I received at the hands of Mr. Griffith and at my surroundings that I was in a receptive mood when it came to talking about a regular salary. I joined, and have been working in pictures ever since, and that covers a period of five years. Over four years of this have been spent with Selig, for David Griffith gave me a personal introduction to Mr. Selig, and I went over to his company. I have worked for the Selig firm in Chicago and Jacksonville and in Los Angeles. By the way, in the first picture I acted in with Biograph I was a heavy and played opposite to Dell Henderson, and Marion Leonard was the heroine. I also believe that I acted in the first multiple-reel ever put on, and was in 'Ten Nights in a Bar-Room,' which was put on at Jacksonville. I took the emotional part, of course. I also played in my first animal picture down there in Florida."

"Do you like the animal pictures?" I asked her.

"Yes, I do. I ought to, considering the added popularity they have

brought me. But my heart is in tense dramatic work, and I love mystical and psychological photoplays more than any others. Here is something that I have never breathed before. In years to come I look forward to putting on my own photoplays, in my own way."

"Do you think that women make successful producers or directors?" I asked, quizzically.

Miss Williams took issue with me promptly. "Yes, I honestly believe that women pay far more attention to details than men, and that counts for a lot, you know. I believe that women would make as big a success directing as men, if given the right chances and opportunity. You know I produced two or three of my own photoplays, do you not?"

I acknowledged my ignorance.

"One in particular, 'Balu, the Leopard's Foundling,' was a great success. I wrote the play, produced it, and took the lead--a wild girl brought up with the leopards. There were some excellent effects in it, and a leopard ran at me and put its head on my shoulder at the right moment. Isn't that enough for you?"

"Not quite. What are your likes and dislikes?"

"I dislike being interviewed for one, and housework for another. I like home and books, and then more books, animals of every shape, size and color, and everything connected with the glorious out-of-doors. I am a rabid baseball fan, and like fencing. Music is a passion with me, and one of my dearest friends is Signor Ruggiero Leoncavallo, who always sends me his compositions. Then I love pretty frocks and the society of nice, sensible women. There is my automobile, which must not be forgotten. Motoring is my favorite outdoor recreation. Is that enough?"

"Nearly; but tell me if you ever want to get back to the stage?"

"Yes. We all do, you know, but the pictures fascinate me, too. I would like to return and play another part like Mrs. Dane in 'Mrs. Dane's Defense.' It was my favorite part, I think.

"My picture experiences have taught me, however, that seeing myself in moving pictures is the most helpful and the most discouraging criticism an

actress can have. It's the severe test of looking at yourself from the outside and at a distance.

"Mannerisms positively stare at you from a picture, when they would pass unnoticed on the stage. The searching light of the picture camera seems to have reveled in your faults.

"Daylight hours, the opportunity to live at home, the wonderful variety of characters and the opportunity for study are the chief inducements the pictures afford a player. And then, I like being a Photoplayer because I like doing the difficult, unexpected things. The strenuous but ever fascinating work is also the finest course in figure development I know of. Practically every day since I joined the Selig Company I have indulged freely in horseback riding, walking, tennis, golf or some such form of recreation, in addition to the daily studio work.

"Mr. Selig and the studio officials always encourage the players in this respect, and half of our time is spent out in the open. A healthy, athletic life contributes more toward physical perfection than any other one thing, and there is no country in the world where this can be more surely guaranteed than right here in the United States.

"Let me see if there is anything else. Oh, yes, I write scenarios at times, and have had several produced. 'Balu' was one, and 'What Kitty Did' was another."

"Well, I guess I'll let you off now," I said.

"My, I have forgotten the most important thing of all," broke in the lady. "My aviation experiences. I am really fascinated with flying, and one of these days I mean to fly regularly. I have taken a number of lessons with Glenn Martin and am quite an expert, I can assure you. I had my first flight with poor Max Lillie in Chicago. He was killed later, and I was so sorry. He was a nice fellow. We went up a thousand feet and I lost all sense of fear after the first few minutes. Then, I believe I was the first woman ever to fly in a hydro-aeroplane. Yes, the strange sensation of flying through space fascinates me.

"No, I am not afraid.

"Look," she whispered, as I started toward the door, "hardly anyone knows my life is charmed! See my talisman?"

And she lifted into the light a tiny bit of ivory, wonderfully carved in the shape of a fish. It is the gift of a woman who saw Kathlyn Williams on a screen in a remote little hamlet in England.

Then I left this handsome lady with the blonde hair and the intrepid blue eyes--left her smiling and patting Boris, the son of an English bulldog which cost \$10,000. Boris was presented to Miss Williams by Mr. Selig. I enjoyed the chat immensely, and she made it so pleasant and easy for me. I join the general public--I like Kathlyn Williams.

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March 13, 1915

MOTOGRAPHY

Kathlyn Williams Visits Chicago

Together with Director Colin Campbell and his wife, Miss Kathlyn Williams, the leading lady of the Selig Polyscope Company, stopped in Chicago this week on her way to Los Angeles from Panama, via New York, and though she had just completed one part of the tiresome journey across the continent and had the remainder directly before her, she was in the happiest of moods when seen by a MOTOGRAPHY interviewer. Of course, like the conventional interviewer always does, he asked her what role she liked best, expecting her to say "Kathlyn" without hesitation.

"While I fully enjoyed my part in the 'Adventures of Kathlyn,'" she replied to the question, "I cannot in justice to my other roles say that I liked it best. Every play presents a new problem and I really think that I work just as hard and am just as dissatisfied with myself in every character for which I am cast. The part of Mrs. Van Courtland in 'The Ne'er Do Well,' which we filmed in Panama, suits me perfectly, for it gives me a chance to do a sort of character-heavy part, much like Cherry in 'The Spoilers.'"

Miss Williams' mail was delivered at this time and she paused a moment

to sort it over. A number of letters from "fans" were forwarded my mistake and this caused the delightful "Diamond S" lead to remark that one of the pleasing trials of a screen actress' life was the receiving of many letters every day. "Some of the letters are really helpful," she said, "for the writers are earnest students of the screen, while others express admiration. They are all a source of great inspiration to me."

"Would you advise young women to study the art of silent rather than strait dramatic action," the interviewer queried, knowing that Miss Williams' advice on this question would interest thousands of girls who aspired to become actresses.

"Unless a girl has talent I would not advise her to enter dramatic work at all," she replied, "but if the talent is there and is backed by ambition and determination to succeed, plus personality, I certainly would not discourage her. I think that training in a dramatic school or in a stock company under a good director is really essential for success in pictures, though many have made good without it. So many young girls ask me that question and I tell them all of my own experience. I attended dramatic school and then toured with several dramatic companies. After that I worked in stock in Salt Lake City and Los Angeles and then entered pictures with the Selig Company, where I have been for six years."

* * * * *

June 24, 1916

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Real Reel Romance

Stage lovers, film fans, and friends of Kathlyn Williams, Selig featured star, will be agreeably surprised to learn of her marriage, which took place in Riverside, near here, one Friday, June 2. Charles F. Eyton, a well-known picture manager, is the bridegroom. Mr. Eyton and Miss Williams, accompanied by relatives and close friends, departed for Riverside at noon and were married at 5:30. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. I. D. Van Arnan in

the rectory of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. The bridal party comprised Juan De La Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Von Saxman, Mr. and Mrs. Al Filson and Mr. and Mrs. Ed. J. LeSaint.

Miss Williams is one of the bright stars of filmland, beloved from the Atlantic to the Pacific by that great army of Americans who march daily upon the moving picture theaters of the country. Mr. Eyton is one of the owners of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company, and has been connected with the local show world for the past sixteen years.

The marriage was the culmination of a romance that had its inception in Salt Lake City some ten years ago. At that time Miss Williams was a member of the Willard Mack Stock Company, which was playing in the Utah city. Fate sent Mr. Eyton there to overlook a new play, in which Mr. Morosco was interested. He met Miss Williams and was greatly attracted by her ability and beauty. Shortly afterward they became engaged and the wedding day was set, when the inevitable "lovers' quarrel" occurred and they drifted along different paths, only to meet again in this city about a year ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Eyton left for an extended trip through the Eastern States. Upon their return they will be at home to their legion of friends at their home, 858 Bryan Street.

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August 26, 1916
MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Kathlyn Williams Joins Morosco

Kathlyn Williams, the well-known film star who has just resigned from the Selig Company, has signed a long-term contract to appear under the Morosco-Pallas brands on the Paramount program. Promptly upon resigning from Selig, Miss Williams received four attractive offers to star in big subjects but decided in favor of Morosco-Pallas in lieu of its standing in the field and its affiliation with the Paramount program.

Although Miss Williams today enjoys a country-wide popularity, and justly so, her success in motion pictures has not been of the "overnight"

variety. Seven years ago, in company with Mary Pickford, Arthur Johnson, Henry Walthall, Billy Quirk and other now famous members of the "old guard" at Biograph under D. W. Griffith, she received her early schooling in the silent drama.

In dramatic stock she appeared under the managements of Belasco, Willard Mack and William Morris, which fitted her well for the demands of the photoplay. On leaving Biograph, Miss Williams became associated with the Selig Company under whose trade-mark she appeared up until her recent resignation. In the title role of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" she starred in the first serial photoplay ever produced, a twenty-six-reel subject, which resulted in adding many new admirers to her large following. Among her film successes are "The Spoilers," "The Rosary," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "Back to the Primitive," "The Two Orphans," "Thou Shalt Not Covet," etc.

The new Morosco-Pallas star has also attained considerable distinction as a writer and is a member of the Author's League. Among her offerings in this field are "Thy Will Be Done," "The Last Dance," "Strange Case of Talmai Lind" and many others, all of which have been produced.

Miss Williams will start on her initial subject for the Paramount program early next month. The production has already been decided upon and, it is understood, displays a big theme particularly suited to the dramatic talents of the star.

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October 14, 1916

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

Kathlyn Williams, the popular Morosco-Pallas star, has just been honored with an invitation from the Wisconsin State University, to deliver a series of lectures on the art of making motion pictures.

* * * * *

October 1917

Frances Denton

PHOTOPLAY

Kathlyn Williams likes corn beef and cabbage, steak with fried onions, big round sausages flavored with garlic, Epicetus, (which she says, is a different kind of food altogether), two little puppies in a box in the best room upstairs (little pink and white things that didn't have their eyes open), leopards (with cages or without), Mark Twain, A Child's History of England, and writing scenarios for George Beban. She likes to go to the theatre and laughs in the right places and cries in the right places, too. She frequently forgets to criticize and seldom forgets to applaud. All of which goes to show that Kathlyn Williams is a regular highbrow, and the best fellow in the world to have "out front" and, incidentally, an actress, with the emphasis on the ACT--but nobody needs to be told that.

Kathlyn Williams and George Beban are two stars without a spark of jealousy between them. Miss Williams has just finished writing a scenario for George Beban whose talents she praises highly, and he has returned the compliment by writing a scenario for her.

(Romance hunters please note: George Beban has a perfectly good wife and Kathlyn Williams is married to Charles Eyton, manager of the Morosco studio, and very happy, thank you.).

From the scenario she had just written, the conversation drifted to the moving picture of the future.

"I wonder," the famous Kathlyn said thoughtfully, "if the pictures we are making will look as crude a few years from now as those made by the old Biograph Company look to us now?"

Kathlyn Williams joined that famous company just a little later than Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh. However, she considers herself very much of a pioneer having been the star of the first serial picture ever made. This was the famous Adventures of Kathlyn. The "Adventures" ran about fifteen months and many an audience sat with its collective muscles tensed and its collective mouth wide open, while an "episode" closed with the heroine standing on the end of a bluff and looking into the face of a yawning tiger.

"The worst nuisance of all in those days," said Miss Williams, reminiscing, "was the trade mark. It had to appear in every scene. Remember how, during some particularly pathetic parting, the circle with "AB" on it, was always the featured prop? I only appeared in three pictures with the Biograph and then I joined Selig. There you recall the brand was the 'diamond S.' Once, after the making of a scene in one of our worst thrillers, Mr. Bosworth and myself were both badly bruised up. Just as we were congratulating ourselves on having finished the thing, we discovered that the property man had forgotten to hang the trademark in a sufficiently conspicuous place and we had to do it all over again. Sometimes we would get miles out on location, discover that the trade-mark had been forgotten, and be unable to do a moment's work until someone went back and got it."

Miss Williams was so suspicious of everything connected with the pictures at the time she met D. W. Griffith, that she was surprised when he paid for her work.

"I was playing in stock," she explained. "One week when I was not working, someone called me up from the Biograph studio and asked if I would work two days for them. I was dreadfully insulted at first, but I went out of curiosity expecting to be offered about fifty cents a day. Mr. Griffith met me and said that he would give me ten dollars a day for two days work. Frankly, I didn't believe him. Later, he told me that he had run out of checks and would pay me in full the next day. Naturally I thought it was all a bluff. The only reason I ever went back to the studio was to see how he would wiggle out of giving me the money. That night he gave me two crisp ten dollar bills and the shock nearly killed me."

Miss Williams' first picture with Selig was "Mazeppa," in one reel. It was very widely advertised and was considered the greatest moving picture ever made.

"Imagine a subject like that being put into one reel today," she said. "Why, almost any company would give nine hundred feet to the wild ride of Mazeppa alone. We had a real wild horse, too. A maverick fifteen years old that had never been touched by the hand of man. Some men dragged him down

from the hills for the making of that picture.

"This sounds like a press-agent story," she added, looking at me with a deadly-serious expression in her blue eyes, "but it really isn't. Everyone has forgotten that picture long ago," I nodded, and she went on.

"The first three-reel picture was a great sensation. Nearly everyone in the business said that the public would never sit through so long a picture regardless of how good it was. In these days when many a story that could be told in one reel is put into five, it seems funny to recall those remarks about 'long' pictures. This picture was 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room' and, we thought, cost a fabulous sum. But the scenery was so flimsy that whenever a door was closed the whole set would shake. However, nobody noticed a little thing like that."

"Kathlyn" was born in Montana, a country of magnificent distances. The permanent effect her early surroundings must have had on her character is shown in the design of her house, as well as in her every movement. The house is built on the side of a hill and has very large rooms, ceilings of extraordinary height, a wide veranda, and two wide driveways. Miss Williams' bedroom is as large as three ordinary rooms. Her occasional gestures are always upward and outward, never inward, toward herself. She talks in a quiet, straight-forward manner and looks directly at one from clear blue eyes set rather far apart.

"What did I want to be when I was a little girl?" she said, repeating my question. "Oh, that was funny! Nearly every girl has wanted to be a nun at one time and an actress at another, but I wanted to be both at the same time. It was a very real tragedy to me that I couldn't figure out some way in which the two could be reconciled. When I grew to be a little older I realized it would be absolutely necessary to choose between them. So, I decided to be an actress.

"Kathlyn Williams believes that the costume picture will be the most popular picture of the future. This does not necessarily mean the big spectacle with an involved plot, elaborate processions, and innumerable characters. But rather the short dramatic stories that history and the Bible

abound with and the beauty of which is almost invariably lost when changed from one period to another.

"Some day," she said, a little wistfully, "I may get a chance to try with all the best in me to 'put over' the 'tender grace of a day that is dead' so that people will feel the real romance and humor of it all as I do."

* * * * *

February 1920
Doris Delvigne
MOTION PICTURE

Kathlyn of the Golden West

When the maid opened a porch door leading into an exquisite hall with a Colonial-looking stairway, I was not quite sure whether to inquire for "Miss Williams" or Mrs. Eyton. But the old name stuck somehow, and the maid was evidently quite accustomed to its use.

In the five minutes' grace which I had before she appeared, I was struck with the very first intimation of Kathlyn Williams' love of freedom. Her rooms are arranged so one might walk about in the dark with no danger of knocks and bruises. The big chairs and stuffed davenport are pushed to odd corners of the room; there is a simplicity in the softly shaded, crushed mulberry surroundings which is delightful.

And when she came into the room, her hand extended in greeting, I found her typically the Western girl. With the mountains for her inspiration and the unexplored mines of her native Montana to fire her imagination, she has not lost that easy sociability, blended with a certain delightful aloofness which would indicate her pleasure in the society of humankind, but a firm resolve to live her own life, free from mental intrusions.

"This morning I had the highest flight I've enjoyed so far," she told me, enthusiastically. "We rose to over four thousand feet. I do love that feeling of freedom which one just can't get anywhere save in the air. I hope to learn to fly alone some day. It will be a great thing to be alone with

one's thoughts, far away from everything sordid," smiled the beautiful Mrs. Eyton.

"Evidently you associate solitude with freedom," I ventured.

"Cela va sans dire," came the positive answer, with a pretty shrug.

"I'm afraid I'm something of a radical. I hate oppression in any form--perhaps that is why I avoid large gatherings when people get together and talk and talk and talk."

One has no doubt about the bigness of Kathlyn Williams. In a way it is her birthright--she is again so evidently the girl of the West. And there is something about the Western-born girl which never enters another's make-up. You may fetter her with ties, put her in a dramatic school, give her city environment instead of her dearly loved mountains, but you cannot obliterate that indefinable air of freedom--her independence and innate dignity.

"I'm not working constantly, you know," she was saying. "I did that years ago in the Selig serials. Then, too, my marriage to Mr. Eyton makes me independent, and I enjoy working in the pictures now and then when I can choose my roles. I shall never give up pictures entirely, but I do want little vacations in between, when I can keep house, enjoy our home and aviate."

We drifted back to the days when Miss Williams had done "The Spoilers," journeying to Panama, where the company worked for eight weeks. ["The Spoilers" was made in Southern California. "The Ne-er Do Well" was filmed in Panama.]

"What do you think of 'The Spoilers,' now that you have done so many other pictures?" I asked.

"I still consider it a very great picture in some respects. It is crude as we judge the photoplay today, of course, just as all the old productions are. However, the story was good--it had dramatic value, and that means so much. It means," she mused, "that 'The Spoilers' is still being shown and making money. It proves the necessity of a good story."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing at this special time--I have done five pictures this last year

and will soon start on another with Mr. De Mille. I can't tell you anything about it save the fact that it will be a stupendous thing like 'Joan the Woman.' I have done 'Her Kingdom of Dreams' with Anita Stewart and 'A Girl Named Mary,' with Marguerite Clark. And I want to say right here that she is a dear little thing. She's one girl who is tailor-made when it comes to business. She is never known to keep a director waiting. If the rest of us have to be on hand in make-up at 7 p.m. Miss Clark is there also.

"I've just finished a fine part in 'The Tree of Knowledge,'--it's a heavy, the second time I have played a role of this sort, but it is real, --true,--about a resourceful woman and it allows one's imagination full play."

"The year before last you were not seen much on the screen?" We gently led the star of "The Perils [sic] of Kathlyn" back to the silversheet when the talk again drifted. She would so much rather talk about her hobby--it being animals--not an unnatural hobby either when one remembers her old Selig pictures with the lions and jaguars.

"I was very ill," she told me, "and for several months I was compelled to rest and recuperate, which made a trip with Mr. Eyton to New York possible. Then he was ill with the flu, and just when I was recovering I had to take full charge of his sickroom, for it was impossible to get a nurse during that epidemic, as you'll remember. The very fact that I had to nurse one so ill helped me to get well--I ceased to have time to be depressed and nervous over my own state."

It doesn't take one long to know Kathlyn Williams as self-sufficient. She belittles domesticity in no way, yet she feels that a person satisfied to do nothing but make the social rounds, with no thought of things outside of her clubs, is more or less stagnant, and even though the screen work is not a necessity to her, she will always find time for a characterization now and then, perhaps in later years less frequently than at present.

She is essentially not the type to talk--she is a doer. Her life contains many interests, varied interests. She detests notoriety and only lends her name to an enterprise if it will assist in bringing in funds for a

good purpose.

She is sweet, gracious--and big--a typical Girl o' the Golden West, with a heart stretching to cover every living thing with a benevolent purpose.

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July 9, 1921

MOVIE WEEKLY

Co-Starring with Death

Ten years ago an actress visited a circus in Florida. A successful leading woman, her path of life had been far from those whose profession is the subjugation of wild animals. And yet in a few months to stroll calmly in the cages of lions and leopards was but part of her daily work and she had accomplished feats of courage that are still a by-word with animal trainers. In the next few years, Death was her leading man, not once, but many times. Although now she confines herself entirely to straight acting, there are etched on the tablets of her memory unforgettable moments when steel-strong claws tore at her scalp and ton-heavy elephant hoofs missed her helpless body only by inches.

She can tell the same tales of early days around the studios that one hears from other experienced actors; tales of sets that swayed in the wind, and of present day stars who then thankfully played in crowd scenes.

But she can surpass these with experiences that no one else has equaled or ever will equal. For in the days when animal pictures were in special vogue, she reigned supreme.

Kathlyn Williams gained international renown for her remarkable feats with wild beasts in "The Adventures of Kathlyn," but seldom can she be induced to tell of them. The following article will relate many experiences which are seeing print for the first time.

"They were so terribly real," she explains, "that I didn't want to talk about them. And when I did, nobody would believe me. But as quite a number of years have passed, perhaps they will be of historical value in recording

some of the things we underwent while the photoplay was being developed from an experiment to an art form.

"Take 'The Adventures of Kathlyn' for instance. That has been acclaimed as the first of the great thrillers. And yet nine people out of ten would probably sit with me in a projection room and term as 'faked' many scenes in which members of our cast risked their lives and were often painfully injured--not to speak of the excitement for all Los Angeles when a lioness escaped and roamed around the city for several hours.

"Perhaps one of my biggest personal thrills came from the well-known habit of domestic kittens in jumping at moving string or other such object. The scene called for me to be alone 'in the jungle' as a pack of twenty-four lions rushed on.

"Now lions are called 'cats' by animal trainers because of their relation in appearance, habits and family to the ordinary fire-side pet. And under ordinary circumstances there would have been no danger, as the twenty-four beasts, while young, had been carefully trained. But just as the door to their cage was opened, a breeze sprang up, and the loose bits of my costume flew here and there. This produced in the young lions all of the 'kittenish' impulses common to young cats--and as individuals they playfully jumped for the tassels. Had I ever gone down it would have been really serious, as even the most carefully trained lion is liable to grow panicky with a human under its paws.. But fortunately I reached the safety cage in time.

"And there are always little accidents that bring unexpected crises. One day a leopard went 'bad' and started for me. There was plenty of room for me to run--but just before I reached the safety cage, I tripped and fell. In my scalp today are ten claw marks where the leopard 'got home' before I was dragged to safety, and in my mind the thought of what might have happened had the attendant keepers been less adept at my rescue.

"Now I know you're sure to ask the question--so let me say right now that I'm deathly afraid of a mouse! I've never been afraid of big animals because I have always liked them--and when you like them they return your

friendship--but little crawling things--ugh!"

Certainly Kathlyn Williams in appearance is truly feminine. Modishly slender and with a grace of movement that has long been a characteristic of her stage and screen work, Miss Williams today presides graciously over a beautiful hill-top home that overlooks all of Los Angeles, and as one wanders through rooms decorated in perfect taste and abounding in those alluring touches which are so truly feminine--it is hard to believe that the fair mistress of this "home" home has perhaps faced death more often than any other living woman; or at any rate, that she has gone through such experiences and remained just the same sweet representative of the gentler sex.

For some years before entering pictures, Miss Williams had been extremely successful as a stage leading woman. At the close of one season she entered motion pictures with that master David Wark Griffith, playing with Mary Pickford, Dell Henderson and Arthur Johnson in a one-reel drama, entitled "All Is Not Gold." Upon leaving Mr. Griffith, Miss Williams appeared in such famous old pictures as "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and "The Two Orphans," the first and second three-reel pictures ever made. She also starred in "The Landing of Columbus," the first picture to reach the \$50,000 mark.

It was while she was in Florida doing a drama for the Selig company that Miss Williams received the urge for animal work. A wintering circus fascinated her, and she spent hours around the animals, getting so that she would reach between the bars and pet with impunity lions and tigers that even the keepers feared.

"I liked animals," she says, "and that's really all there is to it--that and not being afraid of them. Animals are very sensitive to your feelings toward them and react accordingly. If you fear an animal, it will sense your fear immediately, no matter how bold a front you may put up. And if you can't get along with dogs and cats, don't waste your time by attempting to work professionally with lions, tigers and other wild beasts. For they are all of the same blood and the instinct for friends or enemies is bred in the

bone. And 'cats,' lions, tigers and leopards, are especially sensitive and high-strung. Place the wrong sort of a keeper with them, and a feud may start that will throw the animals off their disposition for weeks and make it exceedingly difficult to win them back again.

"When the proposal was made that I appear in animal pictures, I gladly accepted, because it was unusual and promised a real change from regular dramatic work. Besides, if I were to succeed, it would give me all the prestige of a pioneer in a new field. And while I knew nothing of the professional tricks of the animal trainer, I felt positive that my love for the beasts would carry me through. And it did!"

And it was not all with the "cats" that Miss Williams had her most thrilling experiences. It was while she was working with elephants, the "bulls" as they are called, that she came closest to Death's door.

"Lions you can fight if they go 'bad,'" says Miss Williams, "or at least it is possible to hold them off until the endangered one gets to safety. But when a herd of elephants goes berserk, they are absolutely uncontrollable. Their force is so irresistible that all one can do is trust to luck.

"Thomas Santschi and I were working together when the group of six elephants we were using stampeded. The next few minutes were the most terrifying in all my life. In the Selig enclosure there is a small forest of towering eucalyptus trees, with a ten-foot board fence at the farther side. Those elephants went through the trees as if they weren't there, snapping them off like so many matches, shoving the fence to one side as easily as the ordinary persons turns the pages of the morning paper.

"Mr. Santschi and I were in a howdah on the back of one, holding on for dear life. Then our 'bull' knocked the howdah off against a tree and all we could do was hang to a ring on his cinch and pray.

"We expected to be killed at any moment, so decided to take a chance and jump. Mr. Santschi jumped first and fell free. Then I jumped, just in time to see another 'bull' come up past the tail of mine. When I hit the ground I rolled up into a ball, expecting to feel the following elephant's massive hoof at any instant. But whether or not my prayers were heard--the fact

remains that just at the last fraction of a second he turned and passed on the other side of the 'bull' from which I had jumped."

Miss Williams laughed.

"One of the funniest things about my animal work is the fact that I've never actually gotten out of it--even now when I am doing straight dramatic parts. Whenever they use cats, kittens and dogs which must act just so--I'm generally called upon. I'm the one who must see that the acting cat turns its head at just the proper moment or makes entrances and exists as required. It was like that in 'A Private Scandal,' Realart's birthday special, and also 'Everything For Sale.' I don't think Director Frank O'Connor, of the latter offering, has quite forgiven me yet for using his sweater to wrap up a half dozen shivering little kittens I found huddled in the rain when we on location at Del Monte, Cal.!

"And wild 'cats' aren't much harder to handle--when you have the instinct for them. At the Selig zoo there is a female jaguar called 'Minna.' 'Minna' was one of my best friends. It grew to be quite a habit with me to stop by and play with her. I would put my arm in her cage and she would turn over on her back and play with it just like a kitten. My arms used to be marked the full length of the elbow with her teeth marks, but she never pressed hard enough to break the skin.

"'Minna' was also possessed of a most remarkable memory. Two years passed before I saw her again--and I had no sooner arrived in the door of the zoo building than up she came to the bars of the cage to be petted.

"And the most interesting feature was that no one else could touch her. One of the keepers grew jealous of my success and tried to duplicate it. 'Minna' nearly bit his thumb off!"

Miss Williams has been in the motion picture business since it was first recognized as an art. Equal in her mind with the memories of her startling animal experience, is a great wonder over the marvelous growth of this newest of arts.

"I have just finished work in 'A Private Scandal' for Realart," she said. "We were on the picture just six weeks. We had splendid lights, the

very latest obtainable; the last word in camera equipment; sets that represented the artistic effort of many hands and minds. My costumes alone took weeks of preparation. And in 1913 we used to do two pictures a week! And we acted quite as well in them, I believe as the players do nowadays. The great difference has been in the advance of technical perfection, the obviating of the crudities which were a part and parcel of filmdom's infancy. In those days people came to see pictures because they were absolutely novel --and we kept them coming with new novelties such as the animal thrillers in which I appeared.

"But there came a day when novelties alone would not suffice. The photoplay found it necessary to present stories and sets equally attractive with those of the longer established stage--and from then on we have been growing towards an ideal of film art."

Today Miss Williams is one of the ablest players in the profession. Her beautiful figure and wonderful blond hair added to a matured mind and completely artistic acting ability have made her greatly in demand for important productions. Playgoers will recall "Cherry Mallotte" in "The Spoilers," and the great characterization in "The Ne'er Do Well," which was acclaimed as one of the finest acting triumphs of its year. Her more recent appearances have been in Cecil B. De Mille's production, "Forbidden Fruit," and the William De Mille productions, "The Prince Chap" and "Conrad in Quest of His Youth."

In "A Private Scandal" and "Everything for Sale," she has society parts, which give her excellent opportunities for a display of her interpretative ability.

And it is certain the years in which Kathlyn Williams "Co-Starred With Death," in the cages of lions and leopards, have been largely responsible for the firm, sure poise which makes her acting today so delightful.

* * * * *

August 1921

Aline Carter

Untouched by Ennui

Ennui could never touch Kathlyn Williams--she is so keenly alive with a diversity of absorbing interests. Most of us might be tempted to believe that being beautiful--with lovely blonde hair, deep blue eyes and exquisite coloring, as well as being one of the most finished actresses on the screen today, were quite enough distinctive characteristics, but Miss Williams has added several others to her credit.

She is domestically inclined and makes a real home for her husband, Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio, and her young son, Victor. Recently she finished a course of aeronautics, winning her pilot's license after working steadily for two whole months learning the art of managing an airplane. She reads the best French literature in the original, and has written several successful scenarios. She designs her own lovely frocks and hats, and as she is conceded to be one of the most smartly gowned members of the local film colony, this is some achievement, and--she always seems to have time to devote to her family and friends.

At the present moment her new home, an Italian villa, perched atop a high point in Hollywood, holds first place in Miss Williams' thoughts, and she has proved herself as much of an artist in building it as she has in creating some of her well-known screen characters.

The house is of perfect architectural design, of soft grey plaster, set in a picturesque grove of olive trees. With its winding stairways, high ceilings, balconies and broad terraces, it suggests an atmosphere of the romantic that is seldom encountered.

Through the open doorway, as we chatted, we could see Hollywood stretched at our feet, glistening in the morning sun. In the background lay the city of Los Angeles and beyond were valleys and mountains--the farthest peaks white with snow--all forming a panoramic view of enchanting beauty.

The world with its crowded Broadways, its triumphs and applause, its mad rush and useless hurry, all seemed far removed from this peaceful spot.

"That is one reason why I love it," remarked Miss Williams, when I spoke of this. "I feel so close to life's activities yet detached from its annoyances.

"Hidden in that clump of shrubs and trees," she continued, pointing down the sharply sloping lawn, "are fifty quail which we protect from the hunter's gun. That is indicative of seclusion, isn't it? We have built them a spacious bathing pool, and they believe they are miles from any dangers. I find it hard to finish dressing in the mornings while I watch them proudly strut about their domain."

It is in this serene quiet, a few blocks from the Lasky studio, that Miss Williams studies the film roles that have made her known to all the motion picture public as a genuine artist. She possesses a rare capacity for identifying herself with her characters, while her work is always finely tempered, subtle and well balanced.

She has recently returned from a seven weeks' stay in New York, where she played a leading part in a Selznick production, "A Man's House."

"New environment always acts as a spur to me and I thoroughly enjoyed the change," Miss Williams said. "I had a splendid role, that of a frivolous society butterfly, who, later, in the face of the crisis, proved a true woman. It is these human roles that I love to portray--real women with their temptations, development and regeneration.

"I had many interesting experiences while East, and it seemed good to be in New York again. I rushed madly every minute, for besides my work at the studio I was trying to visit the shops, see all the new plays as well as meeting many celebrities.

"One night at a director's dinner I saw Dr. Frank Crane and was delighted to find he was just as I had pictured him. I have always enjoyed his writings so much, and particularly last summer when my boy was ill it seemed as if his messages were meant especially for me. I was tempted to tell him this, yet hesitated--he probably has many admirers.

"Then, one afternoon, while at tea at the Claridge, I met Rex Beach for the first time. Rather odd, for though I have played in several of his

stories on the screen, and he had frequently been in Los Angeles, I had to go to New York to be introduced. As I had been told that his wife suggested the description of his Cherry Malotte, I was naturally interested in seeing Mrs. Beach. I found them both charming."

We all recall Rex Beach's epic making film, "The Spoilers," which created a sensation a few years ago with what has since proved to be an all-star cast, and Kathlyn Williams is possibly more vividly identified with her famous role of Cherry Malotte than anything else she has ever done in motion pictures. She made this dance-hall girl of the North so splendidly human, so superbly alive, that it still stands out as one of the big roles seen on the screen.

"The last time I saw this picture," laughed Miss Williams, "I was amused to see how hopelessly old-fashioned the clothes had become even in this short time. That is one thing in favor of the costume picture, which the American producers so vigorously taboo, the date would not be screaming at you from every gown and hat as it does in the modern drama."

Kathlyn Williams is a western girl, having been born in Butte, Montana. She began her stage career as a child, and early became the protege of Senator W. A. Clark, of whom she speaks with much admiration as a man who is ever ready to help talent in its development.

She attended the Wesleyan University, then studied at the Empire School of Acting in New York, later appearing in a number of well-known stage plays, both in the city and on tour.

Coming to Los Angeles, Miss Williams became a member of the famous old Belasco stock company and was also with Willard Mack in Salt Lake City for a time. These two stock experiences she considers to be the most valuable of all her stage training.

"Pictures came along just then, I joined the Biograph Company under Mr. Griffith, and have been playing before the camera ever since," and she took up the story. "I love the work now even more than at first, for there have been such remarkable strides made in every phase of this great art.

"It offers many advantages over the stage, one of the most interesting

being that we can see our own acting. I make it a rule to have the rushes shown each night before leaving the studio, and this keeps me from repeating my mistakes or permitting little mannerisms to creep in. It also shows how to improve our make-up. You would think after all my years in pictures I would know all about make-up, but the continual advancement in the lighting methods keeps us changing our methods too, and I learn something new in this direction with each picture."

Doubtless, much of Kathlyn Williams' success is due to her own charming womanliness, her beauty and her dignity, but it is her rare intelligence that gives her the power of discerning the dramatic values of her roles no matter in what social realm they may abide. The whole-hearted manner in which she interprets the woman who has made a mistake, the shallow society leader, the demi-moral of the early West, all display her splendid understanding of the feminine mind and heart.

"I enjoy what we call a sympathetic heavy," went on Miss Williams, "there are so many good-bad women--you know what I mean--and they are very human. However, I will not play a really vicious part. I do not want that wave of thought turned against me that necessarily follows the portrayal of a character in which there is no saving grace and most of all, I do not want my son to see me in such roles.

"Victor is growing up so fast--" she added, happily, while I tried to realize this radiant young woman was the mother of a strapping boy. "He is learning to dance and we practice all over the house, tearing up the rugs and bumping the furniture against my precious walls--" and she laughed, indulgently.

So, again we say, ennui can never bring its blight to Kathlyn Williams.

* * * * *

November 1921

Marion Lake

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

The Patrician

...Kathlyn Williams is inevitably an aristocrat. The word is unfortunate. It has lost much of its value on ignorant tongues. "Democracy!" we cry--not realizing that true aristocracy is democracy. However--

There is a patrician quality which one may not deny, although she probably would. It is supplemented by kindness, humor, energy.

She came to the interview bravely, smiling and offering her hand. I was surprised by the suggestion of uncertainty which shaded her manner.

"You will ask me questions?" she said, when she had at last got me into a chair. "I don't quite know what to say, what you want to know--?"

My assurance, I am afraid, was a little vague. I didn't really know myself. I was busy noting the pale gold of her hair, her blue smiling eyes, the tremendous energy with which her whole being seemed to be vibrant, the high carriage of her head. The thought came to me that here was one, of beautiful maturity, who would, so long as she lived, remain ever young and in tune with young things. I have met many women, but among them there was only one other who had that divine gift, that *sympatico*.

Perhaps that was why, because I sensed that thing, that I proceeded to talk about the Futility of Life, my cherished doctrine, about religion and the paradox of Faith. She listened, with apparent willingness, and then was charming enough to differ with me. She is deeply interested in Science, in Christian Science, and that is founded on Faith. As yet, she does not profess to be a Scientist. She is merely a student and investigator.

How long we talked of religion, I don't know. I remember that she suddenly dismissed it with at "Goodness! How did we ever get into these depths? I am not usually this way at all."

She is as dynamic in her conversation as in her person. She seizes upon a subject, shakes it out thoroughly, rinses it, and hangs it up to dry. She is anticipatory of your ideas in a decisive way that at times verges on abruptness, yet never rudely so.

"I am planning to take a trip around the world very soon," she said, "to the Orient and to Europe. I shall collect things then to put into my house.

I have been urged not to go. The unrest of the world is dangerous, say my friends. In almost every country there is revolution. In India, where I want particularly to go, there are extensive uprisings. It is probable that I would be refused a passport. But I don't like to put it off. I want to go now, while I am young enough to have a good time, to endure hardship and enjoy it if it is necessary."

One has come to associate Kathlyn Williams with the Lasky players. Her consistent appearance in a good many of their productions, in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," in "Forbidden Fruit," and more recently with May McAvoy in "A Virginia Courtship," and "A Private Scandal," have tended to confirm the belief of a contract. But she is independent, and apparently prefers to remain so. She has no longer any need to tie herself to labor. Her very happy marriage, the interests of her big place on the hill, have tended to draw her away from that.

We rose presently from our chairs and walked slowly out toward the door. The hallway arched over our heads, and through different doors I caught brief vistas of rooms finished in the same warm, rich quietness that typified the studio.

"When I talked with you last," I said to her, "we were at the studio. You were in a magnificent trailing gown of yellow gold, and behind, in faithful attendance, was a negro maid, carrying your handkerchief and your make-up materials. I have been anxious ever since to know whether you were always like that."

Kathlyn Williams laughed.

"Well! You see!" She motioned to her simple white dress. "I suppose I might have got myself up for the occasion, have appeared in a gorgeous gown at the head of those stairs there, but I don't like ostentation."

I smiled. I had not meant her dress. I had mentioned that because it had seemed to be the reason for that fine stateliness. But I knew now. In simple frock or in evening gown, or in robes of any kind, Kathlyn Williams could not escape magnificence. It is an innate part of her.

We stood for a while on the drive outside, gazing off at the distant

hills, half lost in the summer haze, or watching her company of pheasants feeding on the hillside.

"They are very tame," she said. "I go down every evening to feed them. They will eat from my hand."

For long minutes we idled there, she sitting on the low coping that lined the steps, I standing before her, with the warm California sun shining down on us and a pleasant breeze stirring about us. We talked of many things, of her adventures during her course in aviation, of her riding--one knows instinctively that she does ride horses--of England and the English, of the condition of our government, or religion again.

It is impossible to put into words the charm of Kathlyn Williams. It is definite, fine unaffected. One can say little more than that one would like to talk with her, to walk with her, to know her, as one can only talk and walk and know a friend.

May 1922

PHOTOPLAY

The entire film colony of Hollywood has felt the deepest sorrow and depression over the recent death of Kathlyn Williams' son.

The boy was sixteen, a student at the Hollywood High School, and he passed on during the "flu" epidemic that invaded the west.

Kathlyn Williams is married to Charles Eyton, manager of the Lasky studio.

The actress was prostrated at her home by the boy's death. He was her only child. [The child was from an earlier marriage, to Victor Kainer.]

September 1924

Herbert Howe

PHOTOPLAY

[from an interview with Kathlyn Williams]...She avers that the animals

of those Selig serials absolutely terrified her--and charmed her. When she had to ride on elephants she was panic-stricken. That is why she cherishes such a profound regard for elephants that she wants to ride them in India.

She craves adventure. It is probably a Viking heritage, she muses. Her father was Norwegian, her mother Welsh. The Nordic blood is dominant in her.

She is made two expeditions into China. Last year she just missed the Chinese bandits by one day when they made their celebrated raid and capture of travelers.

"I was terribly disappointed to have missed them," she observed with an airy laugh. "I wanted to go back and say, 'Here I am.'"...

"There are two things I love in life," says Kathlyn, "work and travel. Not travel among the capitals of Europe but among the places untracked by civilization.

"...I crave adventure, and that is not to be found in Hollywood. The one thing you are sure to find in Hollywood is disillusionment.

"I was always looking for the great opportunity. Always, just over the hill, I expected to find what I wanted. And always what I found fell short of my ambition. Now I haven't ambition--that is, I pretend I haven't. But I suppose I still dream on, for I am still fascinated with my work."...

In serious confession she admits she has but two fears. One alone she would name--the fear of living too long.

"The tragedy is not in death. I shrink from pain but not death. The real tragedy of life is in living beyond one's time, beyond the time when work and adventure can give zest. Weariness of soul and body, the sense of futility, the age when hope flickers low, these constitute the tragedy. It is not disappointment in love, failure in business, loss of fortune that makes for stark tragedy but tedium, relentless tedium."...

In her home that reigns on a queenly eminence, commanding a view of the purple hills and the valley that sweeps to the sea, we talked of philosophy in the comfortable glow of the library. There were books on the table and on the shelves.

"I've grasped at them all, but when I've finished I confess honestly

that I do not know," observed Miss Williams. "Of course, there is always Omar Khayyam for final resort, but his philosophy is really one of despair. I reject it."

Again that gay, whimsical laugh that is characteristic of her. "We are getting too serious. It is the twilight."...

* * * * *

April 1925

Tom Mix

PHOTOPLAY

[Kathlyn Williams' scalp was once clawed by a leopard. The incident was retold many times, with a wide variation in the details. Cowboy star Tom Mix was working for Selig at that time, and in 1925 he wrote a highly-fanciful series of autobiographical articles, giving this account of the incident:]

...Right here, before going into some of the adventures that befell us in Florida, I'd like to say that Miss Kathlyn Williams was a wonderful woman and that it sure was a privilege to work with her. It wasn't only that she was a mighty brave woman, but she had a fine disposition, and she was sweet and smiling no matter how tough the going might be, and sometimes it was pretty bad, for we worked under great difficulties and most of the time lived the same way. Making that kind of pictures was a heap different than the things they do nowadays and the animals were the chief part of it, too.

I remember that we had a troupe of leopards with us, and their trainer allowed that they were tame leopards, but I have seen a lot tamer things in my time. We had build a great big corral, or cage of wire, and we worked inside that, with all the tropical atmosphere, but still where the animals couldn't get away. I had one experience with a leopard down there that was like what you read about in books but that is the only time I ever saw it happen in real life.

We wanted to show on the screen, the leopard finding Miss Williams asleep under a log and springing on her. And the way we planned to get it was like this--Miss Williams laid down on one side of the log, right close to

it, and on the other side was the leopard. We had a chicken pegged on the same side as Miss Williams, and we'd move the chicken and the leopard would leap high in the air, right over Miss Williams, and land on the chicken. Then we'd cut with him in midair. Then with another leopard trained for the part would continue the fight.

It went great the first time. The second time, just as the leopard started to spring, the breeze caught Miss Williams' hair and blew it around. It caught his attention and before anyone could move, he had sprung right on Miss Williams, one paw putting five deep cuts in her head. She fainted.

It was so quick no one could realize it. My gun was some five feet away, and I was afraid to move for fear the sound would make him strike instantly. I was only a few feet from him, and right in front of me was his tail. I could see it twitching back and forth, back and forth, like the tail of a cat with a mouse.

As I told you, cats are my natural enemies, and for a second I didn't know what I could do, that wouldn't make him kill Miss Williams, or maim her, before I could stop him. Then an idea came to me, and I just reached forward and with all my strength grabbed that moving tail and swung. He was a big leopard, but I just managed to lift him clean, and someone snatched Miss Williams.

He turned on me in a fury, and we stood there looking at each other, just staring. Some folks that was watching, thought I was right cool and collected on that occasion, but the truth was I was paralyzed with fear, though I was trying to figure out if maybe I couldn't get him by the throat when he sprang.

And then, as we stared, that leopard suddenly began to shift, dropped his head and his tail, and slunk away into the trees...

* * * * *

September 25, 1960

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Kathlyn Williams, Former Star, Dies

Silent film star Kathlyn Eyton Williams was found dead Saturday in her apartment at 1428 N. Crescent Heights Blvd., West Hollywood.

She was discovered sitting in the wheel chair to which she had been confined since losing a leg in a near fatal auto crash in Death Valley in 1949. Death was from natural causes.

...She married producer Charles Eyton at Riverside in 1916. They were divorced at Reno in 1931 but remained friends. Each remembered the other in their wills and when Eyton died in 1941 Miss Williams inherited 20 per cent of his estate, worth \$10,000 annually.

She had lived in her handsome apartment since the early 1930s and was known as a gracious hostess who entertained socialites and motion picture celebrities frequently.

The years following her auto crash were dark ones for the vivacious actress. Confinement to the wheel chair altered her active way of life and she once confessed "I wanted to die when I realized how bad off I was."...

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

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<http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/>

Full text searches of back issues can be done at <http://www.etext.org/Zines/>

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 49 -- January 1997 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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Rupert Hughes, William Parker, Louis Sherwin, Rob Wagner,
Frank Woods and Thompson Buchanan, Waldemar Young

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

The "home page" for TAYLOROLOGY has moved and is now located at
<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology>

The Screenwriters Defend Hollywood in the Murder Aftermath

In the aftermath of the Taylor murder there was unprecedented public outcry against the Hollywood film industry. Hollywood rose to defend itself, and among the main defenders were the screenwriters, who gave interviews and wrote articles in defense of Hollywood.

* * * * *

February 10, 1922

Ruth Snyder

NEW YORK EVENING WORLD

Hollywood gets "Clean Bill" from Gertrude Atherton,
who Praises Movie Folk There

"I did not hear any more scandal during the nine months I spent in Hollywood than I have heard in other places--not as much, in fact."

The speaker rose restlessly and crossed the room, her tall, graceful figure becomingly enhanced by a diaphanous tea gown of Azores blue, serving to conjure a mental picture of the motion picture colony. But Gertrude Atherton, far from being a cinema actress in real life, is--as very one knows--an author of note and an artist of distinction in real life.

We had been sitting tet-a-tete in her cozily furnished sitting room in the Madison Square Hotel. We decided to talk (at least I had decided to talk) on some marital question, having, from some peculiar source, divined the notion that this was one of Mrs. Atherton's favorite topics. But with a decided and determined downward movement of her arms Mrs. Atherton "bashed" this topic as too banal...

"Isn't there something else of particular interest we might discuss?" I suggested...

"Mrs. Atherton thought for a few minutes. "How about Hollywood?"

I nodded approval...

"Hollywood has been very much maligned," Mrs. Atherton went on to

explain. "I can speak at first hand, having spent nine months in Hollywood. I lived in the head and centre of Hollywood life--the Hollywood Hotel. It was full of actresses, actors, screen writers, editors, authors and directors. There was a dance there every Thursday night. A lot of old women from the East sat on the verandah all day and gossiped. There was a good deal to gossip about, but less scandal than one would imagine, judging from the virtuous outbursts over that unfortunate colony of late. One heard of 'wild parties' of course. So one does of other societies where moving picture folk are not admitted. But dissipation in Hollywood is confined to small groups. The majority of screen actors and actresses are far too busy, too hard working, to be able to afford dissipation. Just consider. They must be on the lot at 8 o'clock in the morning in order to make up and be on the stage at 9 o'clock. They rarely leave before 6 in the evening. By that time their one idea is to rest and be ready for another hard day's work next morning. Moreover, a sequence is not always finished in one day. The actors of that sequence must come back looking exactly as they did the day before. If a girl, for instance, indulged in a wild party and arrived with swollen eyes and haggard cheeks, she would be handed her contract; or, if the picture were too far advanced for that and the director were obliged to hold up production for several days--while overhead expenses went on--until rest and Turkish baths restored her youthful beauty, she would be retained until the picture was finished, but no longer. She knows that and if she has any inclination for dissipation she waits until the picture is finished. But as a matter of fact the actresses in Hollywood are as decent a lot as can be found anywhere. Several of the more famous actresses have thoroughly bad reputations--I saw two in a highly illuminated condition myself--but the rank and file behave themselves far better than many of the young people in fashionable society.

Mrs. Atherton had mentioned the fact that Elinor Glyn had been at the Hollywood Hotel while she was there. I reminded her of the different impression of the American girl which Mrs. Glyn had brought back with her and which had been incorporated in her article "What is the matter with the

American girl?"

"Mrs. Glyn hardly could have got her impressions from Hollywood--in fact I don't think she pretended to. She was writing of the American girl in general. I think she was far more favorably impressed with Hollywood than she expected to be. I remember we were sitting together looking on at the Cameraman's ball at the Ambassador Hotel, attended by practically the whole colony, a very brilliant and interesting affair, when she remarked to me: 'Really, I haven't attended a party anywhere since the war where the women were as decently dressed and behaved as well as these girls. It is most interesting!'"

"There has been some talk of doing away with Hollywood," I ventured.

"That may be. Colonies are always a mistake. They are too self-centered. It would be far better if all pictures were taken in great cities where the people connected with them could have other interests and diversions. There is but one everlasting topic in Hollywood--moving pictures. That is unhealthy and stunting to any mind.

"But Hollywood possesses many advantages. It costs little to live there. Food is cheap. The warm climate makes one fairly independent of coal. A car can be kept in a garage at from \$12 to \$20 a month. Here it would cost \$75. People complain of rents, but they are far more exorbitant elsewhere.

"When all is said," concluded the author of 'Perch of the Devil,' Hollywood is unique and most interesting, not the pesthole ignorant reformers are trying to make it out."

* * * * *

February 28, 1922

OAKLAND TRIBUNE

"Camp Followers" of Hollywood

by Beulah Marie Dix

On February 1, 1922, William D. Taylor, a director of specials, who for some five years had been employed at the Lasky studio, was mysteriously assassinated at his home in the Westlake district of Los Angeles. Almost before his body was cold--almost before we who had known him and worked with him had realized he was gone--there broke forth through the length and breadth of this country such a torrent of innuendo directed against the defenseless dear man and all who were in any way associated with him--such a flood of malevolent abuse directed against the entire motion picture profession of which he was an honored member, as in all the many years in which I have followed the newspaper accounts of criminal cases I have never seen equaled.

In order to disabuse my friends of the idea that they well may derive from the press that Hollywood is a sink of iniquity, peopled exclusively by drug fiends and perverts, I am sending out this circular letter. Please forgive me for not making it personal. Time is precious, and I want to reach you all as quickly as possible, to tell you something about William Taylor, and about Hollywood.

I did not have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Taylor socially. I knew him, as I have known so many people in my five years at the Lasky studio, in the way of business. That is, we passed the time of day when we met on the lot, and we had served together on one or two committees. He impressed me as a courteous, dignified Englishman, with a touch of the actor in him, and a touch of the soldier. He was as far as possible from the hard-boiled roughneck with a megaphone that is the type of director popularized by second-rate fiction. He seemed, indeed, more like a college professor!

Until he was dead, I never heard a word of scandal breathed against him. A studio, let me tell you, is a terrible place for gossip. I've heard blistering tales, of varying degrees of credibility, about all sorts of men and women. But--

I never heard that William Taylor was, in the argot of the studio, "a chicken-chaser," i.e., a pursuer of women.

I never heard that William Taylor was a drug addict.

That he had changed his name from Tanner to Taylor, that he left a wife in the east, who had divorced him, that he had by her a daughter (whom he supported) were facts, it appears, that were known to the few who were his intimates. But surely he was under no compulsion to share these facts with the world. His affairs were his own. His secrets were his own. He kept them to himself--and in all conscience the world at large, that he barred from his confidence, has taken a terrible revenge upon him for that reticence. It is hard enough that while the good that men do is "interred with their bones," the evil that men do lives after them, but harder measure still is dealt to this poor soul. Nor merely the evil that he did, but all the evil that can be devised by gross-minded men and women, who itch to clamber into a cheap notoriety on the shoulders of the dead, is now his monument of obloquy.

May God be more merciful to him than men have been!

As you know, my husband, our little daughter, and I have been living here in Hollywood since 1916. We have seen the pretty town expand, with its amazing erection of business blocks, of dwellings, of churches. We have seen it adjust itself to war conditions. We have seen it, in the last months, struggling with the laxness and lawlessness that have followed on the war, the country over. Under such circumstances I feel more competent to discuss Hollywood than some of the writers who, after a fortnight's stay at the Hollywood Hotel, have published scathing articles upon the town in general and the picture people numbered among its inhabitants in particular.

Those who have gone in for statistics assure me that the percentage of arrests for misdemeanors and felonies is lower in Hollywood than in any town of twice its size. They assure me that the number of schools, public and private, is exceptionally large and that the average of attendance is notably high. They say, with good reason, that a city of public schools means a city of homes, and city of homes means a city of law-abiding, decent people.

I don't claim that Hollywood is peopled entirely by angels. Indeed, I know of no community in America so blessed. I doubt, however, if it is so

completely overrun with devils as the stories current just now in press and pulpit would lead one to believe.

The wickedness of Hollywood, as you know, is supposed to come from the motion picture people. Who ARE the motion picture people? You know, in the studios of Hollywood and Los Angeles some 30,000 people are employed. Quite a little army! Among them are electricians, seamstresses, camera men, writers, carpenters, bookkeepers, painters, stenographers, interior decorators, a host of laboratory men and women. All these, who derive their livelihood from the studios, are surely motion picture people. Are they hopelessly damned? Well, no, there is a chance for them, perhaps, it is regretfully admitted. The real sinners are either producers, the directors, and the people who act in the pictures.

What makes a motion picture actor or actress? His (or her) say-so? Every New Yorker knows that 50 per cent of the men arrested in New York give their profession to be "stock-broking."

Every old residence of a college town knows that every hoodlum arrested claims to be "a student." Everyone who has ever smiled at poor human nature remembers how, in the old days, every little soiled butterfly on Broadway who had once carried a spear in the chorus labeled herself ever after "a chorus girl," or, more likely, "an actress."

We have the same phenomenon here in Hollywood and Los Angeles. A certain type of pretty, weak-headed girl will always gravitate toward the place where she believes her prettiness can be exchanged for a good time and easy money. Many, many such girls drift into "moviedom," and the police matrons of Los Angeles and the Girls Studio club of Hollywood are not able to head all of them back to home and mother. If such a girl has worked for a week--even for a day--as an "extra," she is a "motion picture actress" ever after.

Where such girls come, there come also the men who prey upon them, and they, too, given one day's [...] themselves the job of "managing" these girls, are henceforth "motion picture men." These are the pitiable and sinister figures that follow our industry as inevitably as hordes of

pilferers and pleasure-seeking women follow an army, and for all their lamentable actions, the industry, to which they do not in any sense belong, must bear the blame.

The existence of this border of "camp followers" accounts for many of the charges of irregular living brought against motion picture actors and actresses, but it does NOT account, I grant you, for all of them. There have been incidents in the lives of some of the people who are prominent upon the screen as disgraceful as incidents in the lives of citizens in other professions. But did you ever stop to reckon what actual per cent of picture actors and actresses have been involved in scandal? You know the ones who behave themselves don't get into the papers. When Miss ----- leaps out of one matrimonial bond and into another with the celerity of a society leader, the racy tale is "news."

When my dear old friend, Edythe C-----, hurries home from the studio where she has added another portrait to her notable gallery of grandes dames, and cooks dinner for the actor husband whom she still adores after twenty-five years of married life--well, that's not a sensation. Who cares if she does? When a certain star takes more bootleg whisky than is good for him, the story is whispered about with unction and hinted at in the press, but when Jack H-----, equally a star, walks down Hollywood boulevard, leading his baby son by the hand and radiating proud fatherhood in every glance, the pleasing sight isn't copy.

There are some vicious, weak-headed people in the profession with more money than brains to use it. There are probably in Los Angeles and Hollywood, as in other cities of equal size, a small number of unfortunates (some of them "in the profession") who in the sequel of the Volstead act, are slaves to the drug habit. There are others who drink far more than is needful, and whose sole idea of "a good time" is a drunken revel.

These people are not, however, in the majority nor even in a large minority--and why should a profession be condemned lock, stock and barrel, because of the lapses of the feeblest and frailest of its exponents. At that rate, to be consistent, people should boycott the banks because of the

malodorous Stillman case, cease to employ architects because of the ill name of the late Stanford White, and abolish politicians because of the deceased "Jack" Hamon.

Of course you are not unfamiliar with that count in the indictment against Hollywood and the motion pictures to which Dreiser (I regret to say!) has lately given currency. [See TAYLOROLOGY 41.]

"No girl can succeed in pictures, unless she yields herself to the director."

This charge, now brought against the pictures as if it were something quite new in iniquity, has been brought with equal plausibility against the opera house, the theater, the department store, the business house, even against our public schools. I fancy that as long as women are women and men are men, and the power to promote lies in the hands of men, that charge will be brought forward in every art and industry. Unfortunately there will always be some truth in it. I don't believe a girl who is an absolute lump has ever been pushed upstairs by a gratified male. I don't believe a girl who is an absolute genius has ever been kept down by a disgruntled one. But of two girls of equal average ability, the one that is nice to her employer--in some cases, nice to the ultimate--is likely to rise faster than the one who is stand-offish; whether the business in which she is employed is making pictures or making pins. Of course it shouldn't be like this, but life isn't a Pollyanna book, and a great many things are that, in the beautiful words of Bret Harte, "hadn't ought to be."

It should be noticed also that this tale, to which Dreiser gives such ready credence: "I couldn't succeed as SHE succeeds, because I wouldn't pay the price," is the easiest alibi in the world for laziness and mediocrity.

One fact I wish to point out before I close this endless letter. We are living in a post-war period, in a world that still is suffering from shell-shock. Read "Ursula Trent," if you haven't already, to see what the reaction from war conditions may do to a girl. Many of our people, especially our younger people, have flown to pleasure, not in Hollywood and Los Angeles alone, but the country over. A freedom of speech and of manner that seems

hair-raising to those of us who cut our wisdom teeth before 1914 is now the vogue, and to judge by the wails from the East and the cries of "Save the flapper!" distresses commentators upon men and manners in other circles than in moviedom. Now it must be remembered that many of our people employed in the studios besides our actors and actresses are very young people. To make a good picture one has got to see with young eyes, as D. W. Griffith has already said. We must have youth in this business, and our camera men, our property boys, our girl script clerks, even some of our directors and their assistants, are barely out of adolescence. They take their pleasures (silly pleasure, perhaps) as so many young folk today are taking them, the country over. Los Angeles is not the only city where some of the people jazz till morning and drink perilous bootleg whisky, if they can't get better.

There are about 30,000 people in Los Angeles and Hollywood of various arts and crafts, including actors and actresses, who are employed in the studios--genuine "motion picture people," who face unemployment and its attendant disasters, if the studios are closed--and it is a frozen fact that a campaign of continuous abuse may end by closing them. Of the 30,000 not 300 genuine picture people (exclusive of the camp follower class) lead lives of such irregularity as to make themselves conspicuous. Less than one percent, that is, of the motion picture population. And for the sake of that one percent, the many decent, law-abiding folk who like myself are residents of Hollywood, leading their quiet lives and bringing up their children, to the best of their ability, in the fear of God, are today slandered and vilified almost beyond credence by a portion of the press that wants, not the humdrum truth, but the kind of racy story that will "sell the paper" to the prurient and by a section of the clergy that have found it easier to fill their places of worship by hawking salacious sensation rather than by preaching Christ and Him crucified.

Thirty thousand people defamed, execrated, pilloried because of the frailties of less than 300. Of old ten righteous men were held enough to save Sodom and Gomorrah. Shall Hollywood in justice be today condemned as a modern Sodom--because of ten unrighteous?

* * * * *

February 20, 1922

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Justice and Fair Play for Film Folk,
Fervent Elinor Glyn Plea

by Elinor Glyn

America is supposedly a Democracy. It had a magnificent start, its laws being framed at a time when the world had emerged into a fair state of civilization--and yet, as Mr. Brisbane frequently points out in his masterly leading articles, the most appalling cases of injustice, which would disgrace a corrupt autocracy, seem to be continually occurring.

One of the greatest is going on now.

It is the hysterical, illogical attack upon the moving picture community, which has sprung forth as the aftermath of the tragic Taylor murder.

My sense of "cricket" won't let me remain silent about it any longer!

I feel as I did once when I was a child, and hit a big man in the street with my little parasol, because he was beating a horse carrying a heavy load.

My pen is only a tiny thing, but it is going to run on and write words to ask those of you who are good, just fellows and true citizens of a great country, to listen to me and then stop and think for yourselves.

The moving picture industry is, I am told, the fifth largest in America. It employs countless carpenters, electricians, painters, plumbers, artists, draftsmen, architects, designers, writers and musicians.

Probably the smallest number of its constituents are the actors and actresses--and only a fractional percentage of these are lurid figures who delight in scandalous excesses. But the whole community is being held up to the English speaking peoples of the earth as a rotten sore on the face of

America!

Can anything be more unjust and illogical?

A mysterious murder is committed, and at once, like a flock of vultures, irresponsible reporters from the East swarm out to the Coast to get colorful news to telegraph back to their centers! They may individually be the kindest-hearted beings who would not hurt a fly--but they do not stop to think what harm they are doing to millions of their innocent countrymen and women when they spread hideous tales of dope fiends, parties and other horrors too ugly to speak of, giving the impression, culled from perhaps one isolated and probably hugely exaggerated case, that every actor and actress whom the public has grown to love and admire on the screen hides some grotesque vice in his or her palatial home, where orgies worse than those of Rome's decadence are supposed to occur nightly!

NOW USE COMMON SENSE and ask yourselves, how could any business be done at all, how could pictures be made, how could work be accomplished, if even a tenth part of what is alleged were true?

Dope fiends cannot come up to time every morning on the set at 9 o'clock and do a hard day's work; drunken women and men, putrid with vice, cannot register on the screen for all eyes to testify, as beautiful, fresh young boys and girls! Directors cannot, month after month and year after year, put over dramatic action and control large companies of people if they were stupid and sodden with whisky.

Use your intelligence, sharp-witted American public! And do not let scandalmongers get by with all this nonsense. You are not softies to be gulled by freakish exaggerations. Sift the thing down to probable facts, and your own intelligence will get at the truth.

I am a stranger who has watched this cinema world for a year now. And they say that lookers-on see most of the game! It also is my habit to analyze and make psychological deductions, and I tell you that while it is perfectly true that there does exist a minute minority of vicious people in the business, there are hundreds and thousands of good, honest, hard-working men and women, girls and boys, children--and even animals; whose livelihood

is threatened by the stamp which this injudicious attack upon the community at large may bring.

So when next you--who read this--are scanning the papers of your home towns for fresh horrible details about the poor movie world, and nodding your heads over the imaginary Sodom and Gomorrah of Hollywood--try to remember that you are helping to take the bread out of the mouths of your fellow citizens, whose work has given you many hours of pleasure and relaxation and for which you should be grateful. And above all, you are lowering the prestige of your country in the eyes of the civilized world.

Punish all offenders ruthlessly when offenses are proved against them. But do not stab an entire community in the back by spreading insidious scandal concerning it as a whole.

I--Elinor Glyn--a stranger, who has always loved America, and realized its greatness, am appealing to you Americans to be just to your own kith and kin. Because justice and fair play are what the immortal Stars and Stripes stand for!

* * * * *

February 17, 1922

HOLLYWOOD CITIZEN

Defends Films and Hollywood

Miss Frances Harmer, the sweet-faced, white-haired literary adviser to William de Mille, and Hollywood resident, who has lived long enough to have known the American stage in comparative infancy, and who numbers among her friends scores of people of eminence in the world of letters, has taken it upon herself to write a very effective defense of Hollywood and the motion picture industry in answer to many inquiries received from literary people all over the country. Her defense is in the form of a circular letter, and is so good that it has been mimeographed by the publicity committee of the Writers' Club for general distribution to members of the club. Extracts from

the letter follow:

"Hollywood is not a hotbed of iniquity or a 'Sodom and Gomorrah,' nor at all worse than any other city. In fact, its police records show a much cleaner bill than many cities twice its size. It suffers from several things. The envy of other cities which, desiring the money brought in by the motion picture industry, put everything against Hollywood in flaring headlines and any defense of Hollywood in small type in some obscure space of the paper.

"There is not any industry in the world which can say 'We number no sinners.' And in almost every other industry than the motion picture one, the public at large does not connect human frailty with the work or business of the culprit. The Stillman case has been a scandal to the full as bad as any other, but no one says, 'I will never have a banker in my house again.' There are undoubtedly perverted plumbers, corrupt carpenters, degraded dentists--no need to go on! But while the public gives just contempt to convicted criminals in these or any other classes, the work in which the criminals were engaged is left alone. There are, of course, reasons why the tremendous publicity which, one must admit, has been sought by the motion picture industry, throws into relief every motion picture sinner. But, surely, if people would exercise a little common sense they would see the injustice of this. They would recall that muck-rakers have exposed appalling conditions in big department stores. I take this as only one example. Hollywood is suffering, so it is reported, from the determination of several other towns to wrest from it the moving picture industry.

"The case of Mr. Arbuckle I pass over briefly, saying that the press has made the most of it; and that a jealous city has done everything to show the matter in the worse possible light.

"But in the case of Mr. Taylor, whom I knew personally, admired, liked and respected tremendously, we find the most despicable lies told and credited--told by a vicious press; credited by gullible and ignorant readers. Mr. Taylor's life, during his stay in this studio, was flawless as far as the eye of his associates could see. Dignity, reticence, courtesy and kindness

marked his dealings with all his fellow-workers. His pictures speak for themselves. Whether successful or not, they were clean and artistic. I have never heard anybody say otherwise, though I must admit that I have not myself seen them all.

"The majority of the motion picture people as I know them--and I challenge anyone to disprove this statement--are home-loving and respectable. Hollywood and more and finer schools than any other place of its size; and, as I heard a brilliant speaker say the other day: 'A city of schools is a city of children; a city of children is a city of homes; and a city of homes is the city of a respectable community.'"

* * * * *

February 13, 1922

LOS ANGELES RECORD

Movie Morals Pretty Bad
Church Folk Little Worse

by Rupert Hughes

Movie morals are very bad. They are, indeed, almost bad enough to be described in the words of almost any preacher in almost any pulpit speaking for his congregation: "Oh, Lord, Thou knowest that we are miserable sinners, doing those things we ought not to have done, leaving undone those things we ought to have done."

Moving picture people are nearly as bad as church members. Many of them are church members. And it has been shown that of the people in the penitentiaries over 90 per cent have church affiliations, proving that--well, we'd better not get in too deep.

A moving picture man has recently been on trial for manslaughter--at a time when only four or five ministers were on trial for murder, not to mention the murder trial of a clergyman's son who was also the husband of a

bishop's daughter.

I have my suspicions that a good deal of mischief is going on more or less surreptitiously in moving pictures, although for two years I have been working about a big studio and have never caught anybody kissing anybody except as directed in the picture. I can't say as much for any Sunday school picnic I ever attended.

Divorces are very frequent in moving picture colonies. Hollywood is getting to be almost as bad as England, Chicago and some other divorce mills, though it is not yet nearly up to the standard of Indiana, which statisticians have put far ahead of Japan as a dissolver of marriages.

Some moving picture people have been known to drink recently. This puts them down with the great majority.

Dancing is indulged in by many and few of them favor the old fashioned waltz, which is not called that pure, sweet pastime--but which was once called the devil's favorite device and passion's perdition.

Many moving picture people wear a minimum of clothes, but judging from the sermons I read about, this is the case with all the women in the world.

In my two years in a picture studio I have not seen a fight (except a rehearsed one). I have heard less profanity than on a college campus. I have seen less jealousy than in a convention of college professors or scientists.

I have seen tens of thousands of feet of film taken with never a quarrel, never a voice raised in temper, never a dispute that passed the bounds of artistic debate.

Of course unpleasant and evil things happen, just as bad things happen everywhere as happen in the moving picture colonies. The human vices flourish normally because the movie people are human, but the human virtues flourish also for the same reason.

In all comparisons, one should avoid the comparison of real people and real conditions with ideal people and conditions, because the ideal is only imaginary. Movie folk should be compared, therefore, with actual classes as they are. They will not suffer by any such juxtaposition.

Moralists howl at the movies, but they howl without logic. Vices of every sort ran riot centuries before there were movies. Wicked people enter the movies, but they were wicked before they entered, and they would have gone on being wicked if they had stayed out of them.

Pictures intended to appeal to evil emotion have been put on--and will be put on again. But this is true of books, plays, paintings, what not. One of the leading New York clergymen was accused by his congregation recently of trying to draw crowds by preaching salacious sermons. And thousands of clergymen have made use of the same sensationalism. It is a neat trick to denounce indecency so indecently as to attract a morbid crowd. Pulpiters used it for ages before movies were invented. But I feel that the person who is attracted to a picture, a sermon or a play, because (s)he has heard that it is spicy, was already so eager for spice that little harm is done, and a dangerous appetite may be appeased by a little homeopathy.

All new arts, all old arts, like old and new religions, professions, races, are, and have been, and will be, denounced by somebody, world without end. If critics could only realize how stale their criticisms are and how carelessly they have been handled.

While I do not believe in idolizing or applauding whole classes of people, I am solemnly persuaded that the motion picture people are as good, as kind, as earnest, as pure of heart, as beneficial to the welfare and virtue of the state, as any other class. A man, a woman, a girl or a boy is as safe morally in a motion picture studio as anywhere else. Which is saying much or little.

The ridicule and abuse showered upon the movies differ not in the least from the showers that have greeted every other new activity.

I am proud to belong to this world, and am proud of its people.

* * * * *

February 23-4, 1922
SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN

Hollywood Truths Fall Far Short of Fancy, Writer Says

by William Parker

(Former San Francisco Newspaper Man and Now a Member of
The Screen Writers' Guild and of the Authors' League of America)

A joke of venerable ancestry but with a slightly new twist has been in circulation in Hollywood recently. It goes something like this: A man from the Middle West confides to an acquaintance: "I always thought Sodom and Gomorrah were husband and wife until just recently when I heard they were brother and sister."

It is hardly likely that this is the man who has been doing all of the talking about Hollywood and the motion picture industry, but he has many prototypes who, like him, have accepted as gospel what is told them.

It was only a short while ago that a young man friend of mine telegraphed me to meet him at the Arcade station; he was coming from the East for his first vacation in Los Angeles.

"Well," I said, after the preliminary greetings, "of all the superlatively advertised charms of California, what do you want to see first?"

Eagerly he replied: "The hop joints, the dens of vice, the love bungalows of Hollywood!"

As I led him through the marble corridor to the waiting auto, he continued, "I went through San Francisco's Barbary Coast in its palmy days; I saw Chicago's Custom House Place in days gone by; I was in Tonopah and Goldfield at the height of their booms; I've read Rex Beach's description of Alaskan concentration camps, where men were drawn like flies to an unclean feast; but from what I hear about Hollywood, oh boy, it's got 'em all skinned! They tell me it's a combination of Sodom, Gomorrah and Babylon in a Byzantine setting, and that if a Gibbon should write a real 'Rise and Fall of the Hollywood Empire,' it would be the best seller of the century.

I understand that in Hollywood every motion picture director is a Caesar, with the things that are Caesar's being rendered unto them; that the managers are cringing Pilates, who show cowardly compassion for vice and dope, while Virtue goes hourly to its crucifixion!"

"Friend," I answered mildly, "you don't know the half of it. Come, see for yourself the truth about Hollywood."

We climbed into the auto, I spoke to the chauffeur and we headed up Central avenue, a short cut to Sunset boulevard, that broad roadway leading to the land of dreams--mostly hop dreams, if we are to believe what we hear nowadays.

A gathering frown of disappointment had begun to gather on the forehead of my friend as we sped through the wholesale district, over industrial tracks, past unprosaic cold storage plants and unattractive buildings given over to the wholesaling of farm implements, oil drilling machinery, restaurant supplies. Through the historic Los Angeles plaza we sped, a historic spot, indeed as pictured in the brochures and guide books disseminated broadcast by an ambitious community.

The corrugations in the brow of my friend deepened when I told him what it was. I truly believe he expected to see gaily garbed Rudolph Valentinos twanging liquid notes from seductive guitars while entrancing Nazimovas gracefully whirled in unison to the strains of "La Paloma." But all he saw was a crowd of perennially unemployed Mexicans, several watchful-eyed uniformed police to keep them from gambling, a number of uncomfortable lounging benches painted a choleric green; and, for a background the whitened and weather-beaten walls of a chapel, a relic of the padres. Poor Father Junipero Serra, he didn't think enough of Los Angeles' future even to build a mission here!

I did not wonder that my friend was becoming disillusioned. Almost every newcomer does. Then he learns to love the purple hills, the soft gray tones of the olive groves, the vivid green of the orange trees--(pamphlets mailed on request by any real estate dealer).

And then--Hollywood!

"You are lucky to get in here," I told my friend as we stopped at one of the big studios in Hollywood.

"Why so?" he asked as he glanced about him at the fragile skeleton of composition board, canvas and paint which is to appear on the motion picture screen as an impregnable wall of ancient Rome.

"Because the business of making motion pictures has reduced itself to a commercial certainty," I replied to his question. "This has become an industry of time clocks, requisition blanks, of uninterrupted labor from 8:30 o'clock in the morning to 5:30 o'clock in the evening, sometimes far into the night. Efficiency experts declare that visitors interfere with the work, so in this and in several other studios the curious tourist is barred."

"Umph," he muttered. "Where are the bathing girls? I thought every studio had a flock of them."

"The bathing girl has been relegated to the limbo of forgotten things. She was a seasonable novelty, coming into style like the short skirt and giving the public something new to see and talk about."

I called his attention to placards posted in conspicuous places, signs reading: "Any employee found gambling or drinking intoxicating liquor on these grounds will be subject to instant dismissal."

"Who," he asked, "is this ferret-eyed little man we have been seeing everywhere since we came in?"

"That is the man hired by the company to enforce what that placard says."

On Hollywood boulevard we came upon a motion picture company working in one of the largest churches.

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed my friend in amazement, "that the pastor gave his permission for this scandalous sort of thing!"

We found the amiable pastor, a man with steel blue eyes into which you needed but to glance to know he was a keen student of character--we found him chatting with the leading woman of the company. Truly, a disgraceful proceeding in its entirety.

"Well," mused my incredulous friend, "I had no idea there were churches

in Hollywood."

To this I remarked, "The pulpit has come to recognize that by means of motion picture greater moral lessons can be conveyed than through any other medium. Alert and able ministers in Hollywood have inculcated in the minds of producers, writers, directors and actors that cheerfulness, cleanliness and wholesome entertainment is the religious tonic most needed by the world today.

"There are twenty-one churches in Hollywood. The average attendance at these churches is 40,000--with Hollywood's population estimate at 70,000; 30,000 of its residents being employed in the studios. One church holds seven services every Sunday to care for the throngs at its edifice. At another big church hundreds of persons are turned away at every service.

"One of the foremost actors of the silent drama is an usher and active member in one of the churches.

"There are ten graded schools and one high school here; we have a branch of the University of California; there are eight private schools; there are two daily and a number of weekly newspapers--"

"For the love of Mike," interrupted my friend, "cut out the statistics." The shriek of a siren rose above the rattle and hum of traffic.

"What's that whistle?" he asked.

"That's at the Hollywood laundry. It blows at 7 o'clock in the morning, at noon and at 5:30 o'clock."

"Do these kings and queens of the movies go to work, eat and quit work by a laundry whistle!"

I suppose that back home he had cherished the thought that the Hollywooders were summoned to the studios and to their banquets by stalwart glistening Nubians sounding sweet-toned chimes.

"Let's go to a cabaret where we can dance and meet some of the film Janes," he suggested.

"I am sorry," I told him, "but when Hollywood voted to annex itself to Los Angeles it retained some of its charter provisions, one of which prohibits dancing and cabaret entertainment in cafes."

We drew up, however, in front of what at first glance appeared to be an Old World inn. Inside we found many of the film folk had already arrived. It has always been to me--and I have known picture people intimately for seven years--a novelty to see them as we saw them that day, a busy throng with cosmetics high-lighting their faces--just from the camera and ready to go back before it. Here they were eating away, wholly unconscious of their ball gowns, their tramp make-ups, a tuxedo-ed gentleman seated alongside a cannibal made grotesque by the addition of a topcoat to conceal the scarcity of clothing beneath.

It was evident to me that my friend was not enjoying himself as he had anticipated.

"You can't tell me," he argued, "that these people have due regard for the conventions. Ordinary people would not come out in public places dressed and painted like this."

"Listen," I said patiently. "It requires anywhere from thirty minutes to two hours to put on a make-up and costume. Lunch time--depending on the sun and other conditions--ranges from thirty minutes to one hour--never more than an hour. Make-up and costumes are a part of their daily life, just as overalls are to the laborer."

"But the women smoke in public."

Glancing about the cafe I counted five women smoking cigarettes.

"You will note that two of the women are not in make-up, which puts them under suspicion of being non-picture people, possibly tourists. The other three obviously are actresses. But what about it? Is it not a common sight to see women smoking in almost every first-class cafe? If the wife of a business man smokes in public is it a reflection on her moral standards? Then why point an accusing finger at a motion-picture actress because she does this sort of thing?"

But my friend was not being disillusioned by statistics and moralizing generalities.

"Look here now, you can't tell me--to be specific--that little Miss ----- is the sort of a girl she should be."

"No," I replied frankly, "she is not. Were Miss ----- an ordinary girl a good sound spanking would be of vast benefit to her and to the motion picture industry as a whole."

"It is so easy--" there was a sneer in his tone, "--then why isn't it done?"

"I will tell you why. In the days before motion pictures came into vogue, Mama -----, a blue-nosed Yankee woman, was a stock actress of mediocre ability and with a sniveling brat on her hands. She never knew whether her next week's booking would be in vaudeville or the poorhouse. Can you imagine Mama -----'s feelings when this same brat jumped into public popularity and a large salary because of a winsomeness which appealed to motion picture audiences! Mama ----- now has diamonds, limousines, a mansion and an English accent. And you would ask her to spank the source of this luxury!

"There is an accepted belief that the motion picture industry has raised certain popular actors and actresses to their high positions. The public, the movie fan, has reared most of these idols; and I have yet to see an idol without clay feet. But do not forget that there are prominent actors and actresses who have won their way to fame by dint of hard labor. This type of actor and actress is respected and encouraged by the picture industry. The other type is the cross we bear, a type wished on us to our seeming everlasting damnation by a public woefully deficient in its ability to discriminate between talent and trickery.

"Is it fair, I ask you in all earnestness, to believe that because a few have touched pitch we are all defiled?"

"Gee whiz," ejaculated my friend mournfully as the waiter set down our orders, "you have certainly ruined my vacation. I came out here to learn all the 'dirt' about Hollywood."

"I am very sorry to have spoiled your vacation," I said regretfully. "But you have learned the truth about Hollywood."

* * * * *

February 20, 1922

NEW YORK WORLD

Hollywood, Almost Free of Crime,
Defended Against Lurid Charges

by Louis Sherwin

Can you imagine dear old Flatbush or Upper Montclair waking up one morning to find itself infamous all over the land as a harborer of the seven deadly sins, with every apartment its own love cult and a hop joint on every other side street? That would not be a lot more absurd than what has happened to Hollywood and the film industry.

This Hollywood that the newspapers of America, especially of the Middle West, have been describing as a cross between Sodom and Nineveh, is as quiet, dull, prosaic--and, I must confess, tiresome--a suburb as you could imagine. Therein lies the irony of the situation.

Hitherto the worst affront the local pride has had to endure was the sneering of Easterners who found the place deadly slow. Today the movie people, Hollywood--in fact, all Los Angeles--are mad, fighting mad.

Until recently the gibes at Hollywood life and naughty goings on in the movie colony have been passed off as a joke. But the mess of unsavory fictions with which the country has been flooded as a result of the Taylor murder case has proved too much. For once the victims are preparing to hit back.

They claim the situation affects not only the half million people of Los Angeles and a few thousand engaged in the cinema industry, but it affects everybody in the United States who does not care to have his reading, theatre-going, diet and personal habits, regulated by the hybrid union of Church and State.

Some newspapers have talked about "revelations of depravity among movie

people arising out of the Taylor case." The truth is that there have been no revelations. Not a single fact along these lines has been unearthed by any reporter. Lacking facts, certain correspondents have sent broadcast the most amazing farrago of fabrications, innuendoes, generalizations and downright lies.

The Taylor murder so far is as complete a mystery as you will encounter in American history. In order to keep the story alive there have been hints of dope rings, love cults and outright accusations of a conspiracy of silence among the movie people.

The fact is that Taylor was a gentleman, and a certain type of mind seems not to know that a gentleman does not bandy his private affairs about for the gossips. Consequently very few of his friends--let alone his colleagues--knew that his professional name was different from his patronymic. If they had known, they would not have thought anything of it, as nearly half the people in the show business and a fair percentage of writers adopt professional names for the most commonplace business reasons.

The foregoing will merely illustrate the far-fetched absurdity of the accusations and canards that have been published. The truth about Hollywood is so far from the hectic idea that people have conceived of the place that it is almost laughable. It is not, as generally supposed, a colony of cinema people lurking in the foothills for the purpose of riotous living. It is a residence district, virtually a suburb, of Los Angeles with a population of 70,000. Of these only some 20,000 are connected with the movies.

There is absolutely no night life in the place. Drive down its main street at 11 p.m. and you will be depressed by its quiet and sleepiness. There is not a single public dance hall, not a single cabaret, nor any restaurant with a dance license. Before it became part of Los Angeles, Hollywood was a Prohibition town--fifteen years ago. There is only one poolroom and one bowling alley. The fact is that night life in Hollywood would make a Sunday afternoon in London look feverish.

I am not trying to suggest that it is a community of plaster saints. Wild parties are given--some, but not all, by movie people--ranging from the

home brew fest in the four-room bungalow to the Scotch and champagne jags in a few of the larger homes. Undoubtedly there are people here who use drugs, but where are there not?

Arrests for felonies average less than three a week, and half of these arrests are made at the request of outside communities. Of the persons arrested for offenses other than traffic violations for many months past, not a single one has been actually employed in motion pictures. Practically every arrest in Hollywood for felony is a floater.

New York people will be more inclined to sympathize with the inhabitants of this place than the rest of America. America judges New York by Broadway, and Broadway, as we all know, is supported for the most part by pious hinterlanders on the loose.

Until the Arbuckle case no person engaged in pictures--I mean actually making his or her livelihood in the industry--had been even as much as charged with a crime.

Moreover, while there are now three cases of what the French call "crimes passionnels" occupying the Los Angeles papers, in no one of them is any movie person involved. Los Angeles has its full share of these cases, but in no case have people in the cinema industry been concerned, let alone being guilty. The courts are crowded with divorce cases, as elsewhere in America, but comparatively few of them concern picture people.

In short, the latter are no worse and no better than people in the banking, plumbing or farming business. Of course, the publicity they have put out about themselves is largely to blame for the odium they have incurred, and for this they have themselves to thank.

The public loves to read about big figures, so it has been surfeited with tales of swollen salaries, extravagant living, ostentatious automobiles and garish homes of the movie folk. But, as a matter of cold fact, all that sort of thing belongs away back in the past.

Salaries have shrunk extensively. Most of the people in the business are broke, having been out of jobs anywhere from three to ten months. Only the frugal are really ahead of the game.

The Producers' Association, the Screen Writers' Guild and the Directors' Association have girded their loins for a scrap. In self-defense the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, women's clubs and other organizations are backing them up. In future any man bringing wild charges against this profession and the community in which it is located will be called vigorously to account.

* * * * *

February 25, 1922

OAKLAND TRIBUNE

The Shame of Sleepy Hollywood

by Rob Wagner

We are the only people in the world who estimate beauty in terms of cost. Imagine, if you can, a French guidebook referring to Notre Dame as "our \$10,000,000 cathedral," and the Mona Lisa as "the most heavily insured picture extant." Yet scattered all over this land of boost and plenty we have our "\$5,000,000 state houses," "\$2,000,000 theaters," "\$100,000 libraries" and "\$50,000 orchestras." Money is our measure of success, material or artistic.

It is easy, therefore, to understand how the bell-ringers of the movies should have seized upon these fiscal superlatives to exploit their wares. It was the one measure everybody was sure to understand. And so for years our peppy Barnums have been regaling the villagers with tales of Marie Hoppe-Head's \$25,000 Pekinese pups, the \$50,000 sable coat of Gloria Gorgeous, and Harold Handsome's salary that, if placed end to end, would reach from here to Helen-gone.

Unfortunately, however, these stories have had unlooked-for effects. If you had read every day for six years that plumbers were earning \$5000 a week salaries, you would soon begin to hate plumbers, howsoever beautiful

they might be. This would be especially true if you thought their plumbing was inadequate. Every day I meet charming, but indignant people who say, "I have just read that this little blonde pinhead, Edythe Excellent, is paid \$500 a week. Well, I hope the poor fish chokes, and I hope I get my hope." And so because of our extravagant boasting a righteous jealousy was born.

Then, again, if you had been fed up on stories of how our expensive pets dined on goldfish and bees' knees and shampooed their curly locks in sparkling Mosella and green Chartruse, it would be easy to believe that they would go the limit of sensual indulgence in hooch and hop.

It has taken an unhappy tragedy to one of our directors to reveal just these states of mind; and nobody has been more shocked by the results of our silly publicity than the motion picture people themselves. Eastern newspapers now drifting back to California are painting pictures of a "movie colony" that surpass anything our wildest directors ever put on the screen to show decadence and crime.

This "colony," it seems, lies somewhere in the foothills of Southern California, far from the restraining contact with ordinary civilization and immune from the social standards of Iowa and Illinois. Here, within its sacred enclosure, the film folk live in a gorgeous splendor that would have made the Babylonians seem like unimaginative pikers, their isolation permitting them to enjoy a code of morals that only a regiment of morons could cherish.

This modern Gomorrah is known the world over as Hollywood, and, according to population imagination, its streets are lined with dance-halls, cabarets, magnificent gambling joints and opium dens, the denizens of the film colony working but one or two temperamental hours a day, devoting the other twenty-three to delicious sin. Movie queens, in inlaid limousines, roll through the golden avenues to meet wicked directors intent upon their happy ruin, bathing parties nightly plunge into tanks of eau-de-cologne, while beautiful "snow birds" attend cocaine parties at which the Japanese servants administer drugs from silver needles; while every morning the police, seizing the blonde curls of your beautiful film favorite, drag her

from some subterranean hop-joint.

Thus we see what great wealth and prohibition have done to a colony of erstwhile "chambermaids and switchboard girls" from the innocent Middlewest.

One eastern paper goes so far as to say that "the needle-hounds of Hollywood order their drugs over the telephone like groceries."

It seems too bad to spoil this vivacious picture of dear old Hollywood, but, after all, maybe the truth will be quite as interesting. And so, as my heroin seems, for the moment, to have lost its efficacy, permit me during this lucid interim to paint Hollywood as it really is.

In the first place, the district of Hollywood is not a detached "colony," but an integral part of a great city of half a million souls, mostly undrugged. And this city, largely populated by Iowans and Kansans, with the austere morality of the prairie, would hardly tolerate a modern Sodom right "in its midst!" Hollywood is as much a part of Los Angeles as Harlem is of New York, even its residents being quite unaware of its artificial boundaries.

Nor are the motion picture studios entirely confined to this district, for three of the largest are miles away in Universal City, Edendale and Culver City. The truth is that, though many of the motion picture people live in the Hollywood district, they are scattered all the way from Santa Monica to Pasadena.

So much for the geography of Hollywood. And now as to its character. Well, first of all, it is what is known in Los Angeles as a "high-grade residence district" of homes, with only enough stores to attend its homely wants. It hasn't, and never has had, a public dance-hall; there is not a restaurant or cafe with music, and dancing is forbidden the guests; there is not a cabaret or a roof-garden, a hopjoint or a house of prostitution. There is but one poolroom, and that upstairs, and one bowling alley, and that in a basement--for our Sodomitic ordinances forbid these evils on the ground floor!

But no doubt you have read of a competing group of Babylonian hotels battering off our rich degenerates. The fact is, there is just one large

hotel--the old, rambling frame "Hollywood," palm-shaded and quiet, in which ancient and honorable Eastern ladies do a stupendous amount of knitting and numberless drop stitches, and night life in Hollywood is about as exciting as Sunday in Zion City.

Ha, ha! but now about its secret sins? May it not be true that there is an underground life among these cinemaleptics of which I wot not? Possibly. And so the other day I took a fortifying sniff of snow and set out for police headquarters, where to learn from our alert guardians the real truth of Hollywood's carnival of crime.

"Capt. Horn," says I, "I am the special correspondent of the Denver Dirt-Disher, and I want the real dope on Hollywood."

"Why take any more?" he answered wittily. "You can't improve on the phantasma you've sent out already. But if you really want the truth we might go over the records."

The last five months was all we had time for, but in those five months I learned these police facts: There had not been one arrest for prostitution or peddling narcotics, not one complaint from any resident regarding a "wild party," and not one call to raid a single house or apartment. Arrests for felonies averaged less than three a week and half of these were made at the request of outside communities. Of persons arrested for offenses (other than violations of the traffic ordinance) not one was employed in the motion pictures.

"And you might add," grinned the happy captain, "that there hasn't been a murder in Hollywood in ten years."

"Well, if all you say is true," I shot back, "why have you a hospital for drug addicts here?"

"Say, child," he replied, "that hospital has been here for eighteen years--ten years before there was a motion picture studio, and its patrons come from Denver, Chicago and points east."

Capt. Horn is the worst material for a bright newspaper fella I have met yet.

No, brother--judged by carnival standards--Hollywood is duller by far

than Flatbush or Ypsilanti. About all you can get after 10 p.m. is a malted milk and the services of an undertaker.

But churches! I can literally exclaim, "Holy smoke!" for one church has to hold seven masses every Sunday to attend the spiritual needs of its devotees, while another cult has one of the largest congregations in America, a roll-call which would read like a "Who's Who in Filmdom."

Of course we have our share of bad eggs--even as your town. We have cowboy actors who wear precious stones in their dentistry, and a small assortment of get-rich-quickers who do not behave prettily at times, but these few half-baked walkoffs are not peculiar to the motion picture industry. Bankers, and even plumbers, sometimes fall by the wayside.

In fact, I know of eight or ten near-film favorites, three of whom are stars of about the fourth magnitude, whose definition of fun is to get quite drunk at dinners and throw things about in childish abandon; but a friend of mine who attended one of their parties told me it was utterly witless and only mildly obscene.

However, some day one of these alcoholic baby dolls is going to pull something in public or shoot up her cutie at an exclusive revel and then once again you will be fed up on news of how the whole of Hollywood is drug soaked to the ears. Thus will 30,000 workers in the great eighth art have to pay for the lapses of less than a third of one per cent. The embarrassment we suffer for our bad eggs is that they have been perched so high that, when they fall the disgusting aroma is noted all over the world.

But how about their salaries? I hear you ask. Well, it is in this department that our publicity hounds have exaggerated the most. Charlie Chaplin's "million-dollar yearly salary" was the sheerest bunk. He did not receive one-quarter that sum, and from this must be deducted the cost of production (and if you know anything about such things you'll know it is very high) and last, but by no means least, the income tax, which is collected with almost diabolic enthusiasm. It is true certainly spectacular stars have purchased red-white-and-blue automobiles of sensational design and fabulous cost, but you would be amazed at the number of these gasoline chariots that

have reverted to the original owners after the first small payment. This is especially true since the grand shaking down of a year ago. As for the other functionaries of the industry, the technical staffs, cameramen, etc., they receive about the same wages as in any other industry. It is also true a few--a very few--exceptional artists may earn \$50,000 to \$100,000 a year, but so do they in literature, music, law and engineering.

Thus we see--if you believe me, which you probably won't if the poison has sunk too deep--that Hollywood is in almost ridiculous contrast to its popular conception.

But if your beautiful little town is as dull as I say it is then "what do the film folks do o' night?" Well, they flock to the movies, especially the pre-views. Many of the stars, like Doug and Mary, for instance, have projecting machines in their homes, where every evening they enjoy with small groups of friends the latest releases. Then there is one playhouse, the Community theater, where the high-brow drama is enacted by former stage stars without compensation. One dreadful relaxation I am compelled to admit. The Wednesday night fights at the American Legion are attended by a large audience of film people of both genders, even the ladies of the research department growing quite excited when the bouts are particularly lively, but as one of our local ministers says: "The soldier boys must have their fun."

But to offset these debauches, I must also mention the Pilgrimage Play, America's Oberamagau, which is shown in the Hollywood bowl to thousands every season, and the theosophical plays of the Krotana Institute that is situated right in our midst.

But now for a confession, for it isn't fair to speak only of our virtues. It is perfectly true that certain landlords refuse to rent to the movie people. You see Hollywood has 70,000 souls, counting oversouls and insoles, and most of them have come here because of its dolce far niente quietude, and, alas, I'm afraid we sometimes break in upon their magnolia-scented dreams. Of course if they built their darned old bungalow courts with at least the privacy of chicken coops it would be all right, but if I was an old codger from Keokuk who had come here to rest I wouldn't care to be

squeezed in between a heavy and custard comedian who might play the saxophone or pinochle up to 10 o'clock at night.

These foolish outsiders, who insist upon horning into our "colony," ought to know that actors, artists and writers act like a lot of children when they get together. Furthermore it must be remembered the southern branch of the University of California is in Hollywood, and you know how quiet 3700 students are likely to be. A flat, a duplex house or a bungalow court is no place for a nervous wreck--in Hollywood. Why, I've been to parties where in inspirational orchestra developed that played upon everything from empty milk bottles to frosted lamp shades; where we played charades, squat tag and puss-in-the-corner. They were noisy but they were fun.

On last Halloween we--the Mrs. and I--gave a party which at its height included the grand old game of postoffice, and when I blushinglly went out to get a special delivery letter from one of our prettiest movie queens you could have heard the squeaks of merriment a block away.

No, we are not the quietest neighbors in the world, but the Killjoys, who never laugh unless alcoholically propelled, quite misunderstand our exuberances. In these dour times the spirit of play ought to be kept alive--and we are doing our darndest.

Besides these little home affairs, where everybody burst into song on the slightest provocation, we have beach parties up and down the coast and barbecues in the hills, for even movie people regard their time at the studios as work and seek relaxation the same as brokers and chiropractors.

Outside of two or three big balls a year given by the directors, cinematographers and the writers, our greatest social brawls are at the Hollywood hotel, dubbed by the newspaper comedian as "Passion's Playground." Here last winter one might have seen Elinor Glyn one-stepping with Sir Gilbert Parker, or Rupert Hughes sitting it out with Gloria Swanson, Lionel Belmore prancing about with Marjorie Daw or Milton Sills dancing with his wife. In fact, wives seem to be quite au fait in Hollywood, however, notwithstanding, but.

Here is a bright and crushing observation that has just occurred to me. During the past three years a perfect army of "imminent" authors has lived in Hollywood and only one of them has written unkindly about our town, and he is a terrible old grouch who would muck-rake the Epworth League. And, remember this, these authors are professional observers, yet they haven't observed any of the gorgeous drug debaucheries that a lot of "special correspondents" are recording in the news syndicate.

No, puzzled reader, these tales of "love cults" and "dope rings" are just good old newspaper hokum. The only real evidence I can offer in the use of narcotics is the hectic nonsense emanating from the drugged sconces of the newspaper fellows, who have been looking at Hollywood through dope rings of their own blowing.

* * * * *

March 1, 1922
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"Wild Orgies of Hollywood are Only Dreams"
Film Folks Leading Clean Lives, Writers State

by Frank Woods
President of Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America
and
Thompson Buchanan
Chairman of the Writers' Club

When William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director, was found murdered by an unknown assassin, nobody could have realized that the mystery would resolve itself into a newspaper trial of the film industry and of Hollywood, the chief center of cinema production. Such, however, seems to have been the case. This quiet and beautiful section of Los Angeles has been treated to a drenching of slander unequalled in American journalism, while film people

themselves have been pictured largely as drug addicts, drunkards, profligates, and degenerates.

If a half, or a quarter, or even a tenth of this muckraking is founded on fact, then the people engaged in making motion pictures, particularly the stars, are of the wrong class and ought to be eliminated. If, on the other hand, the charges are untrue, a fearful injustice has been done to an innocent community and to 30,000 hard working, decent living, normal minded men and women engaged in a legitimate occupation.

The injustice is all the greater because slander travels with such speed that truth may never overtake it.

What is the truth?

The film industry numbers among its thousands of actors, directors, writers, artists, photographers, mechanics, and managers, a small percentage of undesirable people, the same as in any other art, profession, class, business, or occupation. On the whole the percentage of undesirables in pictures is somewhat less, for reasons to be stated, than is found in other classified occupations. Certainly the proportion is no greater, and must be considered amazingly small when the nature and the rapid and unorganized growth of the industry are impartially considered.

Naturally one might suppose that a new industry, recruited indiscriminately, would attract to itself the least stable types of people. Add to this the fact that the average pay is high, too high, perhaps, in exceptional cases, but not nearly so high in the main, as has been popularly supposed, considering that employment is precarious.

With these two conditions--a restless, temperamental, and unstable class of people to deal with, and high, even extravagant rates of pay, we might be perfectly justified in believing many, if not all, of the wild tales that have been told about the industry.

On the contrary, the result has been largely the reverse, and for this there are three perfectly sound reasons. First, there has never been absent during the last eight years earnest, effective welfare work conducted by people within the profession, while in the management of the larger companies

there has been stringent control of studio conditions, growing stronger and stronger as time goes on.

Second, work in pictures is exacting and mentally and physically exhausting--so much so that a great majority of the active workers have no time, strength, nor inclination for the revelries and orgies which have been pictured as the rule rather than the exception.

Third, speaking now of the players, the camera is relentless, and no actor or actress, especially the younger ones, whose faces are literally their fortunes, can remain long in the spotlight and at the same time give way to any sort of self-indulgence. This last point alone is sufficient to prove the general falsity of the sweeping charges and impressions that have been spread broadcast in certain newspapers. Make no mistake about this: habitual depravity on the part of any player brings its own sure and swift punishment.

The results of excesses cannot escape the camera, and this fact alone has kept many a pretty girl or handsome boy from performing professional harkari. Those who have been weak enough to fall have fallen and disappeared. If there are others who are weak, they also will fall and disappear. Such is the natural law, and the players know it. The vast majority of them act upon it, although now and then there is an exception.

The proof that film folk are mainly as I have represented them is found in the true picture of Hollywood as it really exists. Hollywood, which houses the greater proportion of people engaged in picture work, is a live, normal business section of Los Angeles. It is not a "camp" nor a "colony" nor a segregated district. It is a hustling community, growing rapidly and justly celebrated for its civic activities, in which picture people participate along with their neighbors. The Hollywood Woman's club, the Writers' club, Masonic temple, the Chamber of Commerce, the Bowl, a great outdoor auditorium, numerous banks, churches, schools, a university, business blocks, library, etc., all attest to its live but normal and wholesome character. The only small things about Hollywood, and these are the most significant of all, are the night resorts and the police force.

Of "night life" in Hollywood there is absolutely none. One bowling alley in a basement, one billiard hall on a second floor, five motion picture theaters, and one stadium where boxing bouts are conducted once a week by the American Legion are the sole amusements. There are no cabarets, cafe dance floors, drinking resorts, houses of ill repute--nothing at all of this character.

As for the police, to which I have referred, let Police Captain George K. Home speak for himself.

"Now, as to Hollywood being 'drug crazed' and full of 'wild night life.' In this twenty-three miles which my department covers there is a total police personnel of less than seventy men! Five of these patrol the San Fernando valley district, twelve miles from Hollywood. Ten more are assigned to traffic duty on busy corners and before schools. The remaining fifty-odd cover the whole district, without even a police or fire alarm system to aid them, relying upon the upright character of the residents to keep us informed of crimes and fires by telephone.

"For comparison's sake let us refer to the Wilshire district of Los Angeles, a district only twelve miles square, solely a residence district, and without a business section. It is patrolled now by 113 men. If Hollywood had the same proportion of police to the square mile as has the Wilshire district we would have a force of 216 men here instead of an actual Hollywood force of fifty-five men.

"Why has Hollywood such a comparatively small force of police? Because Hollywood, being a high class residence district, peopled by a home loving and law abiding population, is practically free of all crimes of violence!

"The best index to the moral character of a community is its police records. Here is the complete and final refutation to the wild stories the eastern newspapers have published. Our police records, covering this district with its 70,000 people, including the people in its twenty-two motion picture studios, show that:

"In the last ten years there has been no murder in Hollywood.

"In the last five months there has not been an arrest for prostitution

nor for peddling narcotics.

"In the last five months the Hollywood police have received no complaints from any resident of any wild party being held within the precincts of Hollywood, and have not been called upon to raid a single home or apartment.

"Arrests for felonies average less than three a week, and half of these arrests are made at the request of outside communities.

"Holdups and crimes of violence are practically unknown in Hollywood.

"Of the persons arrested by our officers for offenses other than violation of the traffic ordinance, for many months past not a single one has been actually employed in the motion picture business.

"Practically every arrest in Hollywood for felony is a 'floater' who happens to drift into the district, attracted by its evident prosperity.

"In the face of these facts, it seems nothing short of criminal that unprincipled newspaper space writers should be allowed to send out their lurid and ridiculous stories."

After reading this clean bill of health, one may well wonder where all these slander stories have come from. How can there be men and women writers anywhere on earth base enough to invent any or all of the lurid stories that have been printed so generally about Hollywood and the film people?

This is a proper question to ask and one that deserves a frank and complete reply.

Let us go back to the Arbuckle case. The unfortunate affair in which Arbuckle became involved took place in San Francisco. Everybody has heard of the intense jealousy that exists between the two great cities of the Pacific coast--San Francisco and Los Angeles. No doubt this had much to do with the virulence of the carefully fostered newspaper prejudices in San Francisco against the defendant and perhaps, also, his strange silence under advice of counsel led many people to believe in his guilt, but most significant was the fact that the district attorney had political aspirations and he saw a chance of catering to the reform elements of his city by painting Arbuckle not so much a murderer as a debauchee. He used the newspapers to try this side of

the issue and found the sensational press of the entire country more than willing to help.

Arbuckle's mode of living, which was too often the same as that of thousands of young men of other stations in life who, like him, have too much money, was nevertheless indefensible, and somehow, some way, the impression was conveyed that he was a fair example of the film folks' depravity.

When the Taylor murder broke, not in Hollywood but in Los Angeles proper, the press was ripe for sensational developments. The Los Angeles newspaper offices were flooded with urgent queries from newspapers in all the large cities. The murder at once took the form of a mystery and it is still at this writing, to all appearances, unsolvable.

With no evidence pointing to any person as the murderer the detectives and the press invented theories, some of them remotely plausible and others wildly impossible. These theories were often bolstered up with imaginary suppositions and implications of guilty knowledge on the part of persons really eager to help solve the mystery but unable to furnish any valuable facts.

Taylor, himself, who had been a man of exemplary habits, fine deportment, and high ideals, turned out to have had an adventurous past. He had taken a stage name, like many others of the theatrical profession, and this was made much of. Days passed and still there was no evidence discovered bearing on the cause of the murder.

It was then that the theory was invented that there was a conspiracy of silence, although Los Angeles publishers claim that this charge came from newspapers in other cities. Its publication here caused intense surprise and indignation. The Writers' club of which Taylor was a member, offered \$1,000 reward for evidence leading to the apprehension of the murderer and the Lasky company offered \$2,500 more. To complicate the entire situation, there were two detective forces, that of the city and the sheriff's office, working on diametrically opposite lines, each eager to maintain its own hypothesis.

It came to be a dull day with those who had been at all familiar with the dead man when each one was not questioned by at least one or two

detectives. The press called this "grilling," as if every person examined were a potential criminal. Finally the district attorney took charge of the investigation, examined everybody again, and announced that not one bit of evidence had been discovered implicating anybody as connected with the crime or even of having guilty knowledge of it.

So much for the Taylor murder. The deliberate besmirching of Hollywood and of the film people as a class followed as a so-called sidelight on the mystery.

There were two reporters here from Chicago, Edward Doherty and Wallace Smith. They were here to report the unsavory Burch and Obenchain trials, and when these seemed to be flattening out, the seized on the Taylor mystery as an excuse for digging up and rehashing all the dead scandals of the picture people that had accumulated in the last ten years. There were only a bare half dozen of them, but they were embellished, added to, and enlarged until they read like juicy stuff.

Added to these were alleged interviews with Jap[anese] butlers and the like, pure fiction, and other out and out inventions, all of which, sent out in a series of special stories and published in widely scattered syndicated papers constituted an injurious indictment that might easily impose upon editors and the public.

To refute the slanders, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and other civic authorities, not connected in any way with the film industry have joined in circulating a strong statement denouncing the lies and bearing witness to the decency and worthy character of film people as a class.

* * * * *

February 10, 1922
SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Police Hunting for Scandal Instead of for Assassin
Says Defender of Hollywood

by Waldemar Young

Former Dramatic Editor of The San Francisco Chronicle,
now prominent continuity writer for motion pictures.

Another scavenger's holiday. William Desmond Taylor was in life a man respected by his associates. He was an artist of high ideals. He was hard working, earnest, capable. He was a gentleman. But he was a motion picture director.

So out come the scavengers to burrow in the garbage can, seeking morsels, titbits, little delicacies of ripe dirt to roll their tongues around. Out they come, headlong, before the corpse is cold. They wallow in a mud of their own making. They drag a man's name through that mud. With the vicious glee of the virtuous they make great sticking plasters of the mud and hurl them broadside at the motion picture colony.

Instead of concentrating all their efforts toward finding the assassin and trying him for murder, they drag the dead man forth and put him on trial. He has committed the crime of being shot down without warning from behind. Away goes his name through the mud, swishing, swashing. Why? Because he was a motion picture director. It is always open season for anyone connected with the motion picture business.

Having put him on trial instead of his assassin, what have they found? The one outstanding fact that he had taken stage name, a very common thing, indeed, in the profession of entertainment. They make this the basis for a claim that he had led a dual life.

Puerile, imbecilic, certainly.

But the scavengers must have their holiday. They found some letters. These proved nothing. They were not even very entertaining. So the scavengers, for want of better sport, have turned their mud guns on the picture colony and there is a great splattering.

Is this fair?

There are estimated to be about 30,000 persons engaged in the picture

industry in Hollywood and its environs. Ninety-nine per cent of these, I venture to say, lead lives as clean and as decent as the best of people in other professions and other industries; they are "just folks." The other one per cent are more noisy, I think, than vicious, they can't be very wicked. They are too open about it. They flaunt their peccadilloes with a too-apparent wish to have them noticed. They wear noisy clothes, ride in noisy cars, live noisy lives.

By the very nature of their employment, everything they do receives publicity. They are definitely in the public eye, under a microscope. Press agents record their smallest fads and fancies. Every move they make comes out magnified, exaggerated.

And, of course, the bad comes out with the good, magnified, exaggerated. A home brew party in a four-room bungalow becomes "a Neroesque orgy in a mansion." The tongues of the righteous wag.

But the noisy ones are no worse than their own prototypes elsewhere in every community.

It is simply that more attention is attracted to them. It is the price of publicity.

Hollywood, I should say, is about the average American community.

A campaign of calumny against Berkeley, against San Jose, against any city of the size you can name, would have just as much reason for being as the present campaign against Hollywood.

And there are just as many honest, decent men and women in the picture business as in any other business, even if they do not go around with pious looks mouthing the scavenger's chant, "I am holier than thou."

People in glass houses shouldn't make home brew.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

<http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/>

<http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/>

<http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/>

Full text searches of back issues can be done at <http://www.etext.org/Zines/>

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* *
* Issue 50 -- February 1997 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

"I Know Who Killed Desmond Taylor"

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

This is the 50th issue of TAYLOROLOGY. Truthfully, we never thought we would make it this far--here's to the next 50 issues!! For this landmark issue we are reprinting Ed King's classic article "I Know Who Killed Desmond Taylor." The article was originally published in 1930 and was reprinted in WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991). Since both those sources are out of print, reprinting it again in TAYLOROLOGY will hopefully keep the article available to the public for many years to come.

"I Know Who Killed Desmond Taylor," by Ed King, was the best recap of the murder written within a decade of Taylor's death, and is the only substantial magazine article on the case ever written by one of the detectives who was actually involved in the investigation. (Detective King is also mentioned in contemporary items reprinted in TAYLOROLOGY 8, 14, 17 and 19.) Some of the information in the article had not been revealed to the public prior to the article's original publication in 1930. The article does contain some errors which are indicated in the notes--unfortunately King relied too much on his memory and newspaper clippings, and spent too little time reviewing the official file on the case prior to doing the article.

* * * * *

I Know Who Killed Desmond Taylor

by Ed. C. King

Special Investigator, District Attorney's Office,
Los Angeles, California
as told to Alberta Livingston

Originally published in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES
September and October 1930

The "bumping off" of a famous person like William Desmond Taylor is the sort of oyster that any detective delights to open, so you can just bet the family jewels that I was pretty much elated when my "Chief," the late Thomas Lee Woolwine, District Attorney of Los Angeles County, called me into his private office on the morning of February 3rd, 1922, and assigned me to represent his office in the investigation of this greatest of all murder mysteries.

And, almost from the very first hour of my investigations, I have KNOWN who committed this murder. Yet, at the present time, the evidence is so

limited that were the guilty person to come forward and confess the murder, "he" would have to produce corroborative testimony before "his" confession could be accepted. "He" would be compelled to substantiate "his" confession by other credible testimony in order to prove "his" guilt and secure "his" own conviction!

And that includes even Edward F. Sands--the one person who practically every investigator in Los Angeles believes was the slayer.

With this knowledge locked in my heart for the past eight years, my position has forced me to carry on a nation-wide investigation, reaching from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard, from the race tracks of Agua Caliente, to the frozen depths of the Alaskan goldfields, knowing full well that each new clue would lead me just where I expected it to lead--nowhere.

During these eight years the case has been revived for discussion more times than I can remember. Always there has been a repetition of old stories--a dressing up in new garb of the figures in this murder mystery.

Many times the murderer of Taylor has been reported discovered. The report has always created the greatest sensationalism. And, each time the story has proved to be pure fiction. Each time the guilty person has been some unnamed ghostly personage, designated by the press by blanks and asterisks, or referred to only as "that film celebrity," or "this noted actress."

At the time William Desmond Taylor met his tragic death, he resided in the exclusive Alvarado Court Apartments on South Alvarado Street, Los Angeles.

This court is composed of sixteen apartments, housed in eight two-story white stucco buildings, overlooking beautiful Westlake Park.

In 1922 the Westlake Park district was the favorite residential neighborhood for motion picture people, who have since emigrated to the Hollywood and Beverly Hills sections.

In the apartment adjoining Taylor's on the west, in the same building, lived Edna Purviance, leading lady for Charlie Chaplin. [1] Directly to the east, the buildings separated by an eight-foot parkway, lived Mr. and Mrs.

Douglas MacLean. Mr. MacLean has long been considered one of the foremost movie comedians.

William Desmond Taylor was at once the favorite and the mystery of the motion picture colony. A cultured, dignified gentleman with a charming personality and considerable magnetism, the men with whom he worked were devoted to him, and most of the women fell in love with him.

He never blazoned his good deeds from the housetops, but "Bill" Taylor and his charities were household words in the motion picture profession.

On February 2nd, 1922, about 7:00 o'clock in the morning, Henry Peavey, colored valet-servant, arrived at Taylor's home to prepare breakfast, as usual. [2]

He picked up the milk bottle which stood on the front doorstep, inserted the key in the lock, pushed open the door, but did not enter. [3] Instead, he uttered a piercing shriek that aroused all the neighbors. Someone called the police and Detective Lieutenant Tom Ziegler, from Central Detective Bureau, was detailed to the scene.

Lieutenant Ziegler found William Desmond Taylor lying stretched full length on the living room floor, stone dead.

He was fully clothed. His head was towards the east wall, feet near the door, legs outstretched. An overturned chair lay nearby. [4]

A large crowd of people were milling in and out of the apartment and about the body, which Ziegler did not touch. He requested everyone to leave the house.

A doctor, whose name was never learned but who was in the crowd when Lieutenant Ziegler arrived, made a preliminary examination of the body without moving it from its original position. He gave as his opinion that death was due to natural causes, possibly heart trouble.

A few moments afterward, while Ziegler was awaiting the arrival of the Coroner, Mr. Charles Eyton, prominent member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, husband of Kathlyn Williams, movie actress, and a close personal friend of Mr. Taylor during his lifetime, arrived upon the scene.

Mr. Eyton went directly to the upper floor, to the bedroom of Taylor,

where he collected many letters and personal belongings of Taylor, among which may have been much documentary evidence in this murder mystery.

Lieutenant Ziegler did not interfere with Mr. Eyton, knowing him personally and also knowing him to have been a close friend of Mr. Taylor's. Eyton carried this collection of letters and other evidence away with him, and later destroyed them.

When questioned regarding his motive, he stated that among Taylor's possessions were many love letters from married women, and that he did it merely to protect "Bill," as he called Taylor, from becoming involved in any scandal and not with a desire to obstruct any investigation into the matter of Mr. Taylor's death.

Before Mr. Eyton left the apartment, he returned to the body, talking to Lieutenant Ziegler, who repeated the opinion expressed by the unknown doctor. Not satisfied that death was due to natural causes, Eyton turned the body over. It was then discovered that the deceased was lying in a pool of blood. The pool had not spread to such an extent that it was exposed to view as the body lay upon the floor.

Lieutenant Ziegler saw at once that it was a case for the Homicide Squad, and telephoned headquarters. The Flying Squad, which at that time consisted of H. H. Cline, Ray Cato, Wiley Murphy, "Billy" Cahill, and Jesse A. Winn, responded.

Investigation disclosed that Taylor had been shot in the back, the bullet ranging from the right side of the spine rather low in the torso, upward through the left breast, where the bullet had lodged in the muscles near the left shoulder. [5]

The bullet hole in the coat did not correspond exactly with the one in the vest, which indicated that Taylor had been standing with his arms above his head when shot.

The first theory advanced was that Taylor was holding his arms above his head in response to the command of the intruder to "stick 'em up!" A second theory was to the effect that he was reaching for the chair which was found overturned near the body.

If reaching for the chair, it would seem that a controversy had taken place and that, in all probability, Taylor knew his attacker. But, if holding up his hands, he was more than likely taken by surprise.

My theory was, and always has been, that when Taylor returned to his apartment, after having escorted Miss Mabel Normand to her automobile, he seated himself at his desk, and his assailant, hiding in the room, stepped out and fired. Taylor died instantly, pitched forward, and in falling upset the chair.

Due to the prominence of the victim, the news of the murder was flashed all over the city, extras appearing upon the city streets in an almost unbelievably short space of time.

Hollywood, ordinarily serene, playful and carefree, was no longer calm. The atmosphere of make-believe that has always seemed to hover over that portion of Los Angeles, where lived and worked so many of those whose careers and fortunes were centered in the world of finer arts, was gone.

One of its most dearly loved members had been brutally done to death--not a man with a past--not one at whom a finger of even the remotest suspicion had ever been cast. Rather, one who represented the very highest in the manly types of manhood.

The coroner arrived, the body was removed, and the detectives, hot after a motive, began a thorough search of Taylor's living quarters.

The apartment, which consisted of five rooms, was tastefully furnished. A baby grand piano occupied one corner of the living room. [6] The small desk stood directly in front of the door. There were books in profusion, mostly philosophical and sociological. Relics of war and much expensive bric-a-brac occupied prominent places throughout the house. Around the wall of the living room was a solid border of autographed and framed photographs.

Among them was one of Mary Pickford, which bore the inscription, "To my nice director, William Desmond Taylor, the most patient man I have ever known --Mary Pickford."

In a prominent place on the piano stood a picture of another Mary. On this photograph was inscribed: "For William Desmond Taylor--artist and

gentleman. Mary Miles Minter." [7]

On the desk in the living room lay an open check book, a pen nearby. In the drawer of the desk was a half-completed income tax report.

In Mr. Taylor's pockets was found \$78.00 cash. A two-karat diamond ring and a platinum watch were found on his person. The finding of the articles eliminated the robbery motive almost immediately. [8]

The check book and the half-completed income tax report were seized upon as important clues. The bank book showed a balance of only \$6,000.00. All other assets that could be found amounted to only about \$25,000.00.

The income tax blank showed Taylor's income to have been in the neighborhood of \$40,000.00 per year.

What had he done with all his money? He lived very simply, made no important investments, yet he had drawn large checks of which there was no record. Among the cancelled checks was found one for \$2500.00 made out to cash. This amount had been withdrawn the latter part of January. The pass book showed this same amount deposited a few hours before his death. [9]

To the minds of the detectives, this could have but one explanation--blackmail.

The money had been withdrawn to pay some person--a person who would not accept a check. Taylor, deciding not to be the victim of this plot, returned the money to the bank. The blackmailer called, was met with refusal and ended the argument with a bullet.

But who? And WHY?

Soon after the news spread, friends came rushing to the apartment. From all quarters they came. Mary Miles Minter rushed into the house in a tempest of hysterics.

Following closely came Mabel Normand [10]--beautiful, impulsive, unfortunate Miss Normand, who succumbed Sunday, February 23rd, 1930, to tuberculosis in the Pottenger Sanitarium, at Monrovia, California. And, almost her last words were, "I hope before I die that they find the slayer of William Desmond Taylor."

Miss Minter, at the present time, is ill in a sanitarium near Santa

Barbara, California, being treated by Doctor Sansum, a leading dietician.

Miss Minter told detectives that Miss Normand and Mr. Taylor were engaged at the time of his death. [11]

Miss Normand admitted that she had called on Mr. Taylor a few hours before he was shot, but denied the engagement.

"There was no affair of the heart between Taylor and myself," sobbed Miss Normand. "His feeling for me was that of an older man for a girl who admired him, and who was not afraid to show her admiration.

"I was eager to glean a little knowledge from the vast storehouse which he possessed. He was a man who knew everything. Besides having the education and instinct of an artist, he was a deep student of science and of philosophy as well."

Future references to Miss Normand are made only that the reader may have full details of the story. While she became the central figure in the sensational investigations, I do not hesitate to say that all suspicion cast upon her was unjust.

Miss Minter said that she had not seen Mr. Taylor for some time, nor had she been to his apartment recently.

"He was one of my best friends," she cried. "His death is a great shock to me. I cannot conceive of the character of a person who would voluntarily wrong him or cause his death. There is no personal or financial sacrifice that I would not make to bring the slayer to justice."

Among Taylor's effects were found a woman's pink silk nightgown and a lace handkerchief, both with the initials, "M. M. M." [12]

In the toe of a riding boot in the closet were found many letters, written in code, signed, "Mary." These letters were ardent love letters and received a great deal of publicity, but knowing the author as I afterward learned to know her, well, I wouldn't say they were so hot--just a young girl unshamedly confessing her love for the man she loved. [13]

"What shall I call, you wonderful man?" began one of these letters. "I want to go away with you--up in the hills--anywhere--just so we can be alone.

"Wouldn't it be glorious to sit in a big comfy couch by a cozy warm fire

with the wind whistling outside, trying to harmonize with the faint strains of music coming from the Victrola?

"I would sweep and dust (they make the sweetest dust caps, you know). Oh, yes, and fix the table and help you wash the dishes, and then, in my spare time, darn your socks.

"I'd go to my room and put on something scant and flowing; then I would lie on the couch and wait for you. I might fall asleep, for a fire makes me drowsy. Then I would awake and find two strong arms around me and two dear lips pressed to mine in a long, sweet kiss..."

Another letter, written in the same code, simply said: "I love you--Oh, I love you so. God, I love you so. I love you--I love you--I love you."

These letters, along with the nightgown and handkerchief, were taken to the police station and booked as evidence in the event the murderer should ever be apprehended.

Early in the morning, February 3rd, 1922, District Attorney Woolwine called me into his office where he handed me a letter--an anonymous letter in a woman's handwriting, evidently written by a lady of refinement.

This letter said that if Mr. Woolwine would send a detective to Mabel Normand's apartment, located at Seventh Street and Vermont Avenue, a careful search of the basement would reveal a .38 caliber pearl-handled revolver. This was the gun with which the murder had been committed.

Mr. Taylor had been murdered with a .38 caliber revolver. The bullet taken from the body indicated this very clearly.

Mr. Woolwine explained to me that he wanted me to enter the investigation alone, independent of all officers of the Police Department, but this I found impossible. The officers from the Police Department had a day's start on me. My investigations led directly into theirs, so Lieutenant Jesse Winn and myself joined up as a team, and have continued so throughout the entire period of the investigation. (Winn, like myself, after more than twenty years' service on the Police Department, retired therefrom and accepted a position as special investigator in the D.A.'s office.)

I went to Miss Normand's apartment, accompanied by Lieutenants Winn,

Murphy and Cline, where we made a thorough search of the house, including the basement. From cellar to attic we went, devoting a great length of time to turning over everything where it would be possible to hide a gun. In a dresser drawer in Miss Normand's bedroom we found two .25 caliber revolvers, neither of which could have had any connection with the murder. No other gun was found.

Miss Normand had been the last person to see William Desmond Taylor alive, with the exception, of course, of the murderer. She had been with Mr. Taylor in his apartment up to a very few minutes of the time that he was murdered.

Her statement, substantiated by the statement of her chauffeur, William Davis, was to the effect that she had spent the afternoon in the shopping district of Los Angeles. Around 6:00 o'clock in the evening she went to the Hellman Bank, at the corner of 6th and Main Streets, where she placed some very valuable Christmas gifts in her safety deposit box.

While in the bank she called up her home. In answer to her questions as to whether or not anyone had called her, the maid replied: "Mr. Taylor has been trying to get you all afternoon. He left word that he has a good book for you; wants you to stop for it this evening."

Miss Normand returned to her limousine, parked at the curb, and said, "Well, William, we will stop by Mr. Taylor's on the way home."

At Seventh and Broadway Miss Normand purchased some peanuts and a number of magazines, including a Police Gazette. She munched peanuts and read this Gazette on the way out, strewing the shells on the floor of the car.

Some time between six and seven o'clock they reached the Alvarado Street address.

Miss Normand stepped from the machine. As she started toward the house, Davis asked, "Shall I go get my dinner?" To this Miss Normand replied, "No--I am tired and have an early call to the studio. I will be right out."

When Miss Normand entered the apartment, Mr. Taylor was in a closet telephoning to Antonio Moreno, a close personal friend of his, and a well known movie actor. Henry Peavey, colored valet, was preparing the evening

meal. [14]

Miss Normand, waiting for Mr. Taylor to finished his conversation with Mr. Moreno, paced up and down the living room, and as Henry Peavey afterward related to us, was continually eating peanuts and throwing the shells on the floor, much to Peavey's disgust, as it was his job to keep the apartment clean. [15]

Her attention seemed focused upon two photographs on the piano--one of Mary Miles Minter and one of herself.

When Mr. Taylor had finished his conversation, he came out of the alcove, greeted her cordially, and gave her the book he had mentioned. This book proved to be a heavy tome on German philosophy. Taylor and Miss Normand were among the very few in Hollywood who did any heavy reading.

While these two sat on the davenport in the living room and discussed this book, Davis, the chauffeur, swept the peanuts shells from the car, then picked up the Police Gazette which Miss Normand had left lying on the seat.

Henry Peavey came out on his way home, kidded Davis about the magazine and the peanut shells, then went on down the street towards Sixth and Alvarado.

Miss Normand remained in the house about thirty-five minutes in all, then came out, accompanied by Mr. Taylor. The chauffeur and the director exchanged friendly greetings. A general conversation ensued, Taylor chiding Miss Normand good-naturedly about the Police Gazette.

It was quite dark. Miss Normand noticed a light burning in the apartment of Edna Purviance, and knowing that Miss Purviance had been ill for several days, suggested to Mr. Taylor that they go up and see her. Mr. Taylor insisted that she go home, as she was extremely nervous, and they could call upon Miss Purviance some other time. [16]

Miss Normand stepped into her limousine, and as it rolled away from the curb, she blew a kiss to Taylor. It was an eternal farewell. Mr. Taylor entered the apartment through the door which he had left open. It is presumed that he sat down at his desk to work--the murderer, hiding in the room, stepped out and fired. Taylor died instantly, and in falling pitched forward,

overturning his chair. The murderer then hurried from the house and disappeared through the alley. [17]

Mrs. Douglas MacLean, in the adjoining apartment, heard the shot. The MacLeans were at their evening meal. Mr. MacLean had just finished eating and had gone upstairs for a cribbage board. Miss Jewett, servant girl, had been serving dinner. At about the time Mr. MacLean reached the bedroom upstairs, and while Mrs. MacLean was still seated at the table, the shot was fired.

Mrs. MacLean spoke to Miss Jewett, asking if that noise had not sounded like a shot nearby. She rose from the table and walked to her living room door. The figure of what appeared to be a man had just emerged from Mr. Taylor's door. The person was not hurrying out but was coming out backwards. [18]

The thought suggested itself to Mrs. MacLean that he was talking to Mr. Taylor, who was possibly seated at his desk directly in front of the door. The figure turned, closed the door, faced Mrs. MacLean as it came down the steps, and made a turn eastward, then to the north, passing between the Taylor Apartment and the garage, going towards Fourth Street, where it disappeared in the dark. [19]

This person did not hurry at any time, but walked very leisurely and looked full at Mrs. MacLean standing in her doorway. Her suspicions were not aroused, and she attributed the report she had heard to the backfire of a passing automobile rather than a shot from a gun.

Later, in describing this person in the office of Mr. Woolwine, she stated that the figure had worn a heavy coat of the mackinaw type, a cap, and a muffler about the neck.

She further stated that this person appeared to be a man, but if it was a man, it was a "funny looking" man. When pressed as to just what she meant by "funny looking," she explained that she had been on the movie lot a great many times with her husband during the filming of pictures and had seen many actors and actresses in make-up and they were "funny looking." The person emerging from Mr. Taylor's apartment had this same appearance.

Arthur Hoyt, a motion picture actor, close personal friend of the

deceased director, was living at the time of Taylor's death, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Seventh and Olive Streets. On account of his close friendship with Mr. Taylor, Lieutenant Winn and myself felt that he undoubtedly would be able to give us valuable information concerning the habits and past life of the director.

We visited Mr. Hoyt in his room on several occasions, and one night, possibly a week and a half after the murder, Detectives Cato, Cahill, Winn and myself, decided to question him more closely than we had on previous occasions.

After about two hours' grilling Hoyt broke down and wept. He told us that it was not his desire to break confidence with his dead pal and friend, but that he believed he would have to do so if it would help to unravel the mystery surrounding the murder.

He then told us that on the evening of the last day of January--the evening before the murder--he had arrived at his apartment at the Athletic Club, and had partaken of several drinks, after which he started out, as was his custom, to visit his friend, William Desmond Taylor.

When he arrived at Taylor's residence, somewhere in the neighborhood of 6:00 o'clock, he found Mr. Taylor seated at his desk, nervously running his fingers through his hair, preoccupied and worried.

Feeling in the mood for another drink, Hoyt went straight past Taylor, and on into the closet where the telephone was located, and where he knew Taylor kept his liquor supply. Hoyt took from the closet two bottles, one containing whiskey and the other seltzer, and started mixing a couple of cocktails.

"Don't mix me any," said Taylor. "I do not care for it."

Noting his depression. Hoyt went over to him and questioned him as to why he was worried. Taylor swore Hoyt to secrecy, saying that if he would promise not to breathe it to a living soul, he would tell him something that was causing him a great deal of worry.

Mr. Taylor then told Mr. Hoyt that the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world was in love with him, and that he was old enough to be her father.

This little girl was madly in love with him--had been to his apartment the night before, coming at nearly 3:00 o'clock in the morning. She had insisted on remaining. He had insisted on her going home, whereupon this little girl had cried and threatened that if he tried to put her out, she would scream and cause a scene.

This, of course, Mr. Taylor wanted to avoid, as he had many friends in the neighborhood. He finally persuaded her to leave, driving her to her home.

Mr. Taylor stated to his friend Hoyt that this little girl had become so infatuated with him that it was really becoming serious. He was worried--didn't know what to do about it.

Mr. Hoyt then said, "Bill, I know who you mean. It is ---"

And Taylor admitted that it was. [20]

The beautiful young girl named by Hoyt was interviewed by Winn and myself at her home. She stated that she had not seen Mr. Taylor for a long time, the last time being on the streets of Los Angeles. Mr. Taylor was in his own car and she in hers. They merely waved to each other.

This statement was not true. We were able to prove that she had been in his apartment many times, and had actually been there the night of the murder.

We had never been satisfied that the person seen by Mrs. MacLean, emerging from the Taylor residence, was not a woman in disguise as a man, inasmuch as Mrs. MacLean had stated that it was a "funny looking" man.

Winn and myself thought out a plan whereby we might learn something definite regarding this matter.

We went to the office of Nick Harris, private detective, and explained to him what we had in mind, knowing that he carried a standing with the daily press which would enable him to get almost any story run.

We explained to Mr. Harris that we wanted him to call the editor of a daily paper and tell him that a funny thing had just occurred; that Winn and myself had just called at his office and that while we were seated there in conversation with him, the telephone bell rang, and a woman was on the other end of the wire, who stated she was a spiritualist.

This woman stated that the night before she had had a vision in which the murderer of William Desmond Taylor appeared; that the murderer was a woman with a very beautiful daughter; that Taylor had been too familiar with the daughter; that the mother in desperation had shot and killed Taylor, and that, in her estimation, the mother was justified.

The spiritualist continued that she thought it was the mother's duty to come out and tell the truth--tell the authorities that she had committed the murder and why she did it; that she was going to give the mother two weeks' time in which to explain to the public that she was the murderer of Taylor, and why she had committed the murder. That, at the end of that time, if the mother hadn't come forward and told the truth, she, the spiritualist, intended to make it public.

He concocted this story merely for the purpose of seeing what the result might be. The evening paper ate it up and ran almost a column story about it. [21]

The following morning an attorney visited the District Attorney's office with the clipping from the newspaper. He wanted to know the name of the spiritualist, where she was located, if she had mentioned in her conversation the name of the woman with the beautiful daughter, and many similar questions.

I explained to him that all I knew about it was merely what had happened while we were in Mr. Harris' office. This attorney returned on the second day and made further inquiry. There was no one else who every made inquiry about this news item.

Secret investigation revealed this man to be the personal attorney for the mother of the beautiful girl whom Taylor had told Mr. Hoyt was madly in love with him.

Lieutenant Winn and myself next went to the property room at police headquarters and endeavored to secure the clothing worn by Mr. Taylor at the time of his death. We found that this wearing apparel was still at the undertakers. When we arrived at the Ivy Overholtzer mortuary, we were just in time. They were about to burn the clothing, as it was covered with blood, and

they considered it of no value.

Under the collar of the coat and extending possibly from one-half to one inch, were three long, blond hairs. These were compared by an expert with combings taken from the dressing room of Mary Miles Minter, and pronounced to be the same. At this period women were wearing long hair, it being before the days of the bob.

These hairs were placed in an envelope and left with the property clerk at Central Police Station for safe keeping.

After finding these hairs, Miss Minter was called into the D.A.'s office and requestioned. She could add nothing to her previous statements.

After questioning Miss Minter, we went to the home of her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, to question her regarding any knowledge she might have of the mystery.

Mrs. Shelby was preparing to leave for New York on the 6:00 o'clock train. When I requested an interview, she came to the door, fastening her dress. She informed me coldly that her attorneys, Mr. Mott and Mr. Cassill, were in the house for the purpose of answering questions, and that she was in too much of a hurry to reach New York to devote any time to an investigation about which she knew nothing.

We next questioned Mary [Julia] Miles, mother of Mrs. Shelby, and grandmother of Mary Miles Minter. Mrs. Miles stated to us that Mrs. Shelby was out on the evening of the murder until about 9:00 o'clock: that she had been shopping during the day and visiting friends early in the evening.

About this time District Attorney Woolwine ordered all the evidence in the case transferred from the Police Station to his office, where it was placed in a cabinet. All this evidence later disappeared, and in a conversation with Robert Herron, of this office, I learned that he was ordered by Woolwine to take the articles, except the coat and vest, to Woolwine's home. Possibly the letters, the hairs, the handkerchief and the nightgown were turned over to Miss Minter, Woolwine being a close personal friend of both Miss Minter and her mother, Mrs. Shelby.

While we had been working on the case from the love, revenge and

jealousy motive, other detectives, working on the blackmail theory, had dug deep into Taylor's past life. [22]

Born in 1877 [1872], in Ireland, Malloss [Carlow], County Cork, he was the son of a British Colonel and an Irish gentlewoman. His upbringing was one of every advantage, with special attention paid to his education along military lines.

His father desired him to follow in his footsteps in the British army, and with this purpose in view of becoming an engineering in the King's army, he studied in a number of European colleges and universities.

Because of poor eyesight, however, he was a failure in the army, and at the age of eighteen he made his first contact with the stage, becoming secretary to the famous Charles Hawtrey Company.

This was not satisfactory to his father, the stern British Colonel, who objected to everything connected with the stage, so he purchased for his son a ranch in Harper, Kansas.

Taylor spent two years on this ranch, but the stage had gotten into his blood. Fanny Davenport came along, invited him to play juvenile parts in her company, and, armed with a three-year contract, Taylor left the ranch in Kansas.

On the stage he met with varying success. When the famous Klondike gold strike occurred, the spirit of adventure in his Irish veins evidently, for the moment, crushed out the stage from his desires, and he joined other daring souls in Alaskan lore.

The year 1914 found him in Hollywood. Like scores of his former friends, actors and actresses, he left the stage for the silent drama--the footlights for the Kleigs.

After making several pictures for Vitagraph, Kay Bee, and other companies, these pictures including "Captain Alvarez" and "The Iconoclast," he turned from his place in front of the camera to the more important one behind, took up directing, and in 1922, he was looked upon as one of the greatest directors who ever shouted, "Camera."

At the outbreak of the World War Taylor enlisted as a private in the

Canadian Army. He was one of the first 100,000 to sail overseas from Quebec [sic]. He soon rose from private to the rank of Captain, commanding a truck train running from Dunkirk to the British front.

This much of Taylor's life was known to his friends of the motion picture world. Unfeigned astonishment was felt by all when we dug still deeper and found that he had actually lived a dual existence.

In 1901 he had married one Ethel May Harrison, a member of the original Floradora Company. They had one child, Ethel Daisy, who was found in an exclusive girls' school at Mamoroneck, Long Island.

Prior to 1908 he was known in New York as William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, a cultured art connoisseur. He had one brother, Denis Gage Deane-Tanner. One day in 1908 friends and business associates were startled by his sudden and mysterious disappearance. His wife could give no clue to his whereabouts and could ascribe no reason for his action.

An examination of his books showed everything in perfect shape. After an extensive search, the family and friends set it down as an unsolved mystery. His wife divorced him and later remarried.

Further investigation disclosed that four years after Taylor disappeared from his home in New York, his brother, Denis Gage Deane-Tanner, disappeared from his home in New York under similar circumstances. He, too, had married and was head of a family. That any domestic difficulties were responsible for his disappearance was denied by his wife.

Mrs. Ada Deane-Tanner had suffered a nervous breakdown and went into the Adirondacks to recuperate. When she returned with her two small daughters, her husband was missing.

The books of the firm by whom he had been employed disclosed the fact that he was in no way involved in financial difficulties. Detectives scoured the world for a trace of this missing brother, but from the day he disappeared no trace of him was ever found.

Six years before the death of William Desmond Taylor, Mrs. Ada Deane-Tanner had recognized a picture of him, and appealed to him for aid. He, at first, denied his identity, but later sent her an allowance of \$50.00 per

month, which had continued during the entire six years. Mrs. Tanner could give us little information regarding Taylor, as she had seen him but once. [23]

Inquiry in New York showed that Taylor's wife had learned his identity when she and her daughter, Ethel Daisy Tanner, attended a picture show. Taylor's image was flashed upon the screen.

"That's your father!" exclaimed the mother.

The daughter sought his address and wrote to him. Afterward letters were frequently exchanged. When Taylor returned from a trip to Europe, he revealed himself to her, and stated that he would make her his heir.

About this time we received a letter from a man in Denver, Colorado, who claimed that he had known the Tanner brothers intimately. This letter stated that one Edward F. Sands, former secretary to Taylor, was none other than the missing Denis Gage Deane-Tanner; that at one time William, the older boy, had won the love of his brother's fiancée, and for many years the younger brother had hunted the older, swearing vengeance. [24]

The finger of suspicion had been pointed at Sands early in our investigations. He had first become involved in the meshes of the law after Taylor had returned from a trip to England about a year before.

Taylor reported to the police that Sands had robbed him of money, jewels, clothing and a costly car. He claimed that there were many discrepancies in his accounts upon his return. Before going he had signed a great many checks to be used for current expenses. These checks had been used by Sands for other purposes, and Taylor's name forged to many others.

Twice Taylor's home had been burglarized. In the first burglary the place had been thoroughly ransacked, clothing and much valuable jewelry taken. The expensive automobile also disappeared at this time, but was later found in a badly damaged condition.

Then came a second burglary about two weeks before the murder. At this time the rear door was smashed in, the place ransacked, but nothing except jewels and a stock of distinctive cigarettes was taken. [25]

A week after this burglary Henry Peavey, colored servant, found a gold-

tipped cigarette of this distinctive brand on the front doorstep. He took this to Mr. Taylor and asked him if he had purchased more of them. Taylor replied that he had not. The cigarette was undoubtedly some of the stolen stock.

Shortly thereafter Taylor received a mysterious letter signed, "Alias Jimmy Valentine." enclosed in this letter were two pawn-tickets for two suits, silver plate, jewels and household goods.

The letter read: "Sorry to inconvenience you, even temporarily. Also observe the lesson of the forced sale of assets. A Merry Xmas and Happy New Year. Alias Jimmy Valentine."

The stolen articles had been pawned under the name of William Deane-Tanner, showing that the one who had pawned them was familiar with Taylor's true history. Then penmanship was compared with the handwriting of Sands and declared by experts to be the same.

Taylor then swore to a warrant for Sands' arrest, charging him with two counts of Grand Larceny. [26]

Could this warrant be construed as a possible motive for the murder? Was the story of the two brothers true? Surely Sands must have had some hold upon Taylor. Why the insolent assurance in pawning Taylor's stolen things in the name of Deane-Tanner and sending the pawn-tickets with the "alias Jimmy Valentine" letter?

Was there a skeleton in the family closet? Some dark and secret feud in the family that could account for the fatal shot?

The interval elapsing since Taylor's disappearance in 1908 and his appearance in Hollywood in 1914 had been made the subject of exhaustive inquiry, but had remained veiled in a cloak of secrecy. [27] What about those hidden years in Alaska and elsewhere? Had the long arm of the past reached forth and stricken him down?

A hot search was then started for Sands. Every police officer and law enforcing agent in the United States was furnished with a description and a picture and told to arrest him on sight.

Records disclosed that Sands had enlisted twice in the United States

Navy, once under the name of Edward F. Sands and again under the name of Edward F. Strathmore, deserting both times. This was established by fingerprints on record in the Navy Department, Washington, D. C. [28]

About this time "dope" was injected into our investigations. Taylor, himself, was not an addict, but it was rumored that he had attended several "hop" parties to get atmosphere and local color for his pictures. A number of his friends, however, including several women, were known drug addicts.

Taylor was reported as having fought the narcotic ring for some time, but there was no tangible evidence to connect him in any way until Tom Green, Assistant United States Attorney, in charge of drug prosecutions, made a statement to the effect that Taylor had appealed to him for help to effect the eradication of the "dope ring" which was supplying narcotics to a certain actress. At that time, according to Taylor, this actress was paying in the neighborhood of \$2,000 a week for narcotics.

From Chicago came a report that a Chinese dope peddler had murdered Taylor. Investigation of this report was soon ended when the Chinaman, Harry Young, alias Harry Lee, was located in Folsom prison. [29]

One John Narizara was arrested in Toledo, Ohio, and while in jail stated that he knew who killed Taylor; that it was one Jack Kramer, a Los Angeles dope peddler. Kramer had confessed the murder to him and when Narizara had said he was going to tell the police, Kramer and another peddler had threatened to frame evidence against him as being the slayer. Narizara was examined by the Lunacy Commission and sent to the Psychopathic Ward. [30]

One "Red" Kirby was arrested by police officers in a rooming house on West Washington Street, in Los Angeles, he being a "hophead," and having made certain remarks, overheard by tenants of the house, these remarks being in regard to the murder of Taylor, and that Taylor "got what was coming to him."

Kirby was released when the officers were satisfied that he could not possibly have had any connection with the murder.

We delved deep into this phase of the matter, thinking the whole scheme of the crime might be laid in a setting in which the sale of drugs was the mainspring.

Early one morning Captain David Adams, of Central Police Station, received a telephone call from the editor of a newspaper in the City of Santa Ana, advising him that if he would send some of his men to Santa Ana, and to his office, he would give them some information that appeared to be extremely valuable in connection with the murder of Mr. Taylor.

Captain Adams called Lieutenant Winn and myself and gave us this information. Winn was detained in the city on another portion of the investigation, so Captain Adams and I proceeded to Santa Ana, and to the office of the editor, who told us the following story:

On the day prior to our visit, one Andrew Cock, a rancher living near Santa Ana, came to the newspaper office and reported that on the day before Taylor was murdered, he, Cock, was going through the town of Tustin, adjoining Santa Ana, late in the evening. It was raining. Two roughly dressed men stepped out into the road directly in front of his car, and demanded a ride. [31]

Mr. Cock permitted these two men to get into the front seat of the machine with him, as he was driving a Dodge touring and the rain was beating into the rear seat of the car.

On the way from Tustin to Santa Ana these men inquired regarding stages running between Los Angeles and the Mexican border, especially those leaving Los Angeles. One of the men, who referred to the other one as "Shorty," began a conversation concerning a Canadian captain in the World War. He did not mention any names but stated that this captain had been extremely severe in discipline, and that they were members of a company in the regiment commanded by this captain.

He stated that they were going to Los Angeles to kill this captain, whereupon "Shorty" told the other man to keep his mouth shut.

Mr. Cock had been afraid of these men and not wishing to carry them any farther than he had to, stopped in the main street of Santa Ana and told them he was not going any farther.

As the two men left the automobile, "Shorty" dropped a pocket gun which Mr. Cock described as a short .38 caliber revolver. Mr. Cock started to drive

away. Shorty said, "Wait a minute."

He then stopped and picked up the gun which had fallen into the muddy street, took a red bandana handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped the gun off by the light on the cowl board of the machine. It was then that Mr. Cock had an opportunity to see the gun and determine the caliber.

Mr. Cock was called to the newspaper office by the editor and again related the story to us in detail. We made arrangements for him to accompany us to the border--to Tia Juana and Mexicali--and if possible, to point out the men, if they still remained in either of the border towns.

Mr. Cock explained that he had delayed reporting this matter for the reason that his wife was afraid of what might happen. But, after reading the story of the murder and that Mr. Taylor had been a Captain in the Canadian Army during the World War, he felt sure it was Taylor to whom the men had referred. [32]

The following day Lieutenant Winn, Cock and myself went to Mexico in search of these two men. We went to the Chief of Police of Mexicali, who, after hearing our story, detailed Detective Mendoza, of the Mexicali Police Force, to accompany us on a round of the saloons, dance halls and other resorts.

The Chief informed Mendoza that if Mr. Cock succeeded in locating these men, or either one of them, he, Mendoza, was to escort us to the border and put them over as undesirable citizens of Mexicali, and that once across the border, we could take charge of them.

We made the rounds of these resorts during the early hours of the evening. Into one saloon and out, into the dance halls and into gambling houses--into all sorts of resorts--we went. At last, about 11:00 o'clock, in a saloon near the famous Owl Resort, Mr. Cock pointed out a young man standing at the bar with several men and women who were drinking. He stated that it was his belief that this young man was one of the men that was in the automobile with him, and who had discussed the killing of the Canadian captain.

This man proved to be none other than "Red" Kirby, who had formerly been

arrested by police officers and released.

Detective Mendoza brought Kirby to the street from the bar room, where Winn and I started following them towards the line fence between Calexico and Mexicali. Mendoza finally stopped Kirby and informed him that he was on Mexican soil; that he did not have to go over the line if he did not wish to go; that we were detectives from Los Angeles; and that if he went over the line we would undoubtedly arrest him and take him to Los Angeles. Mendoza then proceeded to ask Kirby if he wished an attorney to represent him, stating that if so he would procure one.

Winn and I then talked for what seemed to be hours with Kirby, trying to induce him to cross the line to his room in a rooming house in Calexico, not referring to the Taylor murder, but leading him to believe that we desired to search his effects in his room, thinking him to have been connected with some of the numerous burglaries that had been committed in Los Angeles.

After a great length of time we finally persuaded him to cross the line.

"Come on, you guys!" he exclaimed, exasperated. "You've got nothing on me. I'll take you to my room and show you what I got!"

He then took us to a rooming house where we went through the suitcase which we found in a closet, and found only a very few articles of wearing apparel--soiled shirts, ties, a shaving outfit, and other articles of this nature. No pictures or letters were found.

We then told Kirby what we really wanted, and turning to Mr. Cock we asked him if he were positive in his identification of Kirby as being one of the two men he had picked up in Tustin and carried to Santa Ana.

Cock looked Kirby over carefully and stated that since he had had an opportunity to see Kirby under a good light and to hear his voice, he was convinced that Kirby was not one of the men we were looking for. [33]

We returned to Los Angeles. Kirby remained in Mexicali where he continued using "dope"--being a "hop" addict. Some time later his body was found in what is known as Mexicali wash, back of the town of Mexicali. An autopsy showed that he had died from an overdose of the narcotic he had been using. [34]

When we arrived in Los Angeles we found a letter awaiting us from the Warden at Folsom Prison, concerning two convicts confined there, who, in the opinion of the Warden, had committed the murder of Taylor. The Warden had intercepted notes written by these convicts to each other.

I was rushed to Folsom Prison.

When I arrived at Folsom Prison I had a long talk with these two men, Charles Wadleigh, known as "Solly," and J. G. Barrett, alias "Black Buck" and "Black Bart."

"Solly" Wadleigh was a shell shock victim of the World War. He was not considered mentally responsible at the prison. He impressed me as being sincere in his statements, however, and not mentally so unbalanced as some might think. He had been received at Folsom as a recidivist, having been sentenced to San Quentin from Sacramento to a term of five years to life on a first degree robbery charge. During his trial he had attempted suicide.

Barrett, or "Black Bart," impressed me as a person who would stop at nothing to gain his own ends. He had been badly shot up in attempted escapes, and carried many ugly wounds to show for it. He appeared to be one of those conceited, cock-sure individuals with an air that shouts at you, "Suppose I did commit the crime. It is so well covered up that you will never be able to prove it!"

Wadleigh stated that he and Black Bart had been engaged in narcotic traffic in Los Angeles, and that among their many customers were many movie stars. Taylor was trying to curb or break up the business of selling dope to his friends in pictures, with as little notoriety as possible.

For this interference on the part of Taylor, there was an understanding of some kind. Two well-known movie stars were in on the deal, and Taylor was shot and killed by Black Bart after he had had trouble with Taylor.

Wadleigh stated that on the night of the murder he was ordered by Black Bart to drive to within a short distance of Taylor's home. When they arrived Black Bart went in, shot Taylor, and came back at once, picking up one of the movie stars referred to above, a short distance from the house, and the other about a block farther on. They drove to 5th and Spring Streets, and on the

way one of the movie stars passed a large roll of money to Black Bart. The two women then left the car at the corner.

Wadleigh further stated that Black Bart was getting money from someone outside the prison all the time--in his opinion from one or both of the two women--that he had bought his way into the prison hospital for \$45.00, which had been paid to a crooked official, in the hope of escaping.

Black Bart, according to Wadleigh, was urging him to escape with him for the reason that he was afraid he would talk if left behind, but Wadleigh felt sure that once they escaped, Black Bart would murder him to silence him.

After talking with Wadleigh, I called Black Bart out and had a long talk with him. At first he was not inclined to talk about the Taylor case, and appeared greatly frightened at the mention of it. Finally, after much persuasion, he admitted that he had had a man driving for him, who was in the same prison, but he would not mention his name as "I never squeal on a buddy."

He then admitted that he was near Taylor's home on the night of the murder; that he did pick up the two movie stars referred to, and that there was a large sum of money passed between one of them and himself, but he would not say that he had killed Taylor. He denied that he had killed him, but when I asked him to be a good fellow and tell me what he had done with the gun, he said, we could never prove him to be the murderer, and that he would be a fool to tell us anything or admit his connections with the case.

He would discuss his life in Los Angeles rather guardedly, and when I told him he could talk freely of his business, even if it were unlawful, as there was a statute of limitation, he laughed and replied, "But there is no statute of limitation for murder."

He told me that he and Taylor had had trouble on three occasions; that Taylor was interfering in his business, which was narcotics; that he brought the stuff into the country from Mexico by airplane; that he did not make deliveries personally but had others in his employ who did.

I have neglected to mention that "Solly" Wadleigh had stated that Henry Peavey could verify his statements as he knew that Black Bart killed Taylor;

that Sands was in on the job and that Bart had killed Sands to silence him and that he had buried the body, but where he could not say.

After listening to both stories, which sounded very fishy to me, I decided to follow them up and make a complete investigation in an effort to prove or disprove their statements. At the end of my investigations, which consumed days and days, I was firmly convinced that the one and only underlying motive behind the whole affair was the desire for escape.

These two men had been much in each other's company. There was no need of their writing the notes to each other. Therefore, they had been written with the expressed purpose in mind that the officials would intercept them. Both were serving life sentences. A trip to Los Angeles meant an opportunity to escape. Even if they were not successful, they would have had the trip, and to a lifer, that much time spent outside the prison walls means much.

From time to time information regarding the whereabouts of Sands reached our office. Each clue was followed through to its source.

A man answering his description had joined an expedition to the Cocos Island, acting in the capacity of cook. A man of his description committed suicide in a small town in Kansas. He was seen here, there and everywhere.

An appeal was made to him through the press to come forward and clear himself of the murder charge, the D.A.'s office promising not to prosecute on the various other charges they had against him.

But Sands never showed up, which is not surprising. A man with a deserter's record, facing State's prison for forgery, burglary, and grand larceny, is not anxious to meet up with the police, notwithstanding any promise of immunity made by the District Attorney.

On March 16th, 1922, Mary Miles Minter sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu on the liner Wilhelmina under the name of Miss Juliet Shelby. In August [May] she returned and there were rumors of a break between her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, and herself.

On August 10th [1923] Miss Minter gave a statement to the press which confirmed these rumors and revealed her intentions of bringing court action against her mother in an effort to gain possession of the fortune she had

made while in pictures.

"The gauntlet is down," Miss Minter is quoted as saying. "I want no reconciliation with mother. I most assuredly am going to file a legal suit against her for the return of at least a million dollars which I feel is rightfully mine. My salary while in motion pictures was more than a million dollars. Mother has handled all my money, made wise investments and prospered.

"I have been the wage earner--the family meal ticket ever since I was five years old. I wasn't given a chance to get more than three or four years of actual schooling. Mother was ambitious socially and financially, and I had to turn beauty and talents into cash.

"My last contract called for eighteen pictures for which I was to receive one million, three hundred thousand dollars. When I asked mother for an accounting, she showed me figures--one hundred and seventy-five thousand credited to her; one hundred and sixty-five thousand credited to me; all household expenses for the three of us, mother, my sister Margaret, any myself, had been deducted from my share.

"If I wanted ten dollars I had to ask mother for it. I am determined to live like other people--to live a life unhampered by maternal restrictions. I am sure there is no real love in my mother's heart for me. I have attained my majority now, and have reached a point where I am willing to lay my case before the public to gain my rights."

When this announcement was made, it was learned that Mrs. Shelby was ill at the Good Samaritan Hospital. When Mary heard of her mother's illness, she said, "Just an old ruse of hers. Whenever I have tried to secure a little freedom, she always flies into hysterics and becomes ill."

Mrs. Shelby declared that Mary was not capable of handling her own finances and that she must be protected from herself.

"Why, Mary cashed her last pay check, one hundred thousand dollars, and in three months it was all gone!"

Mary came back with the reply that the pay check only amounted to \$63,000.00; that no sooner had she received it than she invested in Hollywood

real estate which increased in value from \$37,000.00 to \$65,000.00; that she paid \$7,000 income tax, all her living expenses, and still had some of the original amount left in the bank.

To this Mrs. Shelby only replied, "The greatest gift God gave me, I gave the world--and it devoured her."

Matters quieted down, Mary saying that she would wait until she was sure her mother had recovered before she brought suit.

On Tuesday, August 14th, the name of Miss Minter and her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, again occupied the front pages. Mary, for the first time, bared details of her romance with William Desmond Taylor, stating that they had, at the time of his death, been engaged. [35]

"For more than a year and a half I have kept this secret. My love for William Desmond Taylor was the sweetest and holiest thing in my life," she said.

"Any girl would have been proud to be engaged to him as I was. I longed to tell the truth to the world. There was nothing to be ashamed of in my love. But, on the advice of my mother, I kept still. I wanted every one to know that I loved Mr. Taylor with the pure, wholesome love of a young girl. But the influence of my mother prevented me from making it known at the time of his death.

"I loved him the first moment I saw him. Today that love is as strong as ever--but the continual bitter opposition--he was too old--he was too this--and he was too that.

"Even he thought at first that there was too great a difference in our ages. 'You have brought me the greatest happiness of my life, but you have come at the time of the setting of the sun, while you are in the glory of your youth. I cannot allow you to sacrifice yourself to a man of my age,' he said one night when we were planning our future life together.

"When I was eighteen we were to be married. [36] Then came his death. It stunned me. At that time all the pressure possible was brought to bear by those under whose influence I was to see that my engagement was kept secret. I mustn't talk--it would hurt my career--the same old story of hushing and

shushing. The public must not know that I was engaged. I must be a little girl with long golden curls. It would never do for them to know that I was a human being."

If Miss Minter was stunned by the death of Taylor, her mother was knocked off her feet by Mary's story. When she read it in the morning paper, she was overcome--prostrated with grief. Rather than have the family history aired in court, she announced that she was ready to compromise with her daughter. Financial matters were adjusted and the two become reconciled. Their names disappeared from the front pages. Mrs. Shelby went abroad and Mary went into seclusion.

District Attorney Woolwine resigned from his office and some time later passed away. He was succeeded by Asa Keyes, and the investigation continued in a haphazard sort of way for the next four years. As many as a dozen persons "confessed" the murder, none of whom could have had anything whatever to do with it.

Mr. Keyes finally marked the case closed, and thus it remained until December 21st, 1929, when Ex-Governor Friend W. Richardson, in an exclusive interview with a representative of the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, exploded what the newspapers later referred to as a "detonating political bombshell," and dragged the 8-year-old Taylor mystery from the records once more.

"I know who killed William Desmond Taylor," said the former governor. "A motion picture actress killed this director, and I have positive proof to this effect."

After going into the history of his differences with Asa Keyes, in 1926, Richardson said, "About that time, I heard that a prisoner in Folsom knew all about this murder.

"I went to Folsom and investigated the case, then went to Los Angeles where I told the foreman of the Grand Jury and the chairman of the Jury's criminal committee that I had the solution of the Taylor murder mystery.

"I asked them whether the facts should be presented to the Grand Jury and if so, if there was any chance for an indictment. The answer was, 'No.' They explained that either Keyes or one of his deputies would be in the Grand

Jury room and that before any person could be brought to trial for murder, the important witnesses would be spirited away, bribed or murdered.

"I returned to Sacramento, called the Prison Board and explained the situation. I told them that already the word was around that I had the solution of the murder, and that unless we took quick action the convict in Folsom Prison would be murdered.

"The convict was pardoned by me and the last I heard of him he was in Vera Cruz, Mexico."

When asked why he had not presented the facts to Buron Fitts, who eventually succeeded Asa Keyes as District Attorney, Richardson was quoted as saying that he "left the Governor's office before Fitts became D.A. Anyway, the witnesses we had then probably we could not get together now."

Governor Richardson further claimed that Asa Keyes, who is even now in the County Jail awaiting the outcome of his appeal on a conviction of bribery, had "stepped on the case."

This Keyes from his cell denied, declaring that he was being used as a political football. He issued a formal statement in which he said:

"If Richardson has the proof why doesn't he produce his evidence now? Murder never outlaws. [Murder does not have a statute of limitations.] The murder happened in nineteen twenty-two when Thomas Lee Woolwine was District Attorney, and while Buron Fitts and I were both deputies in his office. No stone was left unturned then or since to uncover the secret of the murder."

When questioned by representatives of the press regarding this new development, the present D.A., Buron Fitts, refused to comment other than to say that he might question Mrs. Charlotte Shelby regarding the matter, as, so far as he could learn, she was the only one who had never been subjected to a thorough grilling.

This remark drew a bitter condemnation from Mrs. Shelby, who, in a signed statement, asked that she be cleared of all suspicion in connection with Taylor's death. She said, in part: "After seven years of silence I now unsolicited give my first published statement regarding reference made to me in connection with the death of William Desmond Taylor.

"I feel in justice to myself, my name, my integrity and my rights as a citizen of the United States, that I must express my indignation at the injustice done me. I returned from Europe, after three and a half years spent in search of health, on November seventeenth of this year.

"I have been maligned, and by innuendo, directly or indirectly, implicated in connection with the tragedy.

"There is not a single word of truth in anything that has been said connecting me with the case, nor has any public official the slightest evidence which would serve in any way to prove, or even indicate, that I ever did have, or know information which would lead to the arrest of the person responsible for Mr. Taylor's death.

"I have nothing to conceal. I am willing, and have always been, to talk to any authorized person from the District Attorney's office, and will repeat to the District Attorney what I am saying now if he wishes to see me.

"I appeal as a woman of honor and integrity, one who never wronged anyone, contrary to all reports to the public, for justice and to clear my name of slander and misrepresentation.

"I am now establishing my home in Los Angeles.

"I feel I have a right to live peacefully and enjoy the confidence and respect of my fellow men." Thus she ended her statement.

Neither Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, nor her daughter, Mary Miles Minter, have ever been accused of anything by the District Attorney's office.

The ex-convict to whom Governor Richardson referred was known to be one Otis Hefner. Hefner's complete statement was as follows:

"I came out of Texas, a green and uneducated young fellow in my twenties, and got in with a bad bunch in Southern California. They were smarter than I was, and altogether too fast company for me, but I was useful to them in doing odd jobs, and I can see now they carried me along to make me the goat.

"This clique was primarily engaged in the dope racket. There was a lot of money in it. They got the stuff off the boats at San Pedro and cleared it through a pharmacy in Los Angeles.

"One of these crooks was Edward Sands, who had ostensibly worked as a chauffeur and valet for William Desmond Taylor. Actually, Taylor was distributing a lot of 'hype' to people in the movie business, including the actress who committed the murder.

"Taylor and Sands had a falling out. Taylor left on a trip and when he returned he publicly accused Sands of robbing his home of clothing and jewelry. Sands didn't make any pretense of working for Taylor after that, but I think the robbery was all the bunk, for Sands continued to deliver dope to Taylor and get his money for it.

"Sands must have been about forty years old. He was a pretty good sort of a guy, for a crook. He always treated me square and I always got my money on time.

"I met him about six months previous to the murder on a movie location in Santa Ana Canyon. I was doing some electrical work for the company, and he drove Taylor out in Taylor's car. We got talking and became friends.

"Word was passed around in this dope ring that Taylor had turned 'rat' and was tipping us off to Federal officials. I heard several conversations in which it was remarked that Taylor would be 'bumped' off if he didn't play square. At first I paid no attention, as a lot of that sort of talk was going around; but they kept repeating it and pretty soon I got really interested and began to think they meant business.

"On the evening of February 1st, 1922, Sands and I were out at Redondo Beach on a job and saw Taylor and two motion picture actresses having dinner at a cafe.

"We went back to town and Sands went to his apartment for a few minutes, while I waited outside. He told me when he came down that he had just talked with Taylor on the telephone, at Taylor's home, and that we were to deliver some 'hype' to the latter.

"Sands went and got a big limousine, which he said was Taylor's and had been loaned to him. He picked up his stuff at the pharmacy, and we drove out to Alvarado Street.

"This was about two o'clock in the morning. We parked the car across the

street from Taylor's bungalow court. Sands and I left it and crossed Alvarado Street. There was another limousine at the opposite curb, with a driver at the wheel and the motor going. A woman was coming down the short steps from the entrance to the bungalow court. She was wrapped in a fur coat, either black or dark brown. I recognized her.

"She passed Sands and me and got into the limousine hurriedly, and drove away. [37]

"Sands told me to wait for him on the sidewalk, while he went in with the bundle. He came back almost immediately and hurriedly crossed the street to our car, motioning me to step lively with him. As we left the curb I noticed a man in the bungalow court at the rear, adjoining Taylor's home, but directly facing Alvarado Street, open the shutters of a window and look out. I read in the papers afterward that this was Douglas MacLean's home.

"When we were in the car, Sands said to me: 'It's time to be going. The old man's got his. He's stretched out deader than a mackerel.'

"We went downtown and separated. I went to Santa Ana and later to San Pedro. I went back to Los Angeles next Saturday evening to find out what was going on and ran into Sands. I saw him next day, too. He was leaving for San Pedro to take a boat for Mexico, and told me where to reach him at Vera Cruz.

"I exchanged several letters with him at Vera Cruz after that. He kept telling me to keep my mouth shut and not to mention his name.

"Sands did not kill Taylor; I'm sure of that. I don't think he meant to run away when he started to Mexico; I understand he was going to arrange for more narcotic shipments.

"It think Taylor was shot down between about 1:45 a.m. when Sands and he talked together on the telephone, and 2:30 a.m. when we beat it from the Alvarado Street address. "I did not travel with the gang after that, and, having lost the guiding hand of Sands, I got into several jams and was sent to Folsom. At the prison I told something of this to Buck Cook, who squealed to the prison officials.

"Thomas Gannon of the prison board then called me and asked me what I knew about the Taylor murder."

Shortly after Governor Richardson made his startling charges, Otis Hefner was found by a newspaper reporter, living under the name of Arthur Nelson, in Redwood City, California. Hefner repeated his story as told above, stating that both he and Sands had positively identified the motion picture actress seen rushing from the apartment.

No sooner had the Taylor case resumed its place on the front pages than Henry Peavey, ex-servant and valet of Taylor, was located in Sacramento. While Hefner's story covered events immediately after the murder. Peavey told a story purporting to reveal what had happened the preceding evening while Taylor was still alive.

"I went to [sic] Taylor's home about 7:00 o'clock in the evening. I wanted to check out for the day. When I got to the door of the room I heard loud talking inside and hesitated to go in.

"I recognized the voice of the girl, who was a prominent motion picture actress and who had formerly been on much more friendly terms with Mr. Taylor.

"I had an appointment downtown, so after waiting for about ten minutes, I knocked on the door and opened it. I saw Taylor and the actress. I told Taylor I was leaving, closed the door, and went out, leaving them together.

"I learned later from Taylor's chauffeur that he phoned the house at 7:20 and got no response, and when he found the place dark later, he went on home.

"The murder was evidently committed then, between 7:10 and 7:20 p.m. and Taylor's body was found next morning in the room where I left him with the actress. [38]

"I know she was very angry with him because he did not care so much for her as he once did, and was paying attention to another motion picture actress."

When Peavey had finished his story he assured his questioners that he was eager to come to Los Angeles and tell his story to the Grand Jury.

"You didn't tell this same story at the Coroner's inquest?"

"No, they wouldn't let me. They tried to shake my story. They threatened

me. I didn't change my story, but I left out the part about the row at Mr. Taylor's."

"What do you mean by 'they'?"

"The District Attorney's office."

We placed no stock in Peavey's statements. We had questioned him thoroughly a number of times immediately following the murder, and he had never told us any story that would indicate that Taylor had been murdered by a motion picture actress.

I am sure that he told everything he knew at the beginning. He was the pride of Central Avenue at the time (Los Angeles' Negro belt)--bought himself a new pair of spats, and became the most important person in town in his own estimation. If he had known more he would have sprung it for the added glory and glamour.

There were those who thought he was concealing something at first. But, after some newspaper boys took him to the cemetery and sweated him over a gravestone, and couldn't get any more out of him, they were satisfied. [39]

As for the District Attorney's office not allowing him to testify to the full facts at the coroner's inquest, I don't believe he could have testified to anything correctly at the inquest. He took one look at Taylor's body, became half hysterical, and his chin shook so that we could hear his teeth chatter all the way across the inquest room.

We had no more confidence in the story told by Hefner than the one told by Peavey. In my opinion he had concocted his story of events in the Taylor mystery from reading newspapers and discussing the crime with other prisoners for the sole purpose of effecting his release, and so successful had he been in convincing Governor Richardson of the authenticity of his statements, that the executive paroled him in 1925. Hefner violated this parole, was sent back to prison, only to be re-paroled again in 1926.

But, not wishing to leave any stone unturned, my boss, District Attorney Buron Fitts, ordered me to go north for an interview with Hefner.

On Friday afternoon, January 10th, 1930, I took the Owl train to San Francisco, where I interviewed Mr. Crissey and Mr. George Powers, of the

Daily News, as it was they to whom Hefner had told his latest story.

Hefner, they stated, was living at 205 Redwood Avenue, Redwood City, which is located on the peninsula some thirty-five miles south of San Francisco.

Mr. Powers explained that one Tommy Jones, who had been living with Hefner, and working with him at the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, of San Mateo, California, was thought to be the missing Edward F. Sands.

Jones, who, according to Mr. Powers, fitted the description of Sands, had, within the last few days, disappeared from his hotel and his place of employment. There was a portion of his salary due at the company office, which Jones had failed to collect.

On Saturday afternoon, January 12th, I took a machine from San Francisco and drove to San Mateo, then to Hefner's home in Redwood City. While in San Mateo I went to the Pacific Gas and Electric Company and talked with R. W. Briggs, gang foreman of the electric lines, who explained to me that Tommy Jones had been employed as a lineman and worked under his supervision.

Mr. Briggs produced his time book which showed Jones had not quit his job within the last few days, but on December 6th, 1929; and stated that the description of Sands did not fit the description of Jones in any way, Jones being a much younger man.

I showed Mr. Briggs the picture I had of Edward F. Sands. Mr. Briggs called several linemen who knew Tom Jones very well, and all stated that the picture of Sands could not possibly be the picture of Jones.

Mr. Briggs also explained that Tom Jones was an extremely ignorant man; that he could scarcely read or write, and had trouble signing his own name. He was a Southerner and spoke with a distinct southern drawl, talking continually of coon hunting and 'possum hunting in the South. Jones, when he left the employ of the gas company, had stated that he was taking his wife and two children to the vicinity of Phoenix, Arizona.

I then went to the St. James Hotel where Jones had formerly lived and was told by the landlady and several of the roomers that Jones couldn't possibly be Edward F. Sands.

Having established conclusively that there could be nothing to the Sands story as concerned Tom Jones, I proceeded to the Hefner home in Redwood City, where I found the house locked up with the curtains all pulled down. The mail box contained mail from several days.

I returned to San Francisco for the night, but early the next morning I again set out for Redwood City, determined to watch the house of Hefner for his return. About 9:00 a.m. I telephoned Edward Whyte, State Parole Officer, and he informed me that if I would come immediately to his office in the Ferry Building, San Francisco, he would produce Hefner for me, as Hefner was in hiding at Whyte's suggestion to keep away from newspaper men.

I went directly to Whyte's office and after a few moments' conversation he brought Otis Hefner from an adjoining room.

Tall, lean and bronzed, there was little about Hefner to suggest the ex-convict. No trace of prison pallor was left and the deep tan of his face gave his eyes an intense appearance.

Hefner started to repeat the story he had told the newspapers, but before he had talked two minutes, I was convinced that he couldn't possibly know anything of the details of this murder.

"Hefner," I said, "you're lying to me. When you first told your famous yarn to Ex-Governor Richardson, you lied. After you told your first lie, you've been forced to tell a thousand others to cover up. Now, come clean. Am I right?"

A broad smile--a sigh of relief--tears trickling down his cheeks--then Hefner replied:

"Yes, King, you are right. I told a lie to get out of Folsom Prison and I've been compelled to tell many others to keep out. I have been working hard since my release to re-establish myself as a good citizen. My wife has been sick. We are paying for our little home and it just about takes all I earn. During the three years I have been out, I have never left home except during working hours."

After several further remarks, I decided I did not wish to interview him any further, but I wanted him to tell his story first-hand to Mr. Fitts. He

agreed to go to Los Angeles with me provided I would agree to keep the newspaper men and cameras away from him.

He explained that he did not want his wife to know of his former prison record. She was seated in his machine with their young baby out in front of the Ferry Building. He wanted me to go down to the machine with him and explain that he must go to Los Angeles with me, but merely as a witness in an important matter. He asked me to avoid all mention of his past life.

This I did, meeting Mrs. Hefner and the baby. We made arrangements for Hefner to take the wife and baby to the home of Mrs. Hefner's sister in Oakland, there to remain until his return to San Francisco.

Mr. Whyte, parole officer, confirmed his statements, adding that Hefner had accounted to him for every penny of the money he had earned at hard labor for the past three years; had lived a straightforward and upright life ever since his release on parole; and regardless of his fake story, he thought justice could best be served by allowing him to return to his wife and baby, so, after a talk with the District Attorney, we furnished him transportation and allowed him to return home.

With the revived search for a solution of the eight-year-old mystery of who killed William Desmond Taylor, came other "confessions" from all over the country.

A man in Birmingham, Alabama, confessed that he had been an eyewitness to the murder. He claimed to have been hidden behind the piano in Taylor's apartment where he had sought refuge, when Taylor and a woman whom he named entered.

This woman soon left and a second woman entered, dressed as a man. Taylor reprimanded her for masquerading and they argued over the woman's demand for money. Taylor gave her a check which she tore to bits.

As she was about to leave, the "confession" continued, this woman drew a gun and shot Taylor. By shifting his position, he could see Taylor as he slumped down in his chair and crumpled to the floor.

This "confession" was highly imaginative, practically improbable and undoubtedly false. The piano in Taylor's living room was a small baby grand

model and it would have been next to impossible for anyone to hide behind it and escape detection. We examined the room for hiding-places and eliminated the piano the first day of the inquiry. There was not a place in the room where a man could possibly have remained hidden.

There were many other discrepancies in his story. He described a vestibule and there was no vestibule. He described Taylor's desk as a "colonial" style desk, while in reality it was a small roll top desk with pigeonholes.

Whoever murdered Taylor slipped in through the front door when Taylor accompanied Mabel Normand from his home to her waiting automobile.

When Taylor re-entered the house, his murderer stepped out from behind the partially open front door and shot him from behind. This fact alone proved the falsity of his story, which he had so constructed that the assailant had to shoot from in front.

Since the re-opening of the case, we have been receiving as high as 100 letters a day, coming all the way from the Yukon on the North and Florida on the South.

And, it is remarkable how many persons in the United States have vital information concerning the murder. I don't understand how they've kept their secrets locked up in the breasts for the past eight years.

All they need is an opportunity to come to Los Angeles, and according to their letters, the mystery would be solved. I might add that we are expected to pay the freight both ways.

Today the Taylor case is listed among the great unsolved crime mysteries of the world, the chances being good that it will stay there.

Dope, love, jealousy, revenge, blackmail--all have entered into our investigations.

There was never a particle of real evidence to connect Taylor with a dope ring.

The only way love and jealousy entered into the case was through the admission of Mary Miles Minter, who confessed unashamedly that she loved William Desmond Taylor.

Never, for one moment, have I suspected Mabel Normand of knowing anything about the murder. I questioned her many times when she was completely off her guard. If she had known anything, the truth would have come out.

The revenge motive was found only in connection with Sands. Taylor had threatened his arrest and filed charges against him.

Taylor's unlocked home and his way of living without a retinue of servants made it comparatively easy for his slayer to enter his bungalow, shoot him and get away without leaving a single clue.

As stated in the opening paragraph of my story, almost from the first hour of my investigation, I have known who committed this murder. But knowing it and proving it are two separate things. However. I am a great believer in the law of retribution, and I feel positive that some day this law will make good in the case of William Desmond Taylor. [40]

NOTES:

[1] Edna Purviance did not live in the same building as Taylor. Taylor lived in apartment 404B and the other unit in his building was 404A. Edna Purviance lived in 402A, in the building directly to the west of Taylor. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 12, 1922). Other early press reports also indicated that she lived in the next building.

[2] According to Peavey's testimony at the coroner's inquest, he arrived at Taylor's home at 7:30 a.m.

[3] According to Peavey's testimony at the coroner's inquest, he brought a bottle of milk of magnesia which he had obtained at a drug store, and picked up the newspaper (not milk bottle) from Taylor's doorstep before opening the door.

[4] Peavey testified at the inquest that "a chair that was sitting next to the wall had been pushed out a little bit and his feet was under this chair." The chair was not overturned. A diagram of the crime scene in the Los Angeles Record (February 2, 1922) had the chair upright and astride one of Taylor's

legs. On February 10, District Attorney Woolwine returned to the crime scene with E.C. Jessurun, the first person to actually enter the room that morning, and a photo was posed in the exact same position as the body was originally found; again, the chair is astride the left leg and not overturned. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 11, 1922). Also see Sidney D. Kirkpatrick, A CAST OF KILLERS (Dutton, 1986), p. 164.

[5] King's description of the path of the bullet is highly inaccurate. According to the testimony of the coroner at the inquest, the bullet entered Taylor's left side and travelled upward, lodging near the base of the right side of his neck.

[6] Taylor's apartment was too small for a baby grand piano. Press reports, diagrams, photos of the murder scene, and Taylor's probate documents all agree that the piano was an upright.

[7] The actual inscription read: "For William Desmond Taylor-Artist, Gentleman, Man. Sincere good wishes. Mary Miles Minter. -1920-". A reproduction of the photo can be seen in the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 4, 1937).

[8] Nevertheless, rumors of the robbery motive persisted. On the afternoon before his death Taylor had met with his income tax advisor, J. Marjorie Berger. She told reporters that Taylor had shown her a large roll of bills he had with him at that time, a roll much larger than the flat \$78.00 found on his body the next morning. See LOS ANGELES RECORD (February 17, 1922).

[9] This rumor of a large withdrawal was reportedly discredited, and it was found that the deposit was primarily Taylor's paychecks, and not cash. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 15, 1922, reprinted in WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER, pp. 380-1).

[10] Mabel Normand did not return to Taylor's apartment on the day the body was found. She first returned there after the inquest on February 4, to show the detectives how the furniture had been arranged during her last visit with Taylor.

[11] Although there was a press report to this effect, there was also an interview where Minter denied any knowledge of an engagement between Taylor

and Normand. See LOS ANGELES RECORD (February 3, 1922).

[12] There were also authoritative reports that the nightgown had no initials. See LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 4, 1937, reprinted in WDT: DOSSIER, p. 369).

[13] Press reports of the time indicated that it was Mabel Normand's letters, missing for the week following the murder, which were found in the toe of Taylor's boot, having been planted there by Charles Eyton who had earlier removed them from the apartment. Two coded love letters from Mary Miles Minter were found earlier by reporters, and there was no indication that they were signed. Photos of two of the letters were reproduced in the Hearst press. Minter later admitted writing the letters to Taylor, during 1919. See Minter's statement reprinted in TAYLOROLOGY 11.

[14] Taylor had eaten the evening meal at 6:30, and Peavey was just cleaning up afterwards when Mabel Normand arrived.

[15] Most of Mabel Normand's own statements indicated that she did not enter Taylor's apartment until after he had finished the telephone conversation. There was no mention elsewhere of her dropping peanut shells on Taylor's floor, and it seems doubtful based on other reporting of the scene. She did drop peanut shells in her car while her chauffeur was driving her to Taylor's, and perhaps King has confused the incidents.

[16] In her own statement to the press, Edna Purviance said she was not home that evening, and did not come home until 11:45 p.m., when she noticed the light burning in Taylor's apartment. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 12, 1922).

[17] Although King evidently believes Taylor was seated at his desk when the shot was fired, other investigators concluded Taylor was standing when he was shot. See A CAST OF KILLERS, p. 164, and LOS ANGELES RECORD (March 27, 1926, reprinted in WDT: DOSSIER, p. 365).

[18] According to Mrs. MacLean's statements, when she first saw the man he was standing outside of Taylor's door. See SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER (February 6, 1922, reprinted in WDT: DOSSIER, pp. 333-5).

[19] The man walked towards Maryland St., not Fourth Street.

[20] The preceding is undoubtedly a reference to Mary Miles Minter. Although

King indicates Minter's late-night visit to Taylor took place two days prior to the murder, other statements in the police file indicate her visit took place several days or weeks earlier; see WDT: DOSSIER, pp. 328-329 and TAYLOROLOGY 7 (Robertson's statement indicates that Taylor related this incident to Hoyt on the previous Saturday [January 28] which would mean that the incident described took place earlier). It's possible that Minter's visit took place in December 1921; see LOS ANGELES TIMES (August 15, 1925, reprinted in WDT: DOSSIER, pp. 254-5).

[21] King gives the impression that this "psychic's phone call" story was given to the press a few days after the murder, but it actually happened eight months later. See LOS ANGELES TIMES (October 4, 1922). This was the first rumor to appear in the newspapers implying Shelby had killed Taylor.

[22] The biography which follows is primarily from studio sources, and contains various errors, including the wrong date for Taylor's birth. Taylor was in the British, not Canadian, Army (see TAYLOROLOGY 40).

[23] Although Ada Tanner had seen Taylor but once in California, she previously had seen him in New York.

[24] For the complete tale, see DENVER POST, (February 10, 1922). Denis Deane-Tanner could not possibly be Edward Sands. See CHICAGO HERALD-EXAMINER (February 8, 1922) and LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 3, 1937, both reprinted in WDT: DOSSIER pp. 392-393).

[25] This burglary was on December 4, two months before the murder.

[26] The warrant charging Sands with grand larceny was issued in July 1921, after the first theft by Sands. See WDT: DOSSIER, p. 318, and TAYLOROLOGY 19.

[27] See TAYLOROLOGY 29 for information on Taylor's whereabouts between 1908 and 1912.

[28] The earlier Navy enlistment was reportedly under the name of Edward F. Snyder, not Sands. Sands had also deserted from the U.S. Army under the name of Strathmore, and also had enlisted in the U. S. Coast Guard. See TAYLOROLOGY 19.

[29] Press reports indicate Harry Young, alias Harry Lee, was located in Folsom prison in 1930 but that he had been in Los Angeles at the time of the

Taylor murder. Lee's 1922 cellmate reportedly said Lee had confessed killing Taylor for \$1000 on behalf of a drug gang. See LOS ANGELES RECORD (January 6, 1930). Lee was found at Folsom, denied killing Taylor, and said that he was one of the first arrested as a suspect in the murder but was released after three days. See SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE (January 7, 1930). Lee's earlier arrest was reported on March 3, 1922, indicating Lee had a quantity of cocaine, opium and drug paraphernalia, plus a .38 caliber pistol; it was reported that he was questioned about the Taylor murder but denied any knowledge of it. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (March 4, 1922).

[30] The individual King calls "John Narizara" was referred to in the press as "John Marazino." See LOS ANGELES EXPRESS (December 20, 1922).

[31] For the original newspaper account of this item, see SANTA ANA REGISTER (February 17 and 18, 1922). Those press items say the incident took place on January 30, which was two days prior to the murder.

[32] Of course, the reports that Taylor was a captain in the Canadian army, were erroneous. He was in the British army.

[33] Upon his return, Andrew Cock was again interviewed by the SANTA ANA REGISTER (March 18, 1922). He reportedly stated that he was uncertain as to whether or not Kirby was the man he saw earlier.

[34] Walter Kirby's death was reported in the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 3, 1922). Contemporary press articles refer to Kirby as having the nickname "Whitey," not "Red."

[35] This interview revealing her "engagement" was from the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER. But in her written statement to the LOS ANGELES TIMES (August 15, 1923), she wrote: "We were never engaged in the sense that he had asked me to marry him and I had promised. I had always hoped that sometime we would be married. But I had planned in my own mind--never with Mr. Taylor--that as soon as I had made enough money so that mother and sister could be assured of a comfortable income for the rest of their lives--that perhaps we would be married. But not engaged in the sense of wearing a ring, or of telling one's friends of an intention to marry or of telling my mother. Marrying Mr. Taylor was just my dream--a dream which, voiced to film, always met with the answer

that it was impossible."

[36] Minter was nineteen when Taylor died, further indication that much of this "interview" was probably fabricated by the reporter.

[37] This obviously was supposed to be Mabel Normand.

[38] The time of 7:20 p.m. for the telephone call of Taylor's chauffeur was given in a second-hand account. When Peavey was interviewed by reporters directly he said the unanswered call was at 7:30. Peavey had stated at the inquest that he left Taylor's apartment at about a quarter past seven, so that would place the time of death between 7:15 and 7:30 p.m., if Peavey were correct. The actress referred to by Peavey is obviously Mabel Normand. King's account omits Peavey's statement that the woman and Taylor were loudly arguing.

[39] King is wrong here, and his attempt to discredit Peavey does not stand up to impartial examination. The 1922 press evidence clearly does show that Peavey told the authorities he thought Normand killed Taylor. See LOS ANGELES RECORD (February 20, 1922). Peavey expressed the same opinion to the Hearst reporters who abducted him. See SAN FRANCISCO EXAMINER (February 21, 1922), and CHICAGO AMERICAN (February 20 and 21, 1922, reprinted in TAYLOROLOGY 22 and 23). During that abduction, he also told of the argument he witnessed between Taylor and Normand. See LOS ANGELES HERALD (February 20, 1922). That argument was hinted at in Mabel Normand's own statement to reporters. See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 15, 1922, reprinted in TAYLOROLOGY 6). In Peavey's 1930 statement to the press he said he had no knowledge as to what the argument was about. See LOS ANGELES RECORD (January 7, 1930).

[40] From the context of the article it is clear King thought Charlotte Shelby, dressed in man's clothing, was the person who murdered Taylor.

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)
